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THE
A R M E N I A N S.

A TALE OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

BY
CHARLES MAC FARLANE, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF
"CONSTANTINOPLE IN 1828."

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:
SAUNDERS AND OTLEY, CONDUIT STREET.
1830.

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$$d_{\text{median}}(f) = 0 \text{ (odd)} \text{ and } d_{\text{median}}(f) = 1 \text{ (even)}$$

TABLE 1. *Mean values of logarithmic age, sex, and length*

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ROBERTSON AND PALMER, PRINTERS, SAVOY STREET, STRAND.

LONDON:

IBOTSON AND PALMER, PRINTERS, SAVOY STREET, STRAND.

y. 1

To you, as the author of "Anastasius,"
I inscribe this Eastern tale, with senti-
ments of admiration and respect.

I have mentioned to you, on a former occasion, that while in Turkey, your book was constantly occurring to me, and that the personages and events of your story haunted me like spirits. Such deep impressions have never been made

sem. res. Kay 4 Apr. 52 Saltdale = 3 V.

on my mind by any work of imagination—nor, perhaps, by any event of real life. Many thousands of admiring readers may have felt in the same mode, though not in the same degree; for it has been my fortune to associate Anastasius with proud Stamboul, to trace him over the Thracian solitudes, and along the Bosphorus' banks, and to summon and enjoy his presence at Smyrna and Magnesia. The triumphal road which leads to Glory's "capitol" is yours—I have taken a more private and familiar path—happy if it lead by the temple of some secondary divinity, or past some grotto, the resort of a grace or a nymph.

To the grand poetical features of your picture of the East, I have felt that

nothing could be added, but have flattered myself that a few domestic traits, not wholly unworthy of notice, might be collected by a later observer. In the Armenians, moreover, I have taken up a very singular people, of whom little has been known hitherto ; and by notes attached to my story, I have endeavoured to convey information as well as amusement. Your acquaintance with Eastern matters will suggest how much I might have dilated, but deep research, or historical disquisition, would be thought misplaced in a work like this. As to the story itself, it is nearly all matter of fact. The son of a Greek Hospodar became enamoured of the daughter of an Armenian banker at Constantinople. They loved—met—married—and were

parted much in the manner I have related ; and I have only shortened the period of their courtship, omitted some of its events, and inserted two or three incidents which did not happen to them, but to other individuals in the country.

It would have been easy to find or to fancy a more complicated tale ; but I have mainly considered this as a medium for description, domestic and scenic. Others may smile at my enthusiasm, but you, to whom the glories of Stamboul and the beauties of the Bosphorus are familiar, will scarcely accuse me of exaggeration or overstrained sentimentality. If those descriptive portions which compose the greater part of my work, recall to your recollection an image, however

faint, of the objects they are intended to represent, I feel confident that you will not regret my respectfully presenting to you these volumes.

I remain,

My dear Sir,

Your obliged and devoted servant,

CHARLES MAC FARLANE.

London, April 26, 1830.

THE ARMENIANS.

CHAPTER I.

IT was on one of Constantinople's very finest afternoons, that a stranger and a traveller from a distant land, having turned his back with pleasure on the dull etiquette and the palaces of Pera, and the bustle and the warehouses of Galata, was ascending the straits of the Bosphorus with that lively attention to scene and circumstance, that perhaps only the casual visitor knows.

The day had been exceedingly sultry, but the southern winds which had prevailed, had given place to the cool northern breeze of the Euxine, which blew freely, but gently, down the winding passage, and over the narrow waters that separate the continents of Europe and Asia—at that point where, like jealous beauties, each puts on all her charms to meet her rival face to face. “And truly,” thought the northern wanderer, as his light caïk merged from the Golden Horn, and glided by the barracks of Tophana, and the kiosks of Dolma-backchi, “truly each has well arranged her jewels and her appointments—the gems are much the same on either hand, and the charm of variety is found in their arrangement. On this side, on the ridge of the European hill, how sad and yet how lovely is that crescent of cypresses,—death’s coronal—the light-im-

pervious grove, that covers the shallow graves and the marble tombs of the Osmanlis; and on the other side, along the acclivities of the Asiatic hills, how beautiful are the detached portions we catch of Scutari's interminable cemetery, which now retires from the sight in the inequality of its surface, now hides itself behind the extensive suburb or contiguous villas, surrounded with gayer trees:—the regions of death concealing themselves behind the abodes of the living, as, to the moral sense, the dark path to immortality is veiled by the din and bustle of merely mortal life. How sweetly do the hills on either side rise from the edge of the transparent waves, in gentle swells, to their varied elevation—not lofty enough for sublimity, but high enough for beauty! How richly do the golden vineyards cover their sides, that are thickly dotted by painted kiosks and

trees, and flowers of every hue. And here, and there, in Europe as in Asia, are the grey domes and golden pointed minarets of the mosques, on the sides of the hills, or on the water's brink, where they seem, like sentient beings, to be eyeing their loveliness in the excursive flood, or gazing across it at each other in conscious and complacent beauty. How brightly the gilded crescent glitters on the almost invisible points of the minaret's slender cone, and how purely white are the walls of the Moslem temple!!

“To the distant and fanciful eye, the one might appear a miniature luminary, — the other a mount of snow shining in its rays. And hark! from each the Muezzinn's voice — the call to prayer! Those fair edifices should seem themselves instinct with voice, and notes so holy and melodious should be their own spiritual uttering.”

Along the European bank, from the point of Tophana, village succeeds to village, kiosk to kiosk, and the brief dividing spaces, with the exception of one or two romantic cemeteries, are fair gardens, or woody glens, through which some tiny stream finds its way to the majestic Bosphorus. Those imperial palaces are beautiful, although of frail materials; and their shelving projecting roofs, their gay colours and gilded balls and points, convey to the mind ideas essentially oriental, and scenes of the far remoter east,—of the old Ind, or of China. The kiosks, with closely trellised windows, and fronts painted red, are the dwellings of the Turks: the lords of the soil could ill share these shores of superlative beauty with unclean Christians, and for a considerable distance no black or dingy hues denote the houses of rayahs.

The clear waters of the channel lave the walls of many of these abodes of indolence, and permit the listless Effendi to pass in a step, from the caïk that has transported him from Stamboul into his own sofa-furnished saloon; and the never-failing evening breeze must ventilate them all, either through latticed windows or open door and balcony. In many instances, too, in imitation of the refinement of the most luxurious of the ancient Roman patricians, and of the marine villas of Baïce and Pausilypus, these kiosks are so arranged, that the sea waves flow under portions of them, giving a sensation of freshness, whilst their low beat and murmur, amidst the piles that support the building, and the walls beneath, add to that sensation, and give at the same time a soft voluptuous charm to gratify the sense of hearing. And on the Asiatic bank, the scene is

still the same ; and on the very edge of one of the loveliest channels that flow on earth, villages give the hand to each other, and fairy villas extend so tranquilly beautiful, that they ought to be the resort of taste and worth and all the domestic virtues, and not as, alas ! they are, the receptacles of barbarity, tyranny, and grovelling lust.

“ Thus far, indeed,” mused the traveller, “ the features of the rival continents present equal charms ; but if I turn my eye back on what I have left, the beam will incline in favour of my own, my native Europe ; for the Asiatic suburbs of Scutari and Chalcedonia ⁽¹⁾ cannot compete with the glories of even that small portion of proud Stamboul that now meets my eye. ’Tis the seraglio—the occupant of the site of the ancient Byzantium—one tyrant, barbarous palace, covering the space of a whole free, brave city.

'Tis the seraglio, with a group of the imperial mosques towering above its white walls, its leaden domes and black cypresses, and with part of the town stretching away to the right, towards the aqueducts of Valens. ⁽²⁾ 'Tis the extreme point of the fair triangle, washed on one of its sides by the broad Propontis; on the other, by the waters of the tranquil Golden Horn. 'Tis the spot specially appointed by nature to be one of earth's capitals. 'Tis a scene at once sublime and lovely.

“How do the white fronts of the scattered edifices within that vast inclosure, contrast with the dark cypresses which occupy nearly all the space of what can scarcely be called a garden. The setting sun brightens with his glow every other object in this magic panorama, but he cannot influence the colours of those white walls and black trees, which each, intense in its way,

and by its opposition to the other, thus ever looks, and is unchangeable. In part pallid beyond marble, in part more sombre than the grave, the seraglio has an imposing, unearthly aspect; and associating with it, the deeds, the crimes of which it has been, and is the scene, it might be compared to the appearance the rebellious archangel would have presented, had it pleased Omnipotence, instead of casting him to hell with thunders, to blast him with a look, and fix his giant bulk in lifeless, motionless stability. For even so pale, so sad, so vast, and yet so beautiful, might we imagine the fallen cherub, if death struck, ere his form had lost 'its original brightness,' and transfixed for ever with the first hues of fear, and sorrow, and remorse, upon him.

“Those imperial mosques, that rise in the rear of the palace or the prison, are Stamboul's

proudest works ; their minarets are lofty, their domes are vast and boldly swelling, and taking all in all, what city of Europe can offer to the eye four such temples, and in immediate contiguity with each other, as Santa Sophia, the Sultan Achmet, the Sultana Validé, and the Sulimanye?

“ Yes! fair Europe surpasses her duskier rival ; and a portion, a small, though a glorious portion, of the vast Stamboul, decides her immeasurable superiority. But, no! the vapours of the sultry day are dissipated by the northern breeze, they withdraw like the raising of a veil of golden tissue from the bosom of the Propontis ; the eye can now reach the farther Asiatic shore of that magnificent basin : all is clear, and the rays of the setting sun rest upon the sublime heights of the Bithynian Olympus.

“Its long, wavy ridge, covered with eternal snows, that at this moment show more rose-hued than ever did Mont Blanc, or any other of the Alps, seems a fitting path for celestial feet, an appropriate throne for the divinities of old, if those essences of paganism were susceptible of interest in the glories of this nether world, and in the sight of regions so admirably formed for the solace, the support and prosperity of mortals. How beautiful, how sublime, that range of mountain, with a cloudless sky above its head—a waveless sea at its feet! Now the more ancient of the rivals prevails. Asia surpasses Europe,—and the glories of Olympus eclipse those of Stamboul, as those of nature ever will surpass those of art!”

The traveller may have been right in his decision; but before giving his preference to the Asiatic side, he ought to have provided, either

that Olympus should be somewhat nearer, or the atmosphere clearer, for it is but rarely, and on fine evenings, such as he was favoured with, that the mountain is visible from the Bosphorus, and enters in the picture. His light caïk meanwhile, propelled by the sturdy arms of two Greek boatmen, each working a pair of oars, ascended the channel.

To avoid the force of the current, it is necessary to keep close in to the European bank; but even thus, it is at certain angles of the channel so impetuous, that a dozen pair of oars would scarcely master it; and at these places the boat is taken in tow by a number of men, who run along the quay, as horses are seen to do by the sides of our canals. Proceeding in this mode, seldom more than a few feet from the shore, the stranger could view in detail, the features on the European bank, or such of them as were

on the water's edge; whilst on the side of Asia, at the varying distance of half, or three-quarters of a mile, his eye could embrace the counterpart of the picture, with its lovely background of wooded hills, all, thanks to the peculiarity of their situation, and to the winds and vapours from the Black Sea, fresh, and gaily green, even at that advanced period of a sultry summer. Numerous and beautiful were the shady nooks and bosomy hills, he thus passed in close or in distant view, and so lovely seemed each, that he felt as if he could there put his foot on shore and cease his wanderings; but as still he went on and on, and scenes more exquisite burst upon him, he could have wished thus to glide for ever, or that the little boat were to him the world, and that objects such as then delighted him, were destined to be his sole occupation in life, his charm till death.

He had passed the romantic village of Ar-naüt-Keul, the imperial kiosk of Bébéck, a religious wood of cypresses mixed with tombs, fractured sarcophagi, and masses of rocks, producing together the most picturesque effect; he had gazed on the opposite shores, and had dwelt with delight on the lovely village of Kandilly, and its projecting eminence, with one fair country house, and tall green trees; he had glided under the memorable but not imposing looking castle of Mahomet the Second, or the Roumeli-Hissar; he had shot across the deep inlet of Balta liman, or "the Port of the Ax," and was now approaching a spot of peculiar loveliness. A gentle projection—a point of land, that might have been the cape of some miniature world of perfect elegance, shot out into the clear Bosphorus. Its ridge, the very line of grace, was designated against the picturesque, but ruder

back-ground of the Thracian bank; its whole extent was covered with a wood of cypress and pine, that murmured to the sighs of the evening breeze, while some of those fair but sad trees, standing on the very line that separated sea from land, seemed to have their roots deep beneath the waves.

From this holy recess, the white marble sepulchres gleamed on the eye, and these too extending themselves to the Bosphorus' brink, the "turbaned stone," and the less honoured pillar that marks a woman's grave—the lowly stone with a rudely carved basket of flowers, or a solitary rose,—were reflected in the waters, whose gentle laving, with the moaning of the trees above, formed a natural and enduring requiem, or dirge, for those who slept the sleep of death, that each evening would hear repeated, save when the wintry Euxine should throw

down his copious discharge with increase of rapidity, and lashing torrent and roaring gale should substitute, for notes that sounded like the gentle plaint of subdued anguish and holy sorrow, the groans and outcries of recent and irremediable woe.

Though the stranger had loitered long on his way, he could not fail to linger at a spot like this—his heart had been bruised by early affliction, he had felt the loss of those he loved, the disappointment of many a bright and ardent hope; he was grieving at the time under sickness of body, and, worse, of heart, and nervous and moral irritation, and disgust, had only been suspended for awhile, not removed, by the interest he felt in the novel objects he had just passed. The present touched him more than all. Those pallid marbles spoke of the “beautiful in death;” those sepulchral shades

of cypress and of pine, promised a repose that would not be disturbed; and the low winds, those voices of heaven, that sighed through them, said, in tones that could not be misunderstood, "Poor mortal! why all this fret and fever—this cark and care? yet a few short years, and most assuredly thou shalt be as they o'er whom *we* breathe; and in the grave, or in the regions beyond it, matter of utter indifference will it be, whether thy career of life have been brilliant or otherwise!"

The shades of evening were now lengthening apace, and the mountain ridges, and capes of Europe, reflected in the waves, seemed to do homage to the hills of Asia, and to kiss their feet.

Boats as numerous as the carriages on a summer evening on the Neapolitan Corso, now glided up the channel, each with its propor-

tionate and full freight of human beings, to the villages on its banks, whither the more wealthy of the Turks reside during the fine season, and the more respectable of the Frank and Rayah population retire after the business of the day. These caïks presented a striking and agreeable variety as they passed in succession by the stranger, who, having no one to "await his coming, and look brighter when he came," and no object, or chance of enjoyment there, save in the beauty of the scenery, ordered his boatmen to row as gently as they could.

The rapidly succeeding figures in the moving and animated picture, were easy to be recognized and reduced to their separate castes and conditions, even by a stranger. A lengthier caïk, advancing to the pull of three pair of oars, would announce a Turkish effendi—it would approach—go by—with noiseless, or rather,

voiceless speed, for the splash of the oars would be audible, but not one syllable of social—of human converse.

Reclining on soft cushions, in the bottom of the boat, or seated cross-legged on a carpet of brilliant hues, but in either case, as for ever, with his long pipe—its tube a cherry-stick or a lithe jasmine, with an envelope of cotton and silk, bathed in rose-water to keep it cool; its mouth-piece precious amber, enriched with gold and enamel,—the indolent proud Stamboul lord would be seen with two slaves at his feet, or standing in the waist of the boat, with their arms crossed on their breasts, and their eyes fixed on their master, to detect his will and pleasure in his looks. At times, as he passed the Christian stranger, without turning his head, he would turn his large black eyes in their sockets, take a glance short and con-

temptuous, and, caressing his flowing beard with complacent pride, glide on, as if he were saying to himself, “the ill-shaven dog, what does he here?”

But far more frequently the ghiaour was not honoured even by this doubtful sort of notice; and the haughty barbarian would shoot by him, as if he were nought but a familiar rock or tree, utterly unworthy of the trouble of a look.

The effendi, perhaps, would be followed by a more humble caïk, and a party of Turkish traders—drillers and venders of pipes, tobacco, or shawl merchants.

There would be, perhaps, four, six, eight of these dear friends and neighbours in the close juxta-position, necessitated by a sheer, narrow boat, yet not a word of conversation would be heard from them, unless it should happen, that

just at the moment of their passing, a pipe should be finished, or a tobacco-pouch emptied, and a piece of lighted *amadou*, or a bowl full of the heavenly weed, required. These Osmanli bazaar-gandjis would probably have in their rear (for these two classes sympathize together more than any other in the East), a black, modest looking, but finely built caïk, with a cargo of fat Armenian seraffs, or bankers, recognizable to a man with good eyes, at least a quarter of a mile off, by their black calpacks and dress, their peculiarly large long eyes—black, but as lustreless and as heavy as lead; by their dingy, oily complexions, plaited mustachoes, and stubbled chins, and, more than all, by their immense asinine ear, which is as distinctive of their race, as is the Jewish eye of the children of Israel.

The social soul of these rayahs seems as

thoroughly absorbed in coffee-cups and tobacco-pipes, as that of their masters the Turks—they have no other idea of enjoyment, and the amount of their pleasure is counted on the number of chibooks they may have filled in the course of the day.

It would be rarely, therefore, that the stranger could catch any thing but smoke from these equipages; and if he did, it would most undoubtedly be a pouring forth of the spirit of lucre, and “*rubiehs*” and “*paradis*,” would be the sounds—the first and the last, to strike his ear. ⁽³⁾

Towards evening, a certain number of common passage-boats, capable of containing a host, and rowed by a multitudinous assemblage of oars, quit the rotten wooden scales or wharfs on the Constantinople side of the Golden Horn, with the small fry of traders, the refuse of the

shop-keepers of the bazaars ; for even they, poor and tasteless as they may be, hasten to escape from Stamboul's narrow streets and hovels, to the gay and ever verdant banks of the Bosphorus.

Several of these, all slowly as they went with their heavy freight against the rapid current, passed our loiterer, who was, or might have been, amused with the motley, huddled appearance of their living contents. The boatmen, with red cloth skull-caps, and muscular arms, naked to the shoulder joint, were so impeded and mixed up with the passengers, that they could not always be seen. On the elevated poop, a thickly wedged mass of turbans, cal-packs, and beneeshes, appertaining to cross-legged sedent figures, offered a tangible and stable breadth of objects ; beneath them, in the bottom of the boat, like the hold of a slave-

ship, or more like a cargo of loose rags embarked at Naples, to be made into paper at Leghorn or at Genoa, would be bestowed an undulating, varied mass of dirty white yashmacks and feridjis, belonging to sundry females; and this would be dotted here and there by a glaring skull cap, decorated with shining yellow coins, (fair vouchers to the truth, that all is not gold that glitters,) denoting the presence of some child of the foregoing.⁽⁴⁾

Longitudinally disposed, and between the rowers, who, as I have said, were almost hid, were sundry poor bazaar sweepers on the edge of the boat, over whose sides their long pipes projected like so many fishing rods; and, to finish the account of the stowage of the cargo, the platform at the prow of the barge was covered with turbans, calpacks and beneeshes, just as its poop. As this Charon-like bark and

freight passed, the mingled and euphonous sounds of the 'Osmanlis' and the Armenians' Turkish, the Greeks' Romaïc, and the Jews' degraded Castilian, ⁽⁵⁾ floated, with clouds of tobacco, on the air,—for these mingled classes could talk as well as smoke: all were poor enough to be merry,—and whenever a dozen Greeks are gathered together, there, you may be sure, will be gossip, and wit, and laughter among them; whilst the poor Israelites, contemptible as they are, rise a degree or two in estimation, from their superior sociability and conversiveness, and are generally found ready to take their chibook from their mouths, to laugh at any body's joke. ⁽⁶⁾

Another of the groups in the aquatic procession, which that evening might (no, *must*, from the habits of the animals,) have glided past our observer, would be a hired caïk with

two pairs of oars, containing a thing of infinite solemnity and importance, in yellow slippers, fawn coloured jubbee, and samoor calpack—a drogoman—a dealer in words; the *renderer* into bad Turkish, of the bad French of some pompous minister of some infinitely little European state—a post he is as proud of, as if he delivered to mortals the edicts of the great Jupiter. Perhaps, he would have with him his better half, *Madame La Drogomanesse*, certainly, one or two flippant “jeunes des langues,” those aspirants at diplomacy; and as they go by on their four oars, and impertinently *toiser* the sick, irritable stranger, he may have the satisfaction of hearing such pleasant remarks as these—“*Voilà encore un Anglais poitrinaire. Qu'est il. Est-ce qu'il a été présenté au palais? Croyez vous qu'il soit noble. Est il Protestant à l'ordinaire, ou Ca-*

tholique comme notre Docteur," &c. And thus they pass on their way to the village of Buyukderè, where they and their masters have transferred all the stiffness and ennui of Pera, and that etiquette, the great concern of those pigmy diplomatists who have no sort of business to transact—no political nor commercial interests to conduct. There, along the smooth extending quay, washed with waves ever clear as the mountain stream, with the Giant's Mount, the entrance into the Euxine, and the wooded dell of the "Grand Signior," scenery rich, lovely, and elevating, to a degree almost equal to any thing on earth, constantly before their eyes; or in the promenade of the Great Valley, so picturesque, so romantic, so pastoral, and in the shade of its glorious plane trees, these creatures of Pera never lose sight for a moment of their own paltry importance,

but persist in frightening away the Dryads with their eternal discussions on rank and precedence, interlarded with obsolete and most intolerant polemics.

The bad humour that such knowledge might have imparted to the stranger, was as yet spared him ; but he felt the insolence and vulgarity of the gaze of this boat-load of *drogomanerie*, and was about wishing them at the devil, or somewhere equally remote, when the sounds of a guitar struck his ear, and turning his head, he saw a caïk with a company of Fanariote or superior Greeks in his wake. Their object, like his, was not speed ; they remained for some time behind him, and he was charmed with the sweet sounds of a female voice, that sang a patriotic ode, ardent, if not as poetical, as the songs of Greece's better days. The last strophe of the ode was repeated by all in the boat, even

by the boatmen, in a loud, spirit-stirring chorus, and to its theme "May Hellas again be free—may the arms of a Themistocles or a Leonidas again prepare the way for the arts, and the elegancies of Pericles," the stranger joined a silent, but deep and sincere "Amen!" and felt his heart revive at the thought, that even in those regions, so long blasted by an oriental despotism, there still existed a class capable of aspirations after liberty and European civilization.

The Greek boat now lay alongside his: the freight it bore was worth examining:—three lovely young women, sisters, from their striking resemblance to each other, a fourth lady, more advanced in years, yet still handsome, and rather like an elder sister than the mother, which no doubt she was, sat at the stern of the caïk, on crimson cushions ornamented with fan-

tastic gilding, the handywork of Persia, and on carpets that seemed, from their softness and thickness, and the glowing richness of their hues, the reality of those flower-sprent parterres they were meant to imitate,—these also the product of Persian industry and ingenuity. Over their heads, a light transparent parasol of ethereal blue, turned towards the sun, cooled the warm crimson rays of evening, ere they fell on the classically pale complexions of the ladies; and the whole scene recalled to the wanderer's mind the most glorious of all aquatic pictures, his own Shakspeare's imperishable description of the descent of the Cydnus; for each of the sisters, beauteous, graceful, imperial, seemed a younger Cleopatra, without the wantonness of the Egyptian Queen; the sea strait, the Bosphorus, is, in all its length, a stately river to the eye; there were the tones of music on the air, and

each of the ascending caïks might feel proud to be the attendant barks, and the suite of the fair princesses.

A fine, gentlemanly looking man, with his moustache slightly silvered by years, seemed the husband of the elder lady, the father of the young ones ; four much younger men were there, —the eye, the chin, the smile of one of them, showed fraternity, but the other three were far too gallant to stand, at the most, in a closer degree of kindred than that of cousins—they might be lovers—that they were admirers, the glances of their lively eyes betrayed.

The free intercourse of the sexes, as here displayed, contrasting with the true Turkish mode, and oriental jealousy, with which all other classes in the East shut up their wives and daughters, and mask their faces when abroad—with that spirit which has even invaded the

Frank or European Christians long settled in the country—the adaptation of the plan and conduct of society, to which modern nations owe half their amenities, and perhaps half their virtues, and without which men would be rude brawlers or indolent carousers, and women chroniclers of the lore of the kitchen or the nursery, seemed to the stranger one among many proofs of the superiority of the Greek people.

As the caïk, which, either by accident or design, lay several minutes alongside, or off the bow of his own boat, gained on him, and was leaving him in the rear, certain sweet glances from the eyes of the young ladies, and the commiserating tones of their “Kaiémena!”⁽⁷⁾ more touching to the ear of the stranger than perhaps any other sound he ever heard, except some note of pity or affection in his own, his mother tongue,

could scarcely fail of increasing the interest the northern wanderer felt for these children of the East.

“How beautiful ! how graceful !” mused he ;
“let those political troglodytes, who would dig into the bowels of the earth, to find an argument against the Greeks and their re-establishment as a nation, ransack their brains for proofs that the Hellenes of the present day are not the descendants of the ancient Greeks. For myself, I seek, I ask no better proof of their legitimacy, than features and forms like those I have just seen—those breathing identifications of what we call ideal beauty—of those immortal creations of the Greek chisel, over which the art of after ages and other lands has sighed in impotent despair—those traits which shadow the impress of divinity and immortality, and would almost excuse, or deem it not idol-

atry in us, to bow the knee to the Belvedere Apollo, and the Medicean Venus—yea, even to worship them! What historic page, what genealogical tree, were it even traced pure and unbastardized from its very roots, with every branch spotless and intact, with not so much as a twig of unfair growth, could vouch and identify like these pronounced and exquisite qualities? Nay, more—that gracefulness of motion, that delicacy, that finished elegance, in each and the smallest action,—all bear testimony of the affinity of the Greeks of to-day, to the Greeks of twenty-two centuries ago!”

The stranger's reflections were interrupted by the passage of another caïk, which crossed his bow, and made the quay of Emenerghen-Oglu, from which village he was but a few oars' length distant. A young man of elegant appearance, went from the boat to the landing-place with an

elastic step. His dress was splendid and Turkish, all save his samoor calpack, which denoted him to be of the Hospodars, or Greek princes, of Wallachia or Moldavia.

When he stood on the stone quay, he paused to speak to somebody, probably an attendant, in the boat. At that instant, two female figures turned the corner of some buildings, and appeared on the quay. The white yashmack, the loose, ample envelope of pelisse, the roomy boot and papoosh, were worn by each, and their concealment might have equalized to the eye youth and age; but the stooping attitude, the slower step of one of the females, betrayed her years, while the carriage of the other, erect and gliding like that of a swan, gave evidence of the existence of a young form, and a young and confiding heart animating it. Before the prince turned his face from the boat towards

them, they stopped at a house but a few feet behind him. The elder female clapped her hands, the door flew open by some invisible agency, for no attendant was seen, and anon it shut in the same manner on the visitors, who had glided in, but not before the prince had caught a glance of their muffled figures. He paused a moment, then, apparently first casting his eye along the quay, which was entirely deserted, save by two or three Greek children, who were seated on its curb-stones, angling in the channel, he advanced to the house, called "Petracki" in a gentle voice, and the hinges turning as they had just done to the ladies, he entered—the door closed on him and them, and his caïk glided down the current, towards the neighbouring village of Istenia.

"Ho, ho!" thought the stranger, "even in this land of bolts and bars, and veils and sacks,

the capricious god has his devotees—the stakes are high—that youth's life or faith⁽⁸⁾ pays the penalty of discovery ! But no—the messler—⁽⁹⁾ the papooshes of the silent fair ones were certainly not yellow—the robes were of the dark brown hue affected by Armenian women—the house is not red, but black—it is only some rayah the Greek is wronging, and he is safe !”

of the Turkish empire. Many years before that fatal period, as we have seen, the Empire and Mohammedan law were in a state of degenerate as they were once in the height of the age of the Turkish Empire, and it is not surprising that it should have been so.

CHAPTER II.

At the conquest of Constantinople by Mahomet II. religious error, bigotry, and long and tyrannical misrule, had reduced the Greek character; though in forming our judgment of it, we should not overlook the moral condition of the different people of Europe at the same time, nor forget, that except the miniature republics of Italy, none were so civilized, whilst nearly all were as obnoxious to superstition, deceit, and fickleness, as the melancholy remnant

of the Eastern empire. Many years before that fatal period, or in the days of Petrarca and Boccaccio, the sons of Greece, degenerate as they were, gave to Europe the key to the inestimable treasures of their ancient letters, and while we doubt, or abstain from entering on the long discussion of "whether Italian literature, the earliest cultivated in Europe after the ages of barbarism, be the child of the Hellenic muses, or indigenous and original," we must all acknowledge, with confident gratitude, that it was to those men who visited and corresponded with the Italian peninsula, and to those of their countrymen who followed them at the distance of a century, that the world is indebted for the immortal pages, whose mere appreciation implies a mental superiority, which could not exist among a people wholly degraded and barbarized, as some wri-

ters have represented the Greeks at the period referred to.

The mind that has been nourished and elevated by the works of old Greece, that has traced the full effect and extent of those works on the literature and manners of modern Europe, may shudder without suspicion of affectation, or morbid sensibility, at the idea of their loss, and at the picture of what the world would now be without them. The barbarians that overran the Roman world, when the Romans had lost their virtue, more indolent, or more judicious than the Turks, would frequently respect the wonders of ancient architecture; the friendly earth covered many a divine work of the Greek chisel, to be providentially restored at the very moment that taste for the arts should re-awaken from its long sleep, and require such examples and guides:—temples and

statues, the marble and the bronze, were almost time-proof, and protected besides by concurring circumstances ; but frail papyri and parchments, consumable by fire, by time, by use, by disuse, were the only retainers of the harmony of the Ilias, the periods of Demosthenes, Herodotus, Xenophon, and Thucydides ; and but for the still surviving taste and religious respect for what they could no longer imitate,—but for a sparkle of their fathers' fire, in the bosom of the Greeks, which induced them to propagate their copies of the codices, and sedulously to preserve them, they would most surely have been to us as though they had never been. Religion will not deem such cares incompatible with the operations of the divine Being, who, promising a state of perfectibility in a future life, interdicts not, but encourages, our aspirations after improvement and excellence in this :

nor will it be held inconsistent with heavenly attributes, that it was providence so admirably arranged matters for our benefit,—so timed events, that the Greek empire was not annihilated, and the most enlightened of its subjects were not scattered abroad, until a portion of Christian Europe had risen in arts and letters, and the soil of Italy was fully prepared to receive the fructuous seed. The merchant-citizens of Italian republics, emulous of Athens, had already expended the gains of their commerce in the purchase of ancient manuscripts; the names of the Greek poets, philosophers, and historians, though still mysterious sounds, had been heard in the schools, and the man, though in manners a brute,⁽¹⁾ had been revered as an angel, who could unlock the closed treasures, or give a course to the sealed fountain.

Even after we have subtracted from the ac-

count of the siege and taking of Constantino-
ple, all that cotemporary alarm and irritation,
and the prejudices of conflicting faiths may have
added or exaggerated, and if with admirable
indifference to human suffering, we closely
calculate the woes and horrors that then befel
the Greeks, still we shall have a terrific amount.
The happiest fell by the sword, after stopping
the "deadly breach" with their gallant Em-
peror, and evincing valour equal to ancient
Greece's boast—the hundreds at Thermopylæ—
the vulgar are safe in their obscurity; but of
the patrician families who did not seek safety
in flight, and the abandonment of their mate-
rial possessions, many were reduced to slavery,
and subjected to political and studied debase-
ment by the Turks. Their beautiful children
became the prey of Eastern lust and brutality,
and in tender age, and separated from their

parents and their caste, their religion gave way to the precepts of a Mahometan chodjea.

In the process of not many years, the melancholy fragment of the Greek aristocracy was confined to the narrow limits of the Fanar, a district of the vast capital, situated on the port, or the Golden Horn, nearly at the end of Constantinople, against whose battered walls its extreme left (in military parlance) may be said to rest. Here, in the lowest, the darkest, the dampest quarter of their own city, were relegated the noble Greeks, and the comparison would be fair; and the transfer parallel, should the inhabitants of St. James's be removed, by some caprice of fortune, to those unknown regions—Wapping or Limehouse.

Much has been said of the *philosophic* tolerance of the Mahometans; but the Turks had found the Greek people, even in their worst

days, steadfast in the faith they professed, and ever ready to testify even unto death: to destroy a whole race in cold blood, was perhaps too atrocious for their fanaticism and cruelty; and if they did so, who would pay the kharatch or capitation tax,⁽²⁾—who would cultivate the grounds, build the houses, and exercise those few mechanical arts essential to the Osmanlis, however barbarous? But the conqueror, Mahomet II. had much to gain by indifference, and by renouncing the dogma which imposes on the Musulmans the duty of converting to the Koran, or slaying with the scymetar, all the nations of the earth: he took, as several of his predecessors had done, the modified sense of another passage of the “*sacred bones*,”⁽³⁾ which allows the victors to permit the unbelieving vanquished to wear their heads, on condition of their paying an annual tribute to the faithful for the pri-

vilege; and more, by an infernal policy, he made their very religion and his tolerance work against them, by the nature of his convention with their Patriarch, which submitted them to a real hierarchal tyranny, while it proffered an apparent recognition of rights and privileges to the Greeks. This is not the place, or it might be shown how prejudicial such a government within a government, or tyranny within a tyranny, has been to the character of the Greek people; how the teachers of the Gospel of Christ have been made subservient to Mahometan oppressors, and how the shepherd has oftentimes leagued with the wolves, to devour the helpless flock.

But the moderation of the Turks, which allowed the rayahs their religion, did not leave them places of worship to exercise it in; they seized all their churches—the crescent was

erected on the dome of Santa Sophia, the glory of the Eastern Christians;—minarets, whence the unity of the godhead was proclaimed, arose by the stately temple, specially dedicated to the holy and mysterious Trinity; and the Greeks who beheld all this, had but a few low, mean edifices allotted to them, nor were they thenceforth, either in the Fanar or in any other part of the empire, permitted to erect a place of worship, or even to repair, nay, to whitewash, the walls of the churches they already possessed, without the consent of the Porte—a consent never obtained but by the disbursement of ruinous sums of money, and frequently, when granted and paid for, made unavailable by the fanaticism of the Turkish mob. The European traveller, though exempt from religious enthusiasm or prejudice, who shall attend the early morning service in the miserable Greek cathedral at

the Fanar, and shall mark its humble door, its low, dingy roof, its narrow aisles—infinately too narrow for the flocking devotees—its gloomy crumbling walls, and its turret without a bell;⁽⁴⁾ and who shall merge thence, on the open square of the Hippodrome, and eye the swelling domes of Santa Sophia, and of the mosque of Sultan Achmet, and their aspiring pinnacles, their gilded minarets—their portals, “so high, that giants may jut through, and keep their impious turbans on,” cannot fail being forcibly struck by the contrast, and feeling in its full extent, the humiliation of the Greek and the Christian.

The Greeks were degraded, but no oppression could destroy their active, busy spirit; and the Turks, in their own ignorance and inaptitude, soon felt the want, and employed the services of those whom they affected to despise.

Such aids as masons, architects, and others merely mechanical, or approaching it, may be passed in silence; but as the Turks came more frequently in contact with the nations of Europe, they must recur to European languages and polity, and they were, as they still are, ignorant of both, and obstinately disinclined to learn them.

Now the Greeks, who were interdicted the use of the sabre, were expert in the employment of that weapon, sharper than the sword—the tongue: they were prying and inquisitive, and from their community with them, every way more adapted to read the riddles, and detect the manœuvres of the infidel dogs, than the honest, the loyal, and somewhat *indolent* Osmanlis. The Greeks were elected to the offices of drogoman to the Porte, and drogoman to the fleet; and from that moment, for the honour of the yellow slippers,⁽⁵⁾ for the

consideration, the pecuniary emolument, the wide arena for ambition, attached to those ranks, the Fanar became a scene of intrigue unparalleled perhaps on earth. The certain dangers accompanying the career did not deter the ambitious, and the fall of predecessors' heads only seemed to them steps to rise by, and gave no warning, that the occupation of the desired post would, of a certainty, expose their own lives to the same violent end. We may condemn the operations of this spirit in the Greeks, that frequently made them unmindful, even of what is proverbially strong and ardent among them—the force of blood, and the ties of consanguine affection; but our curse ought to be upon those who left no other avenues open to their rayah subjects, and perverted the passion of ambition, in itself noble, and the cause of the beauty and progress of our moral, and in

part of our material world, though its unruly excess may be eternally fatal to the one, and may devastate the other.

A wider and a more splendid field than the dark room at the Porte,⁽⁶⁾ or the inferior cabin at the arsenal, or on board the Capitan Pasha's *Belik*,⁽⁷⁾ was, however, in time to be opened to the Greeks, and their intrigues were destined to have provinces and principalities for their object. When the Turkish crescent, (belying its name,) from remaining a long period without sensible increase or decrease, began to wane rapidly, and the Ghiaours no longer trembled at the Osmanli name, but invaded their conquests; it was determined by the high will of the Muscovites, what indeed, and with much more, had been stipulated for by those provinces themselves, when they submitted to the Sultans, that the regions between the Danube and the Pruth,

which contained a Christian population of the same church as themselves, and the Greeks, should no longer be oppressed by the constant interference of Turkish Pashas, but governed by Greek Hospodars, to be chosen from the noble families of the Fanar by the Porte, to be guaranteed and protected, (which they never were !) in their principalities, by the Russian Autocrat.⁽⁸⁾

Loyalty and honesty in all their dealings have been attributed to the Turks very generally; and if the experience of unprejudiced persons has not always tended to confirm them those merits, the moral qualities may still exist among the more obscure of the nation, who are withdrawn from contact or observation; but all the virtues seem to evaporate before ambition, and advancement, and government intrigue, and, as one has recently said, "it

may be doubted whether there exist a more corrupt set of men than the Turkish grandees, or those who have to do with the Porte."

The treacherous system of intrigue will be resorted to only when there is a certainty of its efficaciousness, and this, as regards the Turks, was to be found in their ignorance and stupidity, their rapaciousness and universal corruptibility; they, besides, set an example in their own conduct, and the intrigue, the insidiousness, the bribery resorted to for the hospodariats by the Greeks, were only imitations of those practised for pashaliks by the Turks, whilst the latter, or the Osmanlis, in both cases, were the mammons to whom the acceptable sacrifice was offered.

Great craft may be compatible with extreme barbarity; and this Turkish history will prove in almost every page: but the Greeks, confirmed by an ancient proverb, by the long habit of seeking refuge from the oppression of

the strong, in cunning—the Greeks, by nature quick and adroit, certainly perfected the system of intrigue; and, compared to the *menées* of the Fanar, the plots and projects of the Turks seem inartificial and coarse.

The noble Greek families formed into factions that were quite equal to the injustice and to all the extremes of party; but the members of the separate factions could never be sure of one another, even when they stood in so close a degree of consanguinity as that of brothers: nay more, and still more horrid, cases are not wanting, where the demon of ambition has so obliterated the feelings of nature in the bosoms of the Fanariote Greeks, that for the principality of Wallachia or Moldavia, father has intrigued against son, the son against the father, though the success of either would peril the property, the liberty, or the life of the other. The gold of Christians was poured into the lap

of infidels, to effect the ruin of Christians and brethren; and eunuchs and women, and all the strange assemblage called the faction of the interior, or of the seraglio, were flattered and bribed to secure the governments of an exhausted Christian people. Yet this sacrifice of repose and principle was only to secure a few months' pageantry, terminating by a violent death; but as when the game was of meaner value—a tergiuman's slippers instead of an hospodar's calpack—the sanguinary catastrophes were insufficient to check the ambition of the candidates, and on they went through falsehood and through crime, through abjectness, and brief arrogance, to the cymetar or the bow-string. But the step to the grave was from a throne; and even a father who loved his son that had been recently executed, could reply to a condoling stranger, "At least he died Prince of Wallachia!" (9)

If many dwellers in the Fanar abstained from the dangerous career, and, taking wider views and a higher ambition, looked forward to the day when the Greeks might be released from Turkish misrule, and exist again as a nation; if many of the intriguing Boyars themselves contributed to the improvement of the Greek people, by their own adoption of European ideas, and by the pains they took in imparting to their sons, and of late years even to their daughters, the advantages of European education; it must still remain enregistered against their class in general, that they were indifferent to patriotism, or—in the words of one who knew them well, and was not disposed to veil their defects—"the Fanariotes saw all Greece within the compass of the Fanar: out of it, they have said they had no country." ⁽¹⁰⁾

Had the Greek princes conferred any benefit

on the unfortunate Wallachians and Moldavians they were sent to govern, we might judge more leniently of the evil, for the good it produced ; but in the rapacity and pride of the Fanariote, the Christians had not unfrequently occasion to regret the Turkish Pasha.

Exhausted in pecuniary resources by the amount of the bribes given to obtain their posts ; worried incessantly for fresh bribes, whereby to keep them ; eaten up by relations and retainers, whom they had contracted to provide for ; beset by Jewish or Armenian Seraffs, who had furnished the sums for their costly equipment, or a succedaneum to the Vizier for their merit as rulers ; and worked upon, moreover, by a love of pomp and display innate to them, the Greek princes were obliged to squeeze their subjects to the very utmost, and depopulation and increasing misery bore testimony to their mis-

rule, and perfectly accorded with the condition of the rest of the hapless provinces of the Turkish empire. Nothing, therefore, remains to excuse the Fanariotes, but the nature of ambition, general to man, the vices and imbecilities of those with whom they were constrained to act, and their own talent—for talent it was, however ill employed.

“The princes of Wallachia and Moldavia,” once said a Greek with glistening eyes, “were *kings* while it lasted: they were surrounded by none but men of their own faith, who showed as much outward respect to them, as the Osmanlis do to the Padishah himself: there the Turkish grandee could not do what the Turkish beggar dare elsewhere—insult them by word and gesture: the princes, named to all offices of trust and honour, the swords of Christian soldiers leaped from the scabbards at their com-

mand, and if it was but in pageantry, it bore the aspect of real and imperial power; while their courts shadowed forth, however faintly, the splendour of that of the Byzantine emperors, the dignities and titles of which were in part renewed at Bucharest and at Jassy.” (11)

“Aye,” rejoined another Greek, “the post was worth having, were it but for the satisfaction of being able to punish the insolence of the Turks, and to rise superior to them. By the orders of the Sultan, every respect was to be paid to his lieutenants, though they were Greeks, rayahs, ghiaours; and when the Prince C—— was taking his pompous departure, when his splendid retinue had quitted the capital, and was passing the village of San Stefano, I well remember how I saw a fanatic of a Turk, who refused the wonted sign of respect, and continued smoking his chibook in his Highness’

presence, seized and inverted, and soundly bastinadoed—yes, bastinadoed before us Greeks, Emir as he was—for the turban that was sullied in the dust was a green one! For a pleasure like this alone, I would adventure my peace to be prince or hospodar, were it but for a day!”

We may suppose all the feelings alluded to, as having their place in the bosom of the Boyar Ghika; and to avoid details which are disgusting, perhaps injurious, in contemplation, as they tend to make us familiar with moral depravity, and to sink human nature in our estimation, we may imagine all the usual intrigues, and falsehood, and bribery to have been resorted to, and successfully—for the ⁽¹²⁾ Bairam of 182—, saw him appointed to the government of Wallachia, and a few weeks after, he took his departure for Bucharest. The family of the Ghika, said to be of Wallachian origin, had

long been conspicuous in the intrigues of the Fanar, and more than one of its members had already been in possession of the short and perilous honours of the vice-regal government: the present Prince, said to be born and educated north of the Danube, was essentially a Wallachian Boyar, but marriage had connected him with the noblest Fanariote families; and his fair lady, who, though the mother of many children, could scarcely be said to be in the wane of her beauty, was truly Greek, and spirited, intellectual, and patriotic.

According to the custom of that arbitrary and suspicious tyranny, the Porte, at the departure of the Hospodar, had retained his eldest son as hostage, or as a victim at hand to sacrifice, should his father ever escape into Franguestan.⁽¹³⁾ The odious name of hostage had however long been abolished: the Hospodar's son was called the agent of his father, whose

business he was intrusted with at the Porte ; he enjoyed the protection and guarantee of the Ambassador of the Russian Emperor, and his person was *nominally* inviolable. The young Greek prince we saw, in the last chapter, step from his caïk on the Bosphorus, was Constantine Ghika.

Actions mark a character more strongly, and generally more correctly, than description can do—they may be left to speak for that of Constantine Ghika, or Costandi, as, in conformity to Greek usage, we ought rather to call him ; and here it may be enough to state, that he was the owner of a handsome face and a fine, though rather undersized and delicate person ; that he was the uncontrolled disposer of a liberal income, his father could *now* allow him—generous-hearted, impetuous, susceptible, and two-and-twenty.

His errand at the time was indeed different

from what the passing stranger had suspected Costandi was going on a visit to an aged relation—a beloved and afflicted mother of his mother, from whom a round of occupation and pleasure had estranged him for some time, though he had every evening reproached himself with the neglect, and every morning determined to erase the stain from his escutcheon in the course of the day.

The dingy and deserted-looking house on the quay, opposite which he stopped, was that lady's residence, and the silent unattended door gave access to her, who, in other times, at the court of Bucharest, was to be approached but through an avenue of splendidly-dressed attendants and obsequious friends; and who, in later days, when her husband was no longer a hospodar, had enjoyed the elegancies of rank and polished society. But the Greek revolution, or the rage

and cruelty of Sultan Mahmood, consequent on that event, had made her a widow, and childless, save in her distant daughter the Princess Ghika :—the minor evil of confiscation had not left her wherewith to support even life's decencies, and until lately, that the circumstances of her surviving child permitted her to assist her, the daughter and wife of a prince, the mother of a reigning princess, might be said to have felt the pangs of privation, if not of absolute want.

We have mentioned that Constantine caught a glance of the muffled figures as they glided into the house. “Who have we here?” thought he to himself as he crossed the quay; “what nymph is visiting my grandmamma, for the first of these figures, though mayhap not fair, is certainly young. Let us in and see—she may be both ! The Bosphorus and sun-set,

silence and yashmacks—on my word, an appropriate beginning to an amorous adventure! I am heartily tired of that minx Marionka—Madame the —— is tired of me. I just want something to make me aware of my existence, and I may light upon it here, where none but an adventurous youth like myself would hope to find it—under the brown cloak and white veil of an Armenian!” He smiled at the novel thought, and as his footstep passed the threshold, which he was not to cross again with so light a heart, he added, “Well, I am glad I have at last done my duty, and got to my dear, kind tedious grandmamma’s; and who knows but that virtue may be its own reward even in this world, or that I may not find an angel here, where I have hitherto found but wrinkles, unsavoury kisses, and good advice, more unsavoury still!”

CHAPTER III.

THE houses of the rayah subjects of the empire, distinguished by their colour, are also purposely kept mean in their exterior, to avoid the jealousy of the Turks, and the risk of their occupants being thought wealthy ; but that slovenly exterior was frequently but a mask, and the inner apartments of many Armenian, and still more, of many Greek habitations, were well arranged and splendidly furnished. Such, however, was not the case with the silent

residence of Prince Ghika's aged relative. The tottering staircase led him to a hall furnished with one low divan, old, tattered, and despoiled of half of its cloth cushions, and with a solitary attendant, in as bad a plight, in person and attire, as the sofa, and probably much older. Folding-doors at the upper end of the hall opened on a saloon, the princess' parlour and drawing-room, and these being thrown open by Petracki, with an attempt at the formality and style of other days, that might have caused at once a sigh and a smile, Costandi Ghika stood in the presence of his doating relative.

“You truant—you naughty truant,” said the Princess, half joyfully, half reproachingly, “where have you been this long time? But you are come at last, and may heaven bless you!”

Constantine advanced, and dropping on his knee by the sofa's edge, respectfully took the extended hand of his grandmother, and pressed it to his forehead and to his lips—for such is the reverence paid by all classes of Greeks to their parents and aged relatives; and the traveller from more civilized countries may be edified by displays of that almost religious respect, and devotional submission, of the people of the East generally, without distinction of faith or race, to their fathers, their mothers, their elders, whenever they approach them or stand in their presence, which may recall to him fancies and pictures of the patriarchal ages, but nothing that he has seen in modern society elsewhere.

“ I crave your pardon for my past neglect, my dear, my honoured mother! Your blessing upon me—it will do me good, and I need

it!" said Costandi, still kneeling, and sincerely and exclusively feeling what he spoke; but ere he said, "I will never so offend again—I will never again be so long a truant," his quick eye had caught the glance of the younger of the two females, who sat in the saloon with the Princess—had perused her unveiled face; he no longer spoke in singleness of thought and affection, and even as his aged relative blessed him, and raised him, and kissed his forehead with endearing eagerness, his imagination flew to her youthful visitor, and it was she, and the hopes of seeing her there again, that gave fire and sincerity to his renewed protestations, that a week should never again pass on the unfulfilment of his devoirs.

The Princess was seated on a divan which ran along the semi-circular gazeboe, or projecting window of the saloon, a mode of arrange-

ment general in the East, and judicious, and called for in the country residences on the Bosphorus, the front of each of which, overlooking a narrow quay, affords a ravishing spectacle of vale and wood, mountains, and the channel's glassy plain, dotted with rapid caïks, and Turkish ships, of quaint and picturesque forms. The young lady, her visitor, sat at her right-hand; the elder female, whose face, unveiled when the Prince entered, was now muffled up in the broad white folds of the yashmack, sat on the edge of the sofa—at such a distance as denoted inferiority of condition, whilst her being on the sofa at all, was a circumstance in evidence of her being something above a common servant. She was, in fine, what in Spain would be called a duenna, and what in the East has no name at all, though the character exists, and is actively employed, by Armenians,

Jews, and Perotes, to mount guard over the virtue of young wives and unmarried daughters.

Before Constantine took his seat to the left of the Princess, he repeated the salutation he had made to the Armenian lady at his entrance, but with much more animation than then; and when he sat down, from the curve of the divan, being directly opposite to her, he gazed with such intenseness, that she blushing raised one-half of the yashmack, or the lower portion of the visor, which concealed all of her face below her nose. The Princess observed this.

“My child—my sweet one!” said she, taking her hand, “this is my grandson—my Costandi—the child of my daughter—the pride of my house, now that *they* are gone—my joy on earth! It is not for you to feel confusion in his presence; you are above the narrow prejudices of your people, and have shown an

unveiled face before friends ere now. But Costandi," and the old lady turned to the Prince, "it is for you to show gratitude, respect, affection, to Veronica of the Tinghir-Oglus, the youthful friend, the generous, the delicate, the persevering, who in the days of her direst misfortune—I blush not to tell it, and do *you* blush not to hear it—saved your mother's mother from starving!"

Our immediate sympathies and antipathies regulate our estimate of character and worth; from the person we dislike we are apt to detract the good qualities he may possess, whilst on the object of our affection, and from a modification of the same principle, we are inclined to heap quality upon quality, virtue upon virtue, to delight in the aggregate of our own forming, and in every discovery tending to prove it correct. The feeling is general, and

in opposition to those who would paint human nature worse than it is, it may be urged that the interest felt in the virtues and honours of one we love, is quite as vivacious as is the pleasure resulting to us from the exposure of the object of our dislike, or from the discovery of some defect that may cause us to dislike him still more; and further—the different processes of detraction and exaggeration, of rejoicing at an increase of deformity and delinquency, on the one hand, and of an increase of beauty and merit on the other, will be seen most frequently and most actively in the same bosom—the same connexion will be traced between them as exists between gratitude and resentment, that are to be found in their extremes in the same man,—nay, exactly to equal each other in degree, whether strong or feeble, throughout the world. In either case, it is our suscep-

tibility that measures out the sentiment; the heart most sensible to ill-treatment is also the most alive to kindness; and the extreme of resentment, like that of gratitude, denotes nothing more than excess of sensibility and vivacity of feeling: the source of both, though of such different natures and tendencies, for the evil passion may arm to revenge, and destroy our earthly peace, our eternal happiness; whilst gratitude, the attribute of angels, the only offering required of man by the Almighty, can work but good to ourselves and fellow-creatures—can tend but to improve the heart it warms.

Constantine Ghika, at least, was happy to hear the praise of one whose beauty had interested him at a glance, and to find that his gratitude should go with his admiration. He bowed to Veronica, and laid his hand to his

heart—a gesture as sincere as it was graceful—while he spoke.

“ Though this is the first time I have an opportunity of expressing to her my grateful sense of all that she has done for my poor and beloved mother here ; it is not the first time, by many, that I have heard the tale of her munificence—her active exertions, not to be restrained by the jealousies of caste, or the antipathies of religious sects—which, alas ! and shame for us, Christians, who are all equally oppressed by our masters the Turks, never cease to trouble our tranquillity, and to urge us most uncharitably against each other. I have heard how, when the sultan’s sabre had passed over her house—when a widow and childless, and deserted by all—for even her friends feared communication with her, lest they should awaken the Turks’ suspicions—when despoiled, destitute, sick—sick almost to

death, I have heard how then, the youthful, the tender, yet the bold friend, came to her aid, supplied her wants, and cheered her lonely hours and desolate heart ; and with all this familiar to me, I have long invoked Heaven's blessing for Veronica of the Tinghir-Oglus !”

At the beginning of this address she to whom he spoke, reverted her head in modesty ; but as he continued, his warmth, the beauty of the tones of his voice, which went to her young heart, never before so touched, caused her unwittingly to turn her face towards him, and to look steadfastly on his very handsome, animated countenance, and graceful person. Only the upper part of her face was visible ; but her long, black, languorous Oriental eyes were caught by his, and rivetted to them, by something more powerful than fascination.

As he continued, and the glow of his lan-

guage was reflected by the glow of his face, her hand, which had drawn the lower fold of the yashmack, dropped by her side, the envious disguise fell unsupported, and the whole of Veronica's features were disclosed to the admiring, and by this time impassioned gaze of the Prince. A gentle quivering of the lips corresponded to the beaming agitation of the eyes; but she did not speak until Constantine had ceased for more than a minute, when she said, in a subdued, trembling tone, but one that bespoke intensity of delight, "You have invoked heaven's blessing on my name!"

The silence that ensued may be employed on the portrait of the person of her who last spoke; and the moment is appropriate, as it was only when animated by deep feeling, or placed in peculiarity of circumstances, that she could pretend to such great charms.⁽¹⁾

The figure of Veronica was cast in one of nature's finest moulds ; but its smallness, its extreme delicacy, gave an idea of fragileness, that was at times really painful, and could all but induce one to wish to enclose it in a glass case or sheltered shrine, lest the roughness of the elements should annihilate it. Those exquisite forms were now concealed by the barbarous wrapper or cloak, which she had not laid aside, but the face that the Prince was perusing was disclosed, and by a most favourable light—the rosy hues of evening striking on it obliquely, as she sat on the divan, with her back turned towards the North. The warm glow on her face belonged to the time and tide, or was partially produced by her unusual excitement ; for in general Veronica was remarkable for a degree of paleness that seemed unearthly ; and even now, that reflex of the sun was delicate

and faint, as the rose-hues of fading evening on the loftiest of the eternally snow-covered Alps; as a veil of gauze light as gossamer, and tinted with red, cast over a marble statue—and you could see it die away like the hues on the mountain, or withdrawn like the veil from the marble, and that face slowly wax paler and paler, as the shades of evening approached on sun-set—so glorious, yet so brief, in the climes of the South and the East. The pleasing, indescribable sensations of excitement, still however continued, and sent at intervals a faint blood-flush across her cheeks and forehead, soft and evanescent, which showed her face more pallid still ; when it disappeared, in the degree that the lightning-flash increases the gloom of the midnight sky it traverses.

In the countries of which she was a native, and where Oriental customs and jealousies have

been introduced, it is by no means rare to find examples of that pale fair complexion; for confinement to the house, the covering of the white yashmack or veil, which from the time they pass the age of children they never quit when abroad, and the frequent use of the vapour-bath, would tend to produce it in the Turkish, Armenian, and Jewish females, whose costume and modes of life very nearly resemble each other; but what was somewhat rarer—what indeed was perhaps seldom found in these “Eastern climes,” except among the highest of the Turkish ladies, the prides of the harems of the great—in the imported exotics of Circassia or Georgia, or in their immediate progeny, was a *thinness* and transparency of skin which distinguished Veronica of the Tinghir-Oglus. How she came by it, Armenian as she was, heaven knows; for of all the people in the East,

even without an exception in favour of the children of Israel, her caste, though it abounds in otherwise beautiful women, have certainly the thickest and coarsest of skins.

Hers was clear and delicate, and through it the little blue veins (the exquisite tracery of an immortal hand) showed themselves like the scattered threads of mountain streams beneath their chrystal covering of thin ice. Contrasting with this pallidity and transparency, was the jet black, intense hue of her eyes and eyebrows, and of some straggling locks of hair that had escaped the bondage of her yashmack, and fringed here and there her oval face. The kol, or the surmê, had been employed with effect; the eyes were brilliant and dazzling, while they were languid and caressing, and so long and thick were the lashes on the ample upper-lid, that when downcast, they in reality

formed a veil, and nearly hid the whole of the orb; yet the eyes were not faultless, unexceptionable as they were in colour and size—they did not approach the forms of the Greeks,—the living, or the works of their ancestors,—they were too long, and too full and convex, like Armenian eyes in general. The eyebrows were better—loftier than those even of Andalusian maids; they were arched in the very line of grace: like those of the Greeks, they approached very near, but did not unite over the nose, as do the eyebrows of Turkish beauties—a defect whose absence, however, was not owing to her, but to the obstinacy of nature, for the Armenians dress their faces after the Turks, and Veronica had laboured with kol and tweezers, and used every proper application to make her two eyebrows one.⁽²⁾ Her nose was thin and finely formed, though slightly acqueline; the

mouth, that seat of expression, all but equal to the soul-telling eye, was small ; and lips, perhaps, too slightly tinged with the colour of the rose, certainly somewhat too exuberant, disclosed in their opening, teeth perfect in whiteness, size, and regularity. The chin was delicately turned ; the whole contour of the head was good, and supported by a long, lithe, swan-like neck, graceful whether in motion or repose. In short, though the eye of criticism might find many faults, the heart of feeling could scarcely escape being impressed by the delicate and truly feminine appearance of Veronica ; and the interest was increased by that aspect of fragileness which has been alluded to, and by an air of extreme youthfulness—almost of childishness, which her countenance generally bore. That expression, however, would have been an incorrect index to the character of her mind,

which was full of passion, will, and resoluteness, and was furnished with the springs and resources of ready wit and enterprize, to do and to dare, for the object of her affections, and with firmness to die in the cause of him to whom she should give her heart's love. The temper of her mind, indeed, was as different from that of the cold, prudent, heavy, passionless race she belonged to, as was the texture of her outward skin to theirs; as yet it had scarcely been developed, except in occasional bursts of feeling at what she considered base in others, or in the exercise of generosity and charity in favour of the friendless and afflicted but now the moment was approaching—perhaps was already come, when all its energies should be brought into activity.

The silence that followed the few happy words addressed by Veronica to the Prince,

was not interrupted by him—for, to gaze on those unveiled features was occupation enough—but by the old Armenian woman, who had been looking through the gazeboe on the boats that were passing on the Bosphorus.

“As I am a sinner,” cried she, suddenly, and in a tone of alarm, “here’s your uncle Yussuf returning in his caïk—he will get home before us—we shall never get out again! and—my lady! shame on you!—a man is seeing all your face!”

From the depth of the blush that overspread Veronica at these words of her attendant or guard, one might have fancied that the whole blood of her delicate small form had rushed to her face and neck. It must not, however, be supposed, that the admiring gaze of Constantine, which, though not *all* unblushingly she had sustained for several minutes, nor the idea of

her caste, (which she despised,) that a woman lost a portion of her virtue by showing her features to a man, who was neither her father, her husband, nor her brother, that caused all that blush;—no! she was angry and ashamed at the disclosure of coarse Armenian prejudice, and of her own subjection to it. She blushed to have it shown that she was where she then was (and whither, at least, she had gone with intentions that might have been owned by an angel) by stealth, and that at the appearance of a boorish relative she must flee as if from a deed of shame. The blush, too, might have been further deepened by a conviction already felt, of the interest—the delight she took in the company of Constantine Ghika.

The Princess could not but notice her confusion.

“Veronica, my child—my love,” said she,

and tears of tenderness and offended pride came to her eyes, “ I see how it is—they have forbidden you to enter my desolate, dishonoured house ; they fear that one of their blood should be known to have communication with lost, persecuted, hated Greeks like us ; they fear the Turks—they fear their priests, for what are we but schismatics—heretics ! I see it all ! I was not aware of it before ! Go, flee, Veronica ! Heaven bless you ! but here—come no more !”

“ Listen, Dominizza,” said Veronica, decidedly, while her blood seemed to race and bound in her blue veins, from the effort she made to recover or assume her composure ; “ if the unreflected words of a menial have disclosed to you that I am here against the will of my relatives, a voice in my own heart tells me that the feelings which led me here—which have at-

tracted me to you so many times, are grateful to that all merciful Being whom we equally adore, though the forms of our worship may differ. Those feelings will most assuredly lead me here again, as long as I know you are left to solitude and suffering, as you have been," (here Constantine blushed as he thought of his own neglect,) "and you will not shut your door against your Veronica, who feared not to enter it when misfortune—death stood on its threshold!"

"My too generous friend," replied the Princess, while the tears fell faster down her cheeks; "I am sensible of the purity of your feelings, and heaven will reward them; but if your coming here be in opposition to the will of your family, can I encourage it?"

"Most honoured lady," continued Veronica, "I am sometimes perhaps not sufficiently sensi-

ble of my bounden obedience—of my subserviency to the uncharitable constructions of the unamiable caprices of my caste and kindred—I am the less so, as I have no mother to give sanctity to advice and command. Oh ! if I had a mother, would she not feel with me, would she not pride in a daughter who could exercise that charity recommended as the first of our duties, but which others think they fulfil when they passively assent to the words of an homily ! My father, busied incessantly in the pursuit of wealth, which, when his, he dare not enjoy, I rarely see, except in the evening of some holiday, when I light his pipe and present his coffee, and he gives me a handful of coin, which, in his eyes, the sole worldly good, supplies the place of affectionate caress or parental advice. The duty to a father can scarcely extend to an uncle, and my uncle is busier still,

and engaged in a more perilous career : as head of the Turkish mint, his life is every day in jeopardy, and in the moments when the dreams of his ambition lag, when the spirit of accumulating fails its excitement, and his dreaming eyes glitter not at the prospect of piles of sequins heaped upon piles, the forms of his predecessors in office—the murdered Dooz-Oglus, hanged to their own lintel—there, in that country-house over the Bosphorus, fix them glaring in their sockets. These are all his soul's thoughts—gold and the rope!—and all the instruction or orders I ever received from him, were to fear God and the priest of Pera, and to take care of my purse! The rest of my advisers, the rest of those who can pretend to an authority over me, are aunts and cousins; and I may hope for pardon, if my subjection to them does not induce me to adopt beliefs and prejudices that

my intellect and heart alike reject. Why, my aunt Serpui, and my aunt Marter, would fancy they perilled their salvation by converse with a Greek—of another church than their's! To bigotry like this, I cannot assent; nor can you, my Princess, require me so to do!"

The enthusiastic girl was silent, and catching the eye of Constantine, that had been rivetted on her while she spoke, she blushed at the intensity of his gaze, and at the heat and length at which she had spoken; and then kissing the hand of the Princess, who pressed her to her bosom and kissed her forehead, Veronica drew the yashmack over her agitated face, collected the loose folds of her garment with her left hand, and having made a sign with her right to the old serving-woman, or duenna, to lead the way, (a gesture whose firmness and dignity contrasted most singularly with her slight aerial

figure, and with the almost childish face she had just covered, and of which only the two black eyes, through loop-holes in the white linen veil, were now visible,) she laid it across her breast, and bending reverentially to the Princess, and somewhat less lowly to the young Prince, she left the room, saying, in a tone that thrilled the heart of the latter, "I shall soon be here again; and certain family matters will shortly so engross my tender aunts and cousins, that I shall have much of my time at my disposal."

It will not be attempted to depict in Veronica, a character at all of heroine-like perfection, or one who might be a model to regulate the thoughts and conduct of others; but merely to describe her as she was, with her virtues and her faults—premising that the nature of female education in the East, and

of Armenian coarseness and restriction must be occasionally remembered, to excuse what, to the maidens of civilized Europe, would seem deficient in decorum—unpardonable.

Until that evening, the secluded fair one had never been the object of tender attention, had seldom been five minutes in the company of a young person of another sex than her own: by the Armenians, the only visitants at her home, she had been considered, as women are by that heavy race, a comely sort of vehicle for pipes and coffee, but one with whom it was neither expedient nor desirous to hold converse, unless it were determined, signed, and sealed, that she were to be the mother of their children—their obsequious wife! Veronica,—alas! how opposed to the gentle practices of Europe, where the glance of maid, wife, or widow, is potent to engage every male hand in the party

to her service ; and where the wants, the wishes of a beauty, are read in her eyes almost ere they are formed, and instantly operate on the young and the gallant of the other sex with the promptness of electricity—Veronica had been accustomed to wait behind her father's or her uncle's guests, and the brutes would sit, even though the warm current of youth ran in their veins, whilst at the end of the repast her delicate hands conveyed them the embroidered napkin, and poured the cool rose-water into their palms, —and if she presented the amber-mouthed chibouk, and the fragrant coffee-cup in its filigreed case with readiness, they would, as an effusion of their *keff*, or joviality, bestow some such praise on the young lady, as might be given to a *cafidji* in a place of public entertainment, or to a sure-footed horse who had carried them quickly and well over a certain distance

of ground. Women are conscious by intuition of their rights—the manners of the boors of her own race were not calculated to engage affection, but they served to make Veronica sensible, by the force of contrast, to the charms, the attentions, and amenities, the Greeks, in imitation of polished nations, practise towards ladies—particularly when the ladies are young and handsome.

The interview had been so short, and so much occupied with a discussion of a melancholy and painful nature, that Constantine had little opportunity to exercise the gallantry in which he was accomplished; but his mode of noticing her was so different from what she had been used to in men, the tones of his voice when addressing her were so peculiar and penetrating—and how he hung upon her eye, her lip, when she spoke !

It would be long to trace the inward and mysterious process in the fair Armenian's mind, which ended in the serious result of love—a love as rapidly conceived as it was destined to be lasting. The analysis would produce many trifling causes: “How handsome he is!” (but beauty was never yet sincerely held of trifling estimation by maid or youth,) “how graceful his person! how rich his dress!—his boots and slippers are like a Pasha’s—the shawl round his waist is an exquisite cachemere—and, wonderful! he has sat a quarter of an hour in women’s company, and never once called for a pipe!”⁽³⁾

Thoughts like these rushed through the mind of Veronica, as she gazed on the Prince for the last time, and they determined her (we may blush to tell the truth) to see him again, were the interview to be accomplished by artifice, or to expose her to shame and

punishment. The virtuous, the generous intentions, which had hitherto led her to the princess, and might have paved her way to heaven, were never again to be her exclusive conductors thither.

The prince, who was scarcely less affected than herself, and who was deterred, moreover, by the well-known scrupulosities of the Armenians, spite of her last glance at him, which might have betrayed her heart's secret, stood by the edge of the sofa when he had risen to return her parting salute, until Veronica had disappeared through the farther door of the hall, into which the saloon opened. But then, and in a very few steps, he cleared the two apartments, and descended the stairs, on which the domestic was slowly tottering, and passing the lady and her suivante, advanced to open the front door for them. "No, prince,

not that way," said Veronica, with a tremulous voice; "I should not like to meet my uncle face to face on the quay—or, he may be already at home—we can enter by the garden unperceived, and from this back door we can reach the garden."

Constantine stepped back and reached the opposite door, as the hand of Veronica was laid on the latch—he put forth his to open it—he covered her delicate hand with his: she did not withdraw it; but when the door opened and he still retained it, and after thanking her again for her kindness to his aged relative, he pressed it within his and raised it to his heart, his lips; the blush that mantled on her cheek was betrayed in her visible eyes, and was almost seen through the thick linen yashmack. She would have spoken, but her heart was too full of sensations, as novel to her as they were powerful; she could only bend to

the prince, and cast on him a full, deep, penetrating glance, and thus she left him, unconscious of all else in the world, or of the earth she trod on.

Constantine remained at the door until he saw the fair Armenian and her somewhat relax duenna reach the little wicket gate of a garden, at the back of a house not more than a hundred yards distant. The suivante thence advanced alone through the garden to the habitation, and having reconnoitred, she gave a sign and a gentle "hist—hist!" to Veronica, who bounded across the path like a fawn, and disappeared within the house.

The mind unaccustomed to concealment or deceit will revolt at the least appearance of either; but in the jealous and restrictive East, in Turkey, where the commonest affair of life is carried on as an intrigue, that generous

sensitiveness is blunted: the conduct of Veronica, which might have given rise to unfavourable opinions in another, to Constantine the Greek, to Constantine the Fanariote, who had been accustomed to secrecy and intrigue all his life, seemed only clever and interesting, and perfectly justifiable; and the fair Armenian herself, who had never been treated with confidence, felt no remorse, as she broke no trust, but merely evaded the clumsy controul and restrictions of her kinsfolk. Her conduct was even calculated, and systematic; and she had long decided that those who employ lock and bar, must look to lock and bar for their security, and have no right to pretend to a sentiment of obedience (proof to all motive and to every temptation) in the breasts of their captives. Hitherto she certainly had never set at nought the domestic, Armenian authority, for

other than the most unexceptionable purposes ; but now that an incipient passion was planted in her young heart, it was readily to be conceived, how much her disregard of that authority would be increased, and how, when she should be detected and violently constrained in her person and actions, an incessant combat should be instituted, as, in fact, there soon was, in which her artifice and adroitness would be opposed to the obstinacy and violence of her relations.

Constantine stood at the door he had opened, which afforded a pleasant view of a hanging wood that descended the hill's side, a few paces behind the princess's residence. The hues and brightness of the brief twilight, had given way to the deepening shades of night ; a nightingale, awaked into song by the congenial gloom, was pouring forth her melancholy strain,

to which the murmur of the wind among the trees formed a subdued accompaniment; a bright star—Hesperus the lovely and the solitary—stood still in the blue face of heaven, over the brow of the wooded hill, as an exquisite eye arrested in its course of conquest by some object of irresistible charms, and the topmost trees were agitated like bosoms, conscious of the presence of immortal beauty.

Constantine, after lingering for awhile, took an affectionate farewell of his grandmother, and heard the old lady renew her praises of Veronica—an object that was already dearer to him than he would have believed. In the warmth of her gratitude, she expressed her regret that the Tinghir-Oglu was not a Greek. Could she boast of Hellenic blood, who so fit as she to be the pride of her house's prop, her Constantine? But Veronica was an Armenian,

and in spite of her worth and beauty, the princess never conceived, for a moment, that her daughter's son could fall in love with one of her inferior caste.

“ True, 'tis too true, she is a pretty girl, but she is an Armenian after all,” reflected Constantine, as wrapped in his cloak, and seated at the stern of his boat, he descended the moon-lit Bosphorus, passing with sinful indifference or unconsciousness, the loveliest nooks, the most happy combination of nature and art, of minaret and cypress, of mosque and hanging wood, of villa-covered quay, and *now* solitary channel. “ Yes! she belongs to the race of Asinine ears, thick skins, and ponderous hands and feet !⁽⁴⁾ She does not, however, betray her breed ; her skin is certainly as fine as that pure specimen of Greek blood I have been worshipping these three months ; her hand lay in mine,

small and soft, like an unfledged bird within its nest ; her feet—a curse upon mestlers⁽⁵⁾—have not been seen ; however, we shall see them, and her ears too, if she have no more affection for the yashmack than she has shown this evening. I wonder whether they are as long as the ears of my neighbour—the somewhat fair and fat Pūpūl,⁽⁶⁾ that look like mushrooms undressed ; but be they as long as those of the holy mule that carries to Mecca⁽⁷⁾ the annual offerings of the padishah, Veronica of the Tinghir-Oglus is a beautiful girl, and I am determined to see her again !”

CHAPTER IV.

ACCORDING to those philosophers who would reduce to a branch of statistics man's virtues and their different degrees, making them absolutely dependant on the warmth or the cold, the dryness or the moisture, the elevation or the depression, of the regions wherein he is fixed—the ancient Armenia was a country that ought to produce a hardy and free race of beings; and, without attempting to account for the fact in the spirit of system, without

assigning to one cause, what may be the result of many causes united, history has recorded that the ancient Armenians were robust, spirited, and courageous; and, in spite of their powerful neighbours, and their own varying submission, attached to their national independence, and jealous of the authority of all, save their legitimate kings.⁽¹⁾

It was an evil hour that saw the Armenians espouse the cause of Mithridates, and brave all-conquering Rome: but till that fatal moment, though nominally subjected, and following the fates of the great Eastern empires that succeeded each other, the country had enjoyed a degree of freedom, under the supremacy of the Medes, Assyrians and Persians; or of Alexander the Great, and his successors the Seleucidæ.⁽²⁾

When the Roman eagle, from being re-

stricted in its range of flight, was driven back upon the Seven Hills, and forced to tremble and fold its wings in its original eyry, before the vultures of the North, the provinces and conquests of her who had styled herself the earth's mistress, and presumed her reign to be eternal, were left to themselves, weakened and demoralized by the long habit of servitude, and of looking to the imperial legions for their defence against the barbarians.

In the general disseverance, some few states started anew, and at once, in the career of independence; but the greater number received a copious fusion of the barbarians, their necessary allies, or their conquerors, ere they remodelled themselves into nations.

It would not be easy to trace the extent, or the quality of the accession to the original Armenian stock; but in the course of a few cen-

turies, we hear again of the kings of Armenia, and of their power and military enterprize.

During the reign of Constantine, or towards the middle of the fourth century, the Armenians embraced the Christian religion; and the strength of their character was soon displayed, by the fervour of their devotion.⁽³⁾ Soon they fell into schism, and one, who holds not the scales, nor attempts to decide on the conflicting opinions that too soon distracted a church, whose very foundation-stone was peace and mutual forbearance, will scarcely withhold his admiration, from the firmness with which the Armenians retained the opinions they had adopted; though he may regret, that a blind, unyielding reverence to dogma, should betray them into contempt of human suffering and human life—in their own persons, or in those of their antagonists; for, on extended observa-

tion, it will hold but too true, that the spirit of fanaticism, which shall suffice to make men encounter death, for unintelligible, speculative notions, will, under a different modification of circumstances, justify them in their own eyes, in inflicting that death on others, their antagonists; and sanctify the employment of the sword or the stake.

Adopting the tenets, or the heresies of Eutyches, the Armenians formed themselves into a separate community of Christians; and they would be a people attractive of some curiosity and interest, were it but from the fact of their being, as they are to this day, one of the churches of the East—one of the great divisions of the Christian family, that, retaining their faith, in the regions of Asia, where it sprung, to improve and bless the world, have adhered to it, through twelve long centuries of

Mahometan persecution. In the middle ages, so dark for Europe, a glimmering of light rested upon Armenia; and literary works of that period still exist, to speak to its comparative learning and civilization.⁽⁴⁾

The fanaticism of a novel faith, or the ambition and rapacity of new conquerors—for the proselytes of the Arabian prophet were, at least, as anxious for exclusive power and possession in this world, as for exclusive bliss in the next,—soon annihilated the political existence of the Christian states in Asia; and that their religion did not fall with it, must, as we have intimated, remain matter of admiration.

A part of the dominions of the two Armenias, which, in their most extended sense, had comprised the vast regions between Medea, Iberia, and Mesopotamia, for the Major; and between Cappadocia, Cilicia, the Euphrates, and Syria,

for the Minor, fell to the Turks ; and a part was included within the modern Persian empire.

The condition of the people varied according to the caprices of their masters ; and sometimes flocks of Armenians, for refuge from the tyranny of the Turkish pashas, fled to the shadow of the Persian Shah ; whilst at others, the cases of persecution and protection were reversed, and they sought in the dominions subjected to the Osmanlis, that peace they could not find among the Persians. For the last two centuries, the indifference, the indolence, the apathy of the Turks, have caused the current to run pretty steadily in one way ; and, during that period, the impolitical activity and persecution of the Persians, have many times swelled the tide of emigration ; and, to its own detriment, furnished the Ottoman empire with industrious, valuable rayah subjects, who were but too well disposed

to the change of masters, by the knowledge, that from the dreaming, stupid Osmanlis, much more was to be gained by way of commerce, to which they have exclusively turned their attention, than from the wide-awake, the crafty Kuzilbashes.⁽⁵⁾

The regions of peculiar sanctity, the spots which had witnessed the early formation of the church, or had been the scene of Scripture's earliest events, (at least, according to the Armenians)—the holy peaks of Mount Ararat, on which the ark of Noah was deposited by the subsiding flood, that had lashed its waves round the punished globe; the monastic establishments, the vastest, the most ancient, and most revered,—all remained within the limits of the Persian empire;⁽⁶⁾ in Armenia Major, too, masses or communities of the Eutychean Christians continued untouched, and free, almost, from the admixture of the

Mahometans, and that portion of the ancient Armenian kingdom, which had been distinguished by the superior nationality of its inhabitants, still retained a hardy population—the semblance of a separate, though conquered state.

It is true, migrations were known from parts of those upper regions, but they took a very different course; they set towards the realms of a Christian sovereign.⁽⁷⁾ Those who departed, corresponded with their brethren who remained behind; and though it may have escaped observation, or in the diversity and more immediate interest of the world's affairs have been held as unimportant, it is still certain, that for many years the occupation of parts of Armenia was prepared for Russia by the Armenians.⁽⁸⁾

But the objects of present consideration are rather the inhabitants of Minor Armenia; and an inferior people, who from Persia and the Turkish provinces contiguous to the Euphrates,

have overrun nearly the whole of the Ottoman empire.

The current, it has been said, has run, for the two past centuries, pretty regularly from Persia to the dominions of the Porte; and its channel has been deepened, and its tide strengthened, as the following circumstances will sufficiently explain.

A certain number of missionaries, the active and talented members of the *Propaganda fidei* of Rome, who found it easier and safer to enter into discussion with schismatic Christians, than with wholly unbelieving, and hot-headed Mahometans, whilst the merit of converting is equal in both cases, in the eyes of their church—succeeded in their zealous efforts, and induced a few Armenians to embrace the Roman creed and ritual.

The story of the Neophytes, of this infant sect, was the usual one. They were pitied or despised, as long as they remained weak and

humble; but malice rose with the accession to their strength, and ended in persecution and deadly hate.

The operations of the Armenians were singular, owing to their dependent situation; they could not erect a "holy office" of their own, to judge and to punish on matters of faith; but Christians as they were, they applied to the followers of Ali, the men of a hostile faith, who detested all the forms of their religion alike, to deal with the seceders.

The Persians did not imitate the good sense or indifference of the Turks, who let the Nazarenes quarrel on as they like, and treat them but as different breeds of swine in one sty— they were seduced by their wonted busy, intermeddling spirit, and by those springs, without which nothing is set in motion in the East—purses of gold—to an interference in the modes of faith of

their Armenian subjects. The princes and khans, who rubbed their foreheads on the threshold of the Shah's porte, found a satisfactory source of revenue in the persecuting Eutycheans, who were ever ready to buy them over ; and what mattered it to enlightened patriots like them, that the country was impoverished and seriously injured by the frequent emigration or flight of the Catholic Armenians ?

But where favour is to be bought, the higher price will secure it, and intrigue and caprice are not to be depended upon—no where less so, than among the fickle Persians. The Catholics, who had increased under persecution, at length boldly ventured on the market ; and their money, and in some instances the talent and the *money too*, of the church of Rome, were employed on the Mahometans against the rival sect. Innumerable were the combats and various the successes ; at

times the object of attack and defence was a mud-walled church, or a khan of a monastery, for the Catholics soon erected such places; at other times, it would be the seizure of a back-sliding brother or sister, or a right of precedence, or some other of the numerous apples of discord that are thrown between contending churches—gross and paltry objects, it might seem, to the advocates of eternal salvation. Under one Shah, or under the influence of a particular favourite of the day, it would happen that the Eutycheans would procure a sentence, condemning the Roman church to be levelled with the ground, the monastery to be converted into a stable, and the priests and monks to be imprisoned and bastinadoed.

There is one case on record, where they were even so successful as to induce the court to condemn the Catholic bishop to be burned

alive; and it is almost surprising, that their fanaticism should not have made them insensible, we will not say to humanity, for that is not supposed to have directed them, but to fears for their own skin, and to the reflection, (which saved the bishop,) that among the capricious changes of their masters' humours, it might happen, on some other day, that the Catholics should succeed, and the Eutycheans be sentenced to the grill.

The holy, the pure faith, which each sect pretended exclusively to practise and teach in its perfection, orders that ill shall not be done, in the hopes that good may ensue from the practise; but Eutychean and Roman shut their ears to the immortal precept, while, to their passion-blinded eyes, every means seemed justifiable that led to the end. The vices and abominations of the interior of an eastern despot's court, were

called into action in the cause of the Christian religion; and letters are extant, written by a member of the Roman church, in which he congratulates a devout friend, on the turn affairs have taken at the court of Persia, in favour of the Catholics; which success he blushes not to attribute, next to the influence of the Holy Spirit, to their intrigues with a eunuch and a concubine, the two imperial favourites of the day.

We have said, the success of the rival churches varied; but as the Eutycheans or Armenians of the ancient Armenian faith, continued infinitely more numerous and more wealthy, it could not but be, that on the whole they would have the advantage over their Catholic countrymen. Frequent persecutions were raised against the latter; and one of superior magnitude in the early part of the eighteenth century, drove a number of Ca-

tholic families from the country, the greater part of whom found a peaceable asylum in Turkey; and only an enterprising few broke through their prejudice in favour of the East, and of eastern customs; and, crossing the Mediterranean, found refuge and protection at the extremity of the Venetian gulf.⁽⁹⁾

The religious feuds which had divided them in their own country, or in the Persian dominions, could not be effected by a change of soil and air; they went with them into Turkey; and if they were not more frequently displayed in action and violence, it was rather owing to the contemptuous indifference of the Turks, than to any improvement of moderation in themselves.

Eruptions of zeal or fanaticism, however, there were on both sides; and the Eutycheans, continuing to be in the Ottoman States as they

had been in the Persian, incomparably more numerous than the Romans, and more wealthy, and every way more influential, they seem to have had, almost without an exception, the victory on their side. Nor did the Eutycheans always use that victory with moderation, and stop short of human blood; for about a century back the Turks, urged by them, put to death, for the faith's sake, a certain strenuous Catholic. His name was Comedas, or Comydas: he was beheaded, and the church of Rome awarded the crown of martyrdom to the man who had the constancy to lay down his life for her tenets, on the walls of Constantinople.

These dogmatic dissensions, which rendered the Armenians insensible to the charities and the humanity of our nature, which made them unmindful of the facts that they were brethren—descendants from the same ancient stock—

Christians agreeing upon the same material point of faith, cast among fanatic Moslems, who detested them all, and all their doctrines alike, continued with unabating fury for many years.

At last, the weaker or the Catholic party, made their sufferings and their full condition known at the Vatican; and the Pope of the period, with a very proper knowledge of cause and effect, and of the character of a coarse, worldly-minded hierarchy, decreed that the Armenian Catholics should be permitted to receive the sacraments of baptism, marriage, &c. from the rival Armenians, and to pay the priests of the schismatic church for the same, precisely in the same proportion as they would their own sacerdotal body.⁽¹⁰⁾ The rubiehs and the piastres, and the mahmoodiers, though they bore the infidel impress of the Turks, were

more potent in the production of tranquillity between the sects, than the inspirations of humanity, of patriotism,—of the blessed word itself. The bearded priests of the Eastern church received their fees, and ceased from troubling the beardless priests of the Western church; and if there were always latent causes of dispute and ill will,—and the spread and rise of the Catholic body afterwards renewed hostilities more violently than ever,—still, for awhile, the Armenians at Constantinople, at Smyrna, and the other great cities of Turkey, ceased to persecute and intrigue against one another, and to give to the world the scandalous spectacle of their unchristianly, religious dissensions.

As ghiaours, the Armenians were precluded from the profession of arms, for none but the children of the prophet may well wield the sabre in Mahometan armies;⁽¹¹⁾ and the same

privileged class exercise the calling of law, which indeed, from the Koran, is but a portion of their religion.

In barbarous and arbitrary governments, where the property it engages and produces is so much exposed, agriculture will never be resorted to from choice; by a weak and rayah population particularly. As lately has been said of the Jews of Turkey and Barbary, that never one of them is seen engaged in the labours of the field, so, with perhaps slight exceptions, the same may be advanced of the Armenians, who flock to the great cities of Asia Minor, and to the capital—Stambool. Like the Jews too, and indeed like all the races of the Levant, except the Greeks, the Armenians are averse to a seafaring life, and are not found as sailors.

The healing, or as it might more appositely be called, the *killing* art, in the East, whenever

held as a profession, and separated from the craft of santons and conjurors, is monopolized by audacious Franks; the doctors of the Italian peninsula chiefly, who never had a diploma from an Italian university; by cast-off cooks or valets,⁽¹²⁾ or the descendants of the same, educated in Smyrna or the capital, heirs to the science which was intuition in their fathers: or it is practised by a set of Jews, who prowl about the streets of Constantinople, like the wicked master for whom Anastasius was treated with a sight of the interior of the bagnio: or they open a little shop, or erect a little stall in some great thoroughfare, or opposite to a favourite coffee-house, which *they* (and the mountebanks, but no decent European practitioner, as a traveller has incorrectly stated) frequent, on the look-out for customers.

The more mechanical and material depart-

ment of the *ars medicandi*, fell however partially to the Armenians, who are possessed of a certain mechanical dexterity; and the Armenians are celebrated as bone-setters, and generally employed as such, all over Turkey. The same dexterity recommended them to the exercise of several other mechanical professions, such as those of jewellers, enamellers, weavers, carpenters, and smiths; and among the Turks, who now do nothing at all, but drill pipe-sticks and make earthen pipe-bowls, and who never seem to have done anything mechanical, beyond the manufacture of arms, saddles, and carpets, they were sure of finding employment.

The very lowest of the Armenian race, unpulsed by filth and contempt, employed themselves to perform the duty which cloaca, or common sewers, do elsewhere; and their odious and unsavoury name of *boktandji*, is applied by the

Turks, in their choler, to the Armenian caste generally:

But it was in the congenial pursuits of commerce, that the Armenians from the beginning, looked for employment and advancement.

Sober, patient, cautious, laborious, and even enterprizing, they were indeed admirably suited for the details of trade, and to be the merchants of the strangely modified East. They not only established houses in the capital and at Smyrna, and the other great *scales* or ports of the Levant, which are the issues for the rich produce of Turkey, and the stores for the manufactures of industrious Europe, and the *now* indispensable luxuries which the enterprise of Europe draws from its colonies; but they settled at Brusa in Bithynia, at Kutaya, and Angorá, and other places in the interior of Asia Minor, or in Syria; and their colonies

along the shores of the Euxine were more numerous than the Ligurian establishments, and but for the stupidity of the Turks, their general oppressors, the Armenians, mixed with the Greeks, might have become almost as useful and as prosperous as once were the trading colonies of the Genoese Republic, or the earlier settlements of the Greeks in the same sea.

Endowed with great bodily strength, and a sort of passive courage, the Armenian traders were accustomed to take journeys through remote and dangerous countries; they traversed the now deserted regions of Asia Minor, where during summer, fever lurks in every vale and hollow; they braved the Syrian heats, and, at times, the simooms and the drought of the Arabian desert. In the happily constituted states of society, in the well governed countries through which their road generally lay, the

rapine of professional robbers, and of robbers more insatiable than they—the pashas and men in power—the dysentery, the plague, not to enumerate minor evils, were of familiar occurrence.⁽¹³⁾ Yet, the greater the risk, the greater the gain, in case of success; and the spirit of the Armenians was not broken by repeated misfortune and wrong.

And, after all, who paid the price of disorder and injustice? Why the Turks, and not they! for the injury inflicted by the plundering rapacity of a sheik, an aghà, a pasha, or a freebooter, was made up by an increase of price on the articles that remained, or might follow by another caravan; and the Turkish buyers grumbled, and paid their enterprising purveyors. The Armenians were, indeed, by land what the Greeks were by sea; but for these two classes of rayahs, the commerce of the Ottoman dominions,

confined as it has been, would have been infinitely more despicable ; whilst, on the other hand, had they been protected in their persons and property as they ought to have been, their commercial spirit—the steadiness and perseverance of the one class, the energy and intelligence of the other—might have renovated a sinking empire.

Tribes of these Armenian traders there were, and are still, though the number be diminished, constantly on the road, patient as the camels they bestride, passive and enduring as their own bales of merchandize ; and the picture of Maallim Moorsa,⁽¹⁴⁾ is no caricature, but a most correct portrait of one of those sons of trade.

Even commercial pursuits, in their development, are susceptible of grandeur ; and those of the children of the East, at times approached the romantic, the poetic ; for in their course

they would frequently leave the ancient Euphrates far behind them ; would consider Bagdad—the fallen Bagdad, once the home of Oriental gorgeousness and revelry,—but as a starting post for their extended career ; would traverse regions whose very names carry with them impressions imaginative and fable-like ; and return to Stamboul and Europe, or the western shores of the Asiatic peninsula, with the stores of “ Ind and Catai.” ⁽¹⁵⁾

The Jews also abound in Turkey ; for the intolerance and persecution of various states have strengthened the rayah population of that singular country. The children of Israel had avowedly no pursuit but that of trade ; they were, however, more sedentary than the Armenians —perhaps more timid. The inferior classes exercised their skill as trucksters and brokers ; and the superior, acquiring wealth,

became the seraffs or bankers of the Porte, the pashas, and Turkish grandees in general.

In well constituted governments, where honesty will always be more profitable than dishonesty, it will never be found that a whole class or race is thievish; and if the Jews in Turkey were notoriously so, the blame attached to the Turks. The pashas and men in office thought they might improve by the change, and began to substitute Armenian seraffs for Jewish.

In a few years, the Israelites had almost disappeared as bankers; the Armenians advanced in wealth and consideration, but certainly not in happiness and tranquillity; and the latter was fatally compromised, when, not many years ago, they accepted the offices of seraffs to the Porte, and directors of the Mint. The honour, in their eyes, attached to these high functions, the hopes of rapidly making gigantic fortunes, seduced

the Armenians into intrigue and manœuvre, similar in nature to those resorted to by the Greeks of the Fanar, for the principalities of Wallachia and Moldavia. The ambitious career of both, was alike subversive of the feelings of nature and of honour ; alike perilous—for that of the seraff of the Porte was sure to end in death and confiscation, or exile and ruin, like the more splendid one of the hospodar. There was, however, one grand point of difference between the Armenians and the Greeks ; and it may be assumed, as one among many proofs of the superiority claimed for the latter, over all the dwellers in the East.

The Greeks, as they advanced in prosperity, improved in spirit ; they contracted European ideas, and laboured, that their children should have some of the advantages of European education. They more and more detested the

Turkish tyranny, as they acquired light to judge of its full horrors and deformities, and to contrast it with civilized Christian governments. They threw off the Eastern customs and opinions of their predecessors, as unworthy trammels ; they assimilated their domestic interior to those of our western world ; and for more than a quarter of a century, the European traveller had remarked the advancement of the Greeks, in intellect and manner. They could not stop there—they looked to what *they* had been—at what the Turks *are*—and they conceived, cherished the idea, of acquiring their independence, and becoming again a nation !

But the Armenians, the plodding, the un-intellectual Armenians, had not the embryo, the spark of a spirit within them, to be warmed by their prosperity. Essentially oriental, they continued unchangeable in their attachments to

the ideas and usages inveterate, from their many-centuried existence; they still despised knives and forks, sat cross-legged, veiled their wives' faces, and smoked their pipes, in gross, contented ignorance. The oppression of their masters they felt less than the Greeks; for the submissiveness, the grovelling spirit of the Armenians, disarmed the apprehension and hatred the ancient possessors of the country constantly kept awake in the bosoms of the Mussulman conquerors. Of that oppression they would lose sight altogether: they were decidedly the favoured class among the rayahs; and though not exempt from violence and extortion, they balanced the injuries they sustained, with the advantages they derived from the short-sighted, indolent Turks; and the evil with the good, they were inclined to become advocates for the statu quo of things; and the Armenians of Con-

stantinople, as an experienced and philosophic observer has said, would certainly view the subversion of the Ottoman empire with regret.⁽¹⁶⁾

It might be both instructive and amusing, to trace the history and condition of the different classes of *rayah*, or conquered population, in the Ottoman empire; this, however, is not the place; and it may suffice for the present, to describe, as we have done, the effects and the character resulting therefrom to the Armenians. But the abjectness, the timidity, the downcast eyes, the crouching demeanour, the silence of these men, when in the presence of the Turks, must be seen to be understood.

The proud Osmanlis, besides the reproachful term with which their anger designates the Armenians, have another name for them, in their moods of friendship and goodwill—they call them *men camels*; and their en-

during patience, industry, and usefulness, may make the name of the quadruped applicable. The analogy may be further extended; for, as among animals, the camel is that which bears most markedly the signs of subjection and servitude, so among men, is the Armenian of Constantinople.⁽¹⁷⁾ No soul-stirring reminiscences of ancient glory and independence; no patriotism, (that religion of earth!) no abstract love of freedom, can be expected in a race like this.

The Armenians neither recall the past nor look forward to the future; they are in this, inferior even to the despised Jews, who still, from the depths of their degradation, remember that they were once "the denizens of their own free independent state;" and enslaved, poor, scattered, dishonoured as they are, their souls' aspirations are for the day when they shall

again be free, rich, united—a nation! Aye! some there are, who, in the glowing language of the Hebrew Maid,⁽¹⁸⁾ can refer to “the ancient history of the people of God;” can esteem the proudest names of other lands but “as the gourd compared with the cedar;”—can trace those names “that ascend, far back, to the high times, when the Divine Presence shook the mercy-seat between the cherubim; and which derived their splendour from no earthly prince, but from the awful voice, which bade their fathers be nearest of the congregation to the Vision!”

And indeed, the children of Israel who retain their faith, generally, and thrown wherever they may be, still mourn, as in the days of their Babylonian captivity, over the picture of Zion; and the feeling with which they look forward to the fulfilment of misunderstood prophecy,

has perhaps in it, as much of nationality, of patriotism, as of religion.

In England, in other countries of Europe, where, admitted by degrees to somewhat like equality of rights, the Jews, imbibing the modes and opinions of our days, and verging to a change of belief, or (as may be feared,) to general disbelief, are not so strongly moved by the sentiments alluded to;—but in the East, where they are strictly confined to the society of themselves; where they are shunned and contemned by all castes and creeds; where they retain their ancient usages; where their women wear the garments and style of ornaments they wore when a David or a Solomon sat on the throne of Israel; where the holy hill of Sion, and “Siloa’s brook, that flow’d fast by the oracle of God,”—are comparatively objects near at hand and accessible, those senti-

ments of patriotism are ardent and enduring. They are not often shown openly, as though they never would excite envy or fear; they certainly would provoke derision; but he who traces these sketches, remembers a burst of feeling, and a scene, that deeply interested him at the time.

He was standing in Constantinople, at the upper extremity of the Hippodrome, and at the foot of the Egyptian obelisk, with the twisted broken column, or truncated tripod of bronze behind him—before him extended the long, vast square, retaining nearly its original dimensions—the arena, where a mighty empire had displayed its pomp and splendour; where the maddening course of the charioteers had caused the hearts of assembled thousands to rush like the fiery wheels of the contending cars; and where the deadly factions of the blues and the

greens had dyed the soil with red blood. He stood there, overpowered with the recollections, and the real and present magnificence of the spot.⁽¹⁹⁾

To his right, and running half the length of the Hippodrome, was a wall, with open iron railings, that separated the square from a vast and well-paved court-yard, in which rose the Mosque of Sultan Achmet—the grandest edifice in Turkey—with its swelling domes, and six towering minarets. Before him, at the end of the Hippodrome, was the broad and ancient mass of Santa Sophia; and at the same extremity, but to the left, the column of the Emperor Marcian showed itself over a line of serais and meaner buildings. The breezes of evening were busy, in a line of fair and stately trees, ranged in front of the nearer mosques, while the setting sun, striking on the taper, gilded points

of the minarets, made them glitter like flames, and shining full on the wide-arched upper casements beneath the dome, gorgeously coloured the expansive glass with the hues of purple and of molten gold. The building of the Mahometan conqueror showed as a mountain of purely white marble; the more distant temple of the Christian emperor, in colour grey, and subdued, in mourning weeds for its actual desecration; but, taken both together, the church and the mosque, without any accessories, save the spacious square and the mystic column—they offered a picture which, perhaps no capital can surpass.

A poor old Jew had approached the traveller, to offer him some attar of roses for sale; he might have remarked, that he was impressed with what he saw; he followed his eyes, and measured with him the length of the Hippo-

drome, the elevation of the domes and towers, the breadth of the stately edifices. “And what is all this?” said he, in the corrupted Spanish, (the general dialect of the Jews in Turkey,) “what is all this to the Holy Mount, and the Temple of Solomon?—Aye, Jerusalem, our city, and the city of our Lord, was as superior to Stamboul and all its glories, as is Stamboul to Ortakeui !”⁽²⁰⁾

CHAPTER V.

A RESOLUTION like that made by the hero of our tale, at the end of the third chapter, was likely to be kept; and as his time for once lay heavily on his hands, as in the pursuits of gallantry that had occupied him, he had himself tired of one fair friend, and had caused another to tire of him, as he had no new horse to exercise and be proud of, no new shawl or robe with which to attract attention, among the blue coats and bright buttons of the *cercle diploma-*

tique of Pera, or awaken envy among the gaudy Stamboul dandies—as, in fine, he had nothing to do that was worth the while doing, he went back to his grandmother's the very next day.

The thanks of his aged relative for so speedy a repetition of his kind visit, the beautiful view of the Bosphorus, and a good appetite for his supper, despite his kindling passion, were however the only rewards his exertions met with—Veronica came not.

He went home that evening in a very bad humour with himself, and with the Armenian race in general: he determined that Veronica must have ears like an ass, feet like an *hamal*, ⁽¹⁾ and that he must be a fool, if ever again he lost his *precious* time for her. And yet without any revelation from another world, to show him he erred, and to change his opinion during the night, the next morning found him full of

anxiety to see that pale impressive face again, and busied in devising some pretext for again repeating his visit to the Princess; who, conscious as he himself was of a secondary motive so perfectly independent of his duty and attachment to her, he apprehended might detect its cause, and throw obstacles in the way of his meeting Veronica, before he should have impressed the fair Armenian with a full sense of his merits and *irresistibleness*.

A letter from his mother at Bucharest, and a present of rare fruit, the growth of the seraglio garden, came most opportunely to his succour. "I must carry these myself," said Constantine; "I will go early—I will dine with my grandmother—I *will* see the lily of the seraff, if I wait till night, and hear every piece of good advice the old lady ever gave me, over again." He went, and a dull day he had of it.

In vain did he look along the quay, mistaking every distant veiled figure he saw for the object he desired; in vain did he fix his eye on the house of the Tinghir-Oglus, expecting to see Veronica enter it from without, or issue thence for her promenade, or her visit to the Princess. He felt, too, his lengthening disappointment the more keenly, as, on his arrival, his relative had said that she expected her young Armenian friend would visit her in the course of the day—that some of the fair fruit—her Costandi's present, should regale the kind Veronica.

As he sat at dinner with the Princess, he heard a female voice at the outer door, gently call the name of "Petracki;" the sound was more musical than the voice of a cherub—it must be the attendant's call—*she* must be there—he almost leaped from his seat.

Petracki, obedient to the summons, repaired

to the outer hall, and pulled a cord which communicated with the latch; the door creaked on its hinges, feet were heard on the stairs—light, gentle, the fall of female feet—two figures advanced to the open doors of the saloon, yashmacks covered their faces, their boots and papooshes were of the proper colour—was the loiterer come at last? No! they were only two Armenian women who were bringing home some kalemkiars, ⁽²⁾ the Princess had ordered for the mother of Costandi—of the graceless youth, who, at this unexpected disclosure, destroyed the graceful curl of his moustache by furiously pulling it, and the *grace* of a whole morning's good behaviour (in the eyes of his grandmamma) by speaking ill of painted handkerchiefs.

But the most painful incident was towards the close of day, when, as tired and exas-

perated, he was looking across the Bosphorus to the Giant's Mount, whose ridge of trees bending towards him, from the blasts of the Euxine, as if in mockery, to say that they were coming to him—a promise *they* seemed as likely to keep as Veronica—he saw a four-oared caïk, with ladies seated at its stern, approach the quay. The boat stopped opposite the house of the Tinghir-Oglus ; three ladies, closely veiled and wrapped in their ample cloaks, stepped on shore and glided to the porch, whilst, to gratify the longing eyes of the Prince, Veronica's uncle Yussuf, with long iron-grey moustachoes, and a chin for a week unconscious of a razor, stood leisurely by the water's edge to settle some matter of paras with the boatmen.

Before the disappointed Constantine descended the Bosphorus that evening, he walked for awhile up and down the quay, in the hopes that

Veronica might see at least, by his presence there, how very ill she was behaving.

His only pleasure—and childish as it may be, it is a pleasure that all who have loved have felt—was to fix his eye on a light that faintly glimmered through the well-secured lattices of a room in the seraff's abode—to fancy that its rays illumined the face and form of the fair Armenian, and as it was obscured to him by some object passing in the room, or by a tremulous shadow playing across its radiance, to determine that effect was produced by Veronica.

Fishing is an amusement very much resorted to at Constantinople, where pastimes are somewhat scarce, and at different seasons of the year the banks of the Bosphorus are lined with adventurous caïks, furnished with nets and hooks. The nature of the occupation could scarcely accord with an active, impetuous, impatient dis-

position like that of our young Greek ; he had often expressed his astonishment how a man who could bestride a steed, and had an open, unobstructed country, like the wild neighbourhood of Stamboul, to gallop over, and to make his own, could coop himself up in a rocking caïk ; and he had invariably refused to honour the aquatic piscatory parties with his presence.

His conversion was very sudden. The morning which succeeded the day of his disappointment, saw him more anxious than ever for a sight, for a word with the Armenian, whom, though he had ten thousand times represented to himself in the garb of inferiority, and as an object not meriting his love, he felt he loved. There were no letters to cover his visit to the Princess, and he had neither fruit nor flower to present. What should he do ? A scene of the preceding day recurred to his memory—

it was a long bark on the Bosphorus, laying on its oars, with six black-headed Armenians leaning over the waves, and bobbing with rodless lines. These fellows moved like machinery, and were just as silent, save now and then, that a fish was hooked up, and their hilarity exploded in the Turkish monosyllable "*bir*," or one.

"I will become a fisherman," thought he; "the idea is excellent! my new vocation will give a motive not only for this day's visit, but to as many other and consecutive ones as I choose to make: so I can float up and down the Bosphorus like a porpus; so I can pass and repass that cursed quay, and gaze on old Tinghir-Oglus' house, till *he* may think I have a design to knock it down with the evil eye, —till Veronica again show herself!"

The implements of the often-derided sport were soon purchased, and before noon Constan-

tine was again landing at the Princess's residence. He blessed his star for having conducted him.

The day was a great Catholic festival,—the Tinghir-Oglus, as Armenians of the Roman church, were sure to make a holiday of it—he was certain to see them out of doors—and so much had the rising passion gained upon him, by irritation, and disappointment, and delay, that he fancied he should, to a certain degree, be happy, could he but rest his eyes on Veronica's form, even though it were buried in broad-cloth and linen.

Petracki, who gave this information regarding the fête of the rival church, was, though old, a true Fanariote Greek servant—quick-sighted and shrewd; he had witnessed, moreover, the animated pantomime in the passage, when Veronica retired by the garden-door; he had seen his young master's hand on her's, and had

watched the flush and animation of his countenance ; he guessed the rest, though not to its full extent, for had he suspected, what by this time was almost the case, that the hope, the pride of the house in whose service, through prosperity and adversity, his life had been passed, that *he*, Constantine Ghika, a Greek, and of the noblest, was seriously enamoured of an Armenian, the daughter of a vulgar seraff, Petracki would have bit off his tongue rather than say any thing that might lead to another meeting. But a little playful gallantry was permitted to youth ; the flames of the gentle god might play for awhile innocuously round the heart of maid and swain—and then it might some way or other tend to annoy the starch, purse-proud, gross Capriles,—and that would be delightful !

Constantine was sitting on the quay by the

water's edge, arranging his fishing tackle, and pricking his fingers with the hooks, for his eyes were looking after something in the frontispiece of the black-painted wooden house, occupied by the Armenians, when Petracki renewed his conversation.

“ Ah, my young master ! if I were permitted to guess, I should say, that the fish you intend to catch does not swim in the water.”

The Prince's quick eye turned on the favourite serving-man, and the significant smile, and the oblique glance from himself to the Armenian house, told him that Petracki was master of his secret.

“ And suppose it do not, Petracki,” replied the Prince, after a moment of hesitation and confusion ; for he had not yet overcome that feeling, which would make him blush at the thoughts of an Armenian passion of a serious

nature—"suppose it do not, can you tell me where it does swim?"

"Mayhap I might."

"If you could, it would deserve a sportsman's thanks. As for myself, I begin to fancy it frequents depths deeper than the mid-way channel, and far less accessible."

"Listen, novice in fishing as you are," replied Petracki, gently pulling the Prince by the sleeve towards the door of the house, where from a curve in the quay they could not be seen by the Armenian neighbours; "the fisherman heeds how his shadow be cast on the waves, lest he startle, and frighten his finny prey beneath—why, the whole shoal your game belongs to, may see you stretching over the boat, and will certainly prevent its biting!"

"I understand you, my palikari—they see me from those close latticed windows—I beg

pardon—I mean from those sedges, and hinder the delicate fry from striking a fin.”

“ I know not that it is so, but even so it might be, according to the rules of fishing,” continued Petracki, with increasing confidence.

“ But what then is to be done for the coy fish ?” said Constantine.

“ It is their migratory season,—like the palamedes, ⁽³⁾ they are about to take their passage to-day—the whole shoal is going down the Bosphorus !”

Now, as the fish alluded to, are great travellers, and descending from the wintry Euxine by the Bosphorus, the Propontis, and the Dardanelles, go Heaven knows where, Constantine thought Petracki was carrying his metaphors a little too far. “ Their passage to-day !” said he quickly ; “ going—why, where in Satan’s name, is Veronica going ?”

“Veronica! my gentle master, and what fish is that? I never heard of such before.”

“Curse fish!” cried the Prince.

“With all my heart—I keep no Roman fasts!”⁽⁴⁾ replied Petracki, delighted like a Greek with any exercise of his wits, and determined not to be driven so soon out of his types and symbols.

“Petracki,” said the Prince earnestly, “let us speak plain Romaïc; “tell me who is going—tell me where.”

“My good young master, the matter is by no means so important—*she* is neither going to Aleppo, nor to Mecca; but merely, as to-day is a Catholic holiday, the whole family of our very worthy neighbours, are to descend the Bosphorus—no farther, however, than the village of Arnäut-Keui, where they are to join the festivity of some of their friends—doubly

amiable as Catholics and as Armenians, like themselves. That is all I know; I learned it from their serving-woman, Taqui, this morning, and I thought it might be interesting to *somebody*."

"You guess right, Petracki; but not a word of this to the Princess, your mistress!"

"I am dumb," said the old Greek; and then musing a minute, he continued: "it is matter that requires neither inquiry, nor admonition; my master's pursuit is merely an innocent piece of gallantry—a pastime to himself,—of course there can be nothing serious, for the Cocona⁽⁵⁾ is an Armenian."

"She is an Armenian," repeated Constantine; and if he neither groaned nor sighed, he turned away his head to conceal a certain emotion.

"And yet, Armenian as she is," continued

Petracki, turning consideration from Constantine to Veronica, "she is a generous, noble creature, and my master would not wrong the youthful benefactress of the aged mother of her who gave him birth."

"Never, my honest fellow!" said the Prince, with most sincere warmth. A brief silence which ensued was broken by Petracki.

"I have been thinking then, that you had better give up this pursuit and go no farther—at least so it strikes me, now that I consider the matter seriously—separated as you are in caste and sect—inferior as is the blood—but not to speak of that, you never can be anything to each other; and I may equally dread, or almost so—for she has been a friend to us in the moments of our utmost need—either that evil may accrue from the indulgence of what is now but a caprice, to the gentle, the kind Armenian, or

that our own Constantine may rue in earnest, what he began in sport—for if old eyes and ears like mine may still judge, the beauty and wit of Veronica are not to be encountered too often with impunity.”

“Beauty, and more—*wit!*” interrupted the Prince, resolved not to listen to the advice, reasonable as he felt it to be, and accordant as it was with some serious thoughts the old man had awakened within him: “wit indeed! what are you a Greek, and allow wit to an Armenian! surely your ears must have deceived you—perhaps your eyes have served you better—come, tell me, what sort of ears has Veronica?”

Petracki's grizzled moustachoes curled up with a smile, and he was going to paint a portrait of the young lady, which would have no wise tended to second his advice, or detach the Prince from his pursuit, when a rush was heard

in the waters of the channel, and the Tinghir-Oglus' best caïk, with three pair of oars, was observed at the edge of the quay, having issued from beneath their house.⁽⁶⁾

“As Saint Peter is my saint and protector,” said the old Greek, “they are going even now—see! there they are.”

The caïk lay alongside the convenient quay, and so deep is the water that laves the Bosphorus' banks, that an “Argosie” might have laid there as well. The first figures that approached it were two old Armenian serving men, with thickly padded, dark skull-caps, and short jackets with tight sleeves, that showed the amplitude of their nether garments to the greatest advantage. Each bore in his hand a large, well stuffed cushion, and a small, but thick Persian carpet, which they carefully spread in the boat. Next came two more youthful attendants, carry-

ing each a narghilè, or water pipe, the flexible tube of which was twisted round the arm in guise of a snake, while the brass mounting, newly polished, shone brilliantly in the sun. Then came two brawny old gentlemen of a mahogany complexion, who from the homeliness of their appearance, would, scarcely have been judged the masters or movers of all these “notes of preparation;” they seemed indeed to belong to the narghilès in whose train they moved; but like our mother earth, which, obsequious to the sun, has still the moon in immediate controul and attendance, each of the pursy seraffs bore a long chibook in his hand.

They stepped into the caïk, and at once the aspiring poop of the boat was brought to somewhat like its level by their weight. They sat themselves down crossed legged in the bottom of the caïk; and as the chibookjis, the two youths,

already specified, had taken their places behind them, on the short deck, that always occupies the stern-point of these Turkish boats, the cargo might have been supposed complete.

Constantine began to imagine it really was, when his heart beat at the appearance of three veiled figures, and quicker still when the lightness and quickness of motion of the first that stepped unhanded over the boat's side, betrayed youth, and, so it seemed to him—Veronica.

The women were presently sedent in the bottom of the boat, cross-legged like the men; the chibookjis did their duty; the pipes were lit, and the Armenian brothers, puffing in time to the pull of the oars, this festive party glided down the gay stream of the Bosphorus in wordless silence.

“What merry souls they are,” said Petracki,

as his master, from within the Princess's door, followed them with his eyes.

“Aye ! animated indeed,” rejoined the Prince, whose contempt for the Armenians was revived by the mute pantomime—the gross want of gallantry he had just witnessed. “And yet if I read aright, there is one there that might be made to feel. Petracki, you must say nothing about it within, but when I go to fish this afternoon, I shall not want these nets ; I shall go to Arnaut-Keui.”

CHAPTER VI.

IF there is a dearth or monotony of amusement in Turkey, there is no lack of holidays. The sabbaths alone of the three great sects that divide the East, occupy three successive days of the week, the Turk holding as holy our Friday, the Jew the Saturday, the Christian the Sunday; and as, in the cities especially, and among the classes engaged in trade, the followers of these religions are mixed up together, and depend in many of their operations upon each

other, it happens that the festival of one always interferes with the labours or business of two, and that, in a certain degree, all are obliged to keep three holidays in the week.

Though cessation from worldly occupation is not imposed as a duty by the Koran, repose is so congenial to the Turk, that he seizes it whenever he can, and has ever imitated the conduct of the Nazarene or Jewish rayahs, who “do no manner of work,” on the days they esteem the Lord’s. The number of Turks recumbent under cool plane trees, or by the sides of plashing fountains, is vastly augmented on the Friday; on the Saturday, if the stranger traverse the bazaars—for it is there, where all business is done—he sees that many of the warehouses or shops are shut, and misses the busy, cringing Jews; on the Sunday, the Turks and Jews are there, though from the mixed relations

alluded to, far less numerous than in the early days of the week, but he finds neither Greeks nor Armenians, and in their absence the Bezes-teen ⁽¹⁾ wears an air of desertion. But the fifty-two Sabbaths of each church, or faith, are insignificant in number, when compared with the numerous conceptions and assumptions, birth-days and death-days, saints-days and other days, that are *held* as *holy*-days.

In this latter enumeration we must, in justice, exclude the Moslems; for three days at the festival of the Bairam, three others at the Courbam-Bairam, and one day at the Mevlewt, or birth-day of Mahomet, are the only ones marked on their annual rubric. The Jews in this respect, stand next in moderation to the Moslems, though their festivals are infinitely more numerous; but the remaining class, the Christians, sub-divide themselves into three

hostile sects, each of which has its saint, and its festivals, and its peculiar holidays.

The advocate for industry has too often sighed over the indolence induced, under a sacred show, by the fêtes of Catholic countries, but these are exceeded in frequency by those of the Greek church, whilst the difference in style, or date, is the occasion that the same holidays in name, as Christmas, Easter, and the rest, are celebrated at different times by the Greeks and the Romanists, and some of them in such an unfortunate juxta-position, that, “at the same moment one party is in the consternation of grief, occasioned by the anniversary of the death of the Son of God, and the other in the transports of joy at his resurrection.”⁽²⁾

The third, the Eutychean, or Armenian creed, has also its festivals, its separate saints, and its martyrs—in short, were the days on

which labour is prohibited in the three churches put together, they might occupy the whole year; and it must strike us as fortunate, that they have retained even one common Sabbath, and have not shown their disseverance and opposition in the election of three separate days on which to worship the Lord.

Besides the partial interference and suspension of business necessarily occasioned, it must happen, that the festivities of the one class seduce the other by the force of example. This will particularly happen during the fine seasons, which may be said to reign nine months in the year, and to spread enchantment over the ever touching scenery in the neighbourhood of Constantinople.

If the lively Greek, with a finer disposition for enjoyment than any of the rest, see his Armenian neighbour embark his pipe and him-

self in a light caïk to ascend the Bosphorus, and spend a day of *keff*,⁽³⁾ he cannot sit cross-legged from morn till eve, at the front of his open shop, but must repair to the scene of the day's festivity, in the afternoon. The same thing will occur, reversing the case of the Greek and Armenian, (let the latter be Catholic or Eutychean,) and it will be found that the festive crowd collected at an Ayasma,⁽⁴⁾ or Panayea, will be swelled by those who hold not the same creeds.

Even on the Moslem's Friday, and chiefly at the glorious season which follows the festival of Saint George, the parties of Turks that repair, on prancing steeds, in silent, gliding caïks, or saunter slowly along on foot, following the curves of the Golden Horn, and the sleeping rivulet Barbyses—all to the valley of the Sweet-waters—the verdant, the cool Kiat-

hané, to spend the time till the glorious orb of day sink on scenes, than which he sees none lovelier, on his vast and eternal course ; those flocking Osmanlis, even then, though mixed not with them, but apart, and distinct in their pride and intolerance, oftentimes are less numerous than the knots of rayah subjects, who are taking the same road.

And then, in that valley itself, redolent with freshness and beauty, and joy—where the sward is so emerald, so smooth, its flowers so bright of hue, that it should seem the foot of mortal ought not to soil its purity ; where the shade is so broad and refreshing under the over-arching trees ; where the water glides so silently and smooth in its marble bed, or gushes and plashes with a soul-cooling sound, in the marble fountains ; where the gaily-coloured, the light kiosk,⁽⁵⁾ though the erection of a tyrant, has the

mien of a residence destined to the gentle Graces and Loves; where the enamelled mead spreads before the released coursers,⁽⁶⁾ who chase each other along the rich, hollow-sounding turf; and bound and neigh aloud, while the echo of their rapid hoofs, and of their gleeful voices, is prolonged by the surrounding green hills that clasp the valley in a close and jealous embrace, as if to separate it, and protect it from the rest of the earth. There, in that glen, never to be forgotten by him who has but once loitered through it, during the delicious months of May and June, are found, on holidays, crowds of every class or caste that dwell in vast Stamboul, and its wide-spreading suburbs. All idle, thoughtless, and happy in their way.

This continual out-of-door, dis-occupied life, which ever forcing itself on the eye throughout the East, sets the natives of more industrious

countries wondering how they all live, and would inevitably drive the political economist, the utilitarian, into a very unsatisfactory train of thought. Yet they *do* live—they, or at least some portion of them, *do* labour sufficiently in some mode or other, to support the community, and until an entire change be wrought in the government of the despot, whose subjects they are—until law secure property, and wealth cease to endanger, (as it now does,) the life of its possessor; the slaves of the sultan do well to set not their hearts on the accumulation of treasure, the acquiring of honour; and these are the *wisest* of his lieges, who, contented with their pilaff and their chibook, can recline the whole day in the pleasant shade of a tree.

Were the hearts of these slaves susceptible to the ineffable beauty of the scenes around

them, with such an inexhaustible resource at hand, their condition and enjoyments might really be matter of envy to the free, the bold, the intellectual; and yet, uninformed as they are,—vulgar, incapable of giving expression, or of understanding themselves what passes in their minds,—who shall venture to say, that the glorious aspect of enamelled mead, and verdant hill, of flowing torrent and waving wood, of the rushing strait and the smoothly spreading sea, of the grouping islands and the proud aspiring mountain—though they never heard the name of Olympus, and to them Homer and all his divinities are an unknown creation—who shall say, that the magic panorama, reaches not their hearts grovelling as they may be, and imparts not a portion of its divine colouring; when we see the steed we bestride, the very dog that tracks our steps, point his ears and give

indications of animation and sensibility as a sudden turn in the road, or an opening vista, affords the spectacle of summer's setting sun, or some scene of peculiar grandeur or beauty? But be that as it may, whether they taste the banquet an Almighty hand has spread before them, or have no sense for it, whether they enjoy the scenery or not, their presence, their moods of *idlesse*, their Oriental pastimes, grouping, and costume, their variety of caste and race, displayed more markedly still in their forms and faces than in their dresses, certainly add vastly to the picturesqueness of the spots they frequent, and enhance their beauty in the eyes of the foreign wanderer; nor, though carrying with him a conviction of the value of the qualities of energy, and enterprise, and industry, that have rendered his own country such, that his heart beats with pride as he ac-

knowledges her in a far-off land, will he always be inclined to draw unfavourable comparisons, and to reprobate the displays of Oriental indolence and listlessness, that are continually meeting his eyes.

But could he, indeed, with justice, act the part of a censor? Would not his blame recoil upon himself? For why is he there? What does he there but idle? What has he been doing for months, for years, but losing his time in abstractions, or dreaming over solitary regions and fallen temples, which, *in fact*, are but wastes, and stones! And even now, if his eye is active on the groups assembled at Stamboul's fairest promenade, and if his imagination warms and swells, as the sight of the Israelite carries him back to the remotest periods of history, and to regions of mystery and ineffable splendour; as the Armenian suggests ideas

almost as eastern and antiquated ; as the Greek, spirited and elegant, even in his degradation, recalls the days of Themistocles and of Phidias, and identifies himself with that ancient race, whom letters and arts have immortalized ; as the Turk, with flowing robe, and muslin turban, and indolent and haughty air, transports him far away to the wilds beyond the Caspian, whence sprang his nation, and assimilates himself to the Persian, the enemy of the Greek of two thousand years ago, as *he* is the foe of the Greek of to day ; as the groom to the sultan's steeds now ranging the valley—the mild, blue-eyed rustic, whose pipe and tabor (their ancestors could wield the sword and spear !) are the principal amusements of the festive day—as the Bulgarian peasant speaks of mountain-life and mountain-liberty, of the dauntless tribes that baffled all the power of the Grecian

emperor, and as he resembles, in the stranger's eye, the hardy Highlander of his own native land ;⁽⁷⁾—still what is all this but idleness or profitless speculation—a little more intellectual, it may be, than the ruminations of one of those Turks or Armenians, who is watching the smoke curling from his pipe—a little more spirit stirring, but still idleness !

But let us return to the Bosphorus and our impatient Constantine, whose premeditated excursion to a Catholic festival has led to such a wide digression.

When the sun began to decline, and the evening breeze, which gives coolness and delight to the warmest summer days in the spots we are describing, was setting in, Constantine left Emenergen-Oglu for Arnäut-Keui, which is indisputably one of the finest of the numerous villages on the strait, whether on the side of Europe or of Asia.

The distance was short, Arnäut-Keui being not more than two miles from the residence of the Princess, and so much lower down the channel, or nearer to Constantinople; yet this space includes, perhaps, the loveliest scenes of the Bosphorus, which is every where beautiful, from the "blue Symplegades," to where, at the point of Stamboul's triangle, its waters mingle with the expanding waves of the Propontis.

His caïk, favoured by the rapid current, glided past the villages of Jeni-Keui, Istenia, and the deep port, the village, and the wood of Balta-liman. He did not pause, as he reached the narrowest part of the straits; the spot which is marked by nature as the military passage from Asia into Europe, and which is farther indicated as such by the two castles which face each other on the meeting continents.

The beauty and the horror of the scene, and its associations, had long been familiar to Constantine ; but the stranger might pause.

- It was supposed to be here, and the peculiar and unchanging nature of this part of the strait gives more strength to the supposition than historical hypotheses are always attended with, that the great Darius crossed the narrow sea to chastise the Scythians ; and it was here, and many centuries after, that another Eastern conqueror erected the fortresses we now see, which gave him the command of the Bosphorus, and hastened and facilitated the capture of Constantinople. ⁽⁸⁾ The castles stand on the sloping banks of the Bosphorus, and on two small capes, inconsiderable in projection and height, that regard each other obliquely : neither the Roumeli-hissar, or the fortress of Europe, nor the Anadoli-hissar, or the fortress of Asia, pos-

sesses any imposing or terrible features; indeed, a round tower, not larger than a coast-martello, a double line of *crenelated* walls, ascending in their longitude the sides of the hill, a low battery with guns, important from their weight, but contemptible from their awkward arrangement and the immoveable carriages on which they are fixed, are the characters of each; and as they are always kept neatly whitewashed, the miniature castles might almost be mistaken for pleasure houses.

It was an infernal mockery to give so mild an air to the outside of an interior of horror! We place the lovely marble on the grave, and it is well, for death has had his own, and is no more appalling—the victim that sleeps beneath is as impassive as the product of the quarry that records his name, or begs a prayer for his departed soul—though his agonies may have been

measureless, his final hours an accumulation of horror, he is now at peace—at peace ! and the tyranny that could tear his quickly decaying, his so lately susceptible form, from the hospitable earth that covers it, might rend it into ten thousand pieces, might scatter it in the air, might consume it in fire, but could not inflict an ache—no ! not so much as that of a scratching pin ! But these turreted walls, bright and pure in hue as the marble, are the living recesses of human woe, the lair where tyranny laps the blood of her victims, and shouts over her hellish repast ! It is here, and at this moment, when the remorseless measures of Sultan Mahmood against the obnoxious incorporation were in full career, the executions were more frequent than ever, that the Janissaries are transported, and a gun from the European castle is the knell of each that falls—the peal-

that announces a fellow-creature ceases to exist with the smoke that curls from the cannon's mouth. This is not the grave with its imper-
turbable repose, but the stormy, anguished pas-
sage that leads to it,—this is not the void abyss,
where feeling is extinct, but the overhanging,
inevitable precipice, where feeling has all its
acuteness, and would cling to the slippery, ob-
durate rock, and shriek so piteously to be saved
yet awhile the fatal descent! There within
those walls, which a youth might leap in his
sport, within that whitened tower so fair to the
eye, had groaned—still groaned, fathers torn
from their children's embrace—husbands drag-
ged from the arms of their senseless wives: the
inscription at hell's entrance, “O leave all hope,
ye who enter herein,” might have been inscribed
over its gate—the victims all knew this, for
what captive had ever made egress from Rou-

meli-hissar, otherwise than as a headless corse cast into the Bosphorus' current?

With all their affections fresh within them, with the memory of the hopes that had sprung but yesterday, of the projects to occupy months, years of existence, of their unexpiated crime perhaps—and oh! with their unavailable remorse, each wretch was left to number the brief rapid moments between him and death; and as the walls of his prison trembled at the shock, and the winding banks of the channel echoed the cannon's roar, that told, for one human being, time had become eternity, to groan, "It may be my turn next!"

The little promontory on which this fortress is situated, was anciently denominated of Minerva; it is covered with gay green trees, with here and there a diminutive cypress; and a pleasant and picturesque village, inhabited by

Turks, stands round the castle. But the Asiatic neighbour, or rival, the Anadolihissar, is perhaps still more beautiful and smiling; and the moment Constantine was passing, the declining sun's rays rested on its white walls with most advantageous effect. A Turkish hamlet, bearing the name of the castle, is close to it, and at a short distance it is overlooked by the projecting mount, (crowned with a spacious kiosk and garden) and the village—the romantic village of Kandilly. The fortress and the villages are arranged in a semicircular line; and rising up the banks of the Bosphorus, they seem to indicate an amphitheatre—a fair Naumachia, with waves rapid but smooth, for the combat or the pageant; and here, indeed, the windings of the channel only admit a circumscribed portion of the sea to meet the eye—a lake in aspect, which the warmth of an

eastern sun, the glowing tints of summer's eve, are wont to convert into a glorious, though placid expanse of unrolled sheets of gold, with intervening laminæ of emerald and sapphire.

Between the Anadoli-hissar and Kandilly, is the valley of Gheuk-sou—its Turkish name, which signifies the vale of the waters of celestial blue—as pretty as itself! It is one of those narrow verdant-wooded hollows, of which several open on the Bosphorus from the bosoms of the European or Asiatic hills; and the features it reveals, as seen from the channel or the opposite coast, are a light and fanciful kiosk of the Sultan, like the fishing-house of some fair romance, a small quiet rivulet, and a thick wood of stately plane trees and gnarled oaks.

The back ground to all this is a graceful range

of the Anatolian continent, whose wavy, gentle hills are cultivated or covered with verdant groves, and decked here and there in peculiar and most felicitous effect, with gay, open-looking kiosks, plane trees of luxuriant foliage, knots of dark pines, and young cypresses, more isolated and darker still.

Shortly after passing the advancing cape on which the European castle is built, Constantine rowed by the Turkish cemetery on the water's edge, mentioned on a former occasion; he next went heedlessly by the valley and the imperial kiosk of Bebek, and, rapidly propelled by the current, which at this point runs with the force of a whirlpool to the European bank, he glided by a lovely promontory (the ancient Esties) and landed a few paces beyond it at the quay of the populous villlage of Arnäut-keui.

Here every thing bore evidence to the festivity of the day, and, in the manner we have attempted to explain, all the castes of the inhabitants of the village, Armenians, Catholic and heretic, Greeks, Jews, and a few Franks, were equally intent on enjoyment in their way, without much caring that the festival was one appointed by the Pope.

The whole length of the quay, and it is a long one, was almost taken up by the caïks, that had brought visitors of all classes and races from other villages on the Bosphorus, or from Stamboul, or Tophana, Galata, Pera, Hassim-Pasha, or Saint Dimitri.⁽⁹⁾ On shore, there was a crowd of promenaders; they chiefly seemed to direct their steps inland towards the hills, but some were seated by the channel side, in social groups, smoking their chibooks, whilst along the quay, numerous open

wine-cellars testified to Mussulman toleration, and the laugh and the chorus from within them, to the strength of the juice of the grapes grown under the crescent of Mahomet.

Arnäut-keui is in part situated on the channel, but after passing under an immense Turkish house, the residence of a leading member of the Divan of the day, at the northern extremity of the quay, the village is found to extend from the sea, and to run along an ascending hollow for some distance. It was to this hollow that Constantine, following the living current that flowed thitherward, directed his steps.

“I shall see Veronica on the brow of the hill, or at the kiosk, where the groups repose and enjoy themselves,” thought he, as he walked onwards, for once in his life indifferent to the many pretty faces that glanced unveiled

by him, and incurious whether the large languishing black eyes of the far more numerous fair ones who were veiled, appertained to pretty faces or to downright frights.

CHAPTER VII.

To the sounds of numerous feet shuffling along in papooshes, and of a Babel of language, proceeding almost entirely from the women, for not even a steep hill could stop their tongues—Constantine continued his walk in search of Veronica.

The circumstances that had disappointed him repeatedly in his hopes of seeing her, had tended to increase his impatience to an intense degree, and to give a character and direction to

that passion which, under opposite events, it might never have acquired.

A second interview with an amiable object will often destroy the impression of the first, which is as yet weak and delible; the first magic glance that carried to the bosom a picture of exquisite beauty, with a sensation of overpowering delight, may be coldly rectified in a succeeding meeting, when the eye, and the ear too, shall have reason to be critical: a feature discovered to be defective, a smile misplaced, an unfortunate remark, an unfortunate complexion of the day, an unfortunate tone of voice, a cold—nay, so absolute a trifle as an unfortunately chosen ribbon, and many a thing more trifling still, has been known to be a speedy corrective to first-sight love, and to send one from the desired visit—the penetrating *second-sight*, with the tranquillizing

conviction, that *she* is not so beautiful, after all—that the sun may shine on her equals, her superiors, and, in fine, that it is very possible to live without her.

But when the mind is left to dwell upon its first perception, and to cherish the loveliness that broke on it but for a moment, like a glimpse of paradise—a rapid, evanescent opening of that heaven for which he suffers, on the closing eye of an expiring martyr; when nothing intervenes to divert solitary thoughts, and comparison is impossible—when memory and imagination, and other of the soul's faculties, are exclusively employed on the first impression, like many diverging streams united and thrown with impetuous force in one channel, it must be, that they give it depth and extent—it is likely to happen that rapid admiration be converted into fanciful but

imperious passion; and more particularly, as was our young Greek's case, if the accidents of separation from objects that must recall the intoxicating dream—of absence, of occupation, of variety, be wanting, and if the rising sun of each morning renew the promises that yesterday had belied—the hopes, the assurances that “to-day I shall see her again!”

We would not willingly abuse the too frequently abused words, but from the causes alluded to—from his gratitude for her generous attentions to his helpless relative, his darling mother's parent which he sincerely felt—from a certain feeling of esteem which, from what he had seen and learned of her, would mix with his more sensual admiration of her person; and perhaps, still more than all, from his imaginative passionate disposition, Constantine was at this moment in love with Veronica, and was fast

forgetting that she was the daughter of an Armenian seraff, that he was the son of an hospodar of Wallachia, and that insurmountable obstacles must oppose their union. Their union!—Yes, their lawful marriage, for even early in his love as this, *he*, though not without an effort, could look over the fancied inferiority of Armenian blood. If thoughts less licensed had occupied his passionate brain, they were speedily put to flight by his better feeling, and (shame on us all!) who among us would venture to divulge his soul's secret thoughts, his passion's first suggestions, when its object was really, or imaginarily, inferior in caste or condition, or when the legitimate indulgence of that passion would entail the wrath of family and the scoff of friends. Still, however, Constantine was a Greek and a Fanariote; and though he would not act with the extreme de-

gree of dishonour to Veronica, he already would not hesitate to employ every species of craft and deception against the Tinghir-Oglus and the whole Armenian race, whom he well knew would be averse to him.

He was, indeed, if ever man was in the state we have described—in love ! His heart was full of one dear image, and yet he was not exempt from the personal vanity proverbially attached to the Greeks. His elevated condition allowed him the privilege, and he had changed his heavy, huge, graceless samoor-calpack for the Turkish fess and Eastern turban, susceptible of such infinite elegance and grace ; and if the pure white were prohibited to all but Osmanlis, the cherished green to all but the emirs, or cousins of the prophet, he could venture on other bright hues. His turban was of a bright grey, but lines of gold transversed it rather closely, and a fringe or tassel of gold

fell from one of its extremities, and floated, as he walked, upon his shoulder; the exquisite linen's folds were broad, and *roundly* relieved; the whole had the Stambooli *non-chalant* and proud obliquity, which is attained but by the finished Eastern *petit-maitre*, which occupies the most anxious minutes of the toilette, and is the utter despair of the uninitiated, or of those who have not been admitted into the very penetralia of the fashion and bon-ton of the capital. From the aspiring side of his turban, to balance the tassel on the depressed side, there floated a bright carnation, entwined with the small white flowerets of the jasmin; and the rich blue silk knot of his fess or scarlet skull-cap, (the nucleus of the turban,) just showed itself in the midst of the rich folds, and formed a crown, or termination to the whole. His beneesh, light in colour and material, as befitted the season, was of the hue of the downy peach, of the manufacture of

the finest looms of France—the cut was perfect—it fell in free graceful folds, but not lower than the calf of the leg, and the wide open sleeves flowed into drapery, almost as classic as the toga, from the raised arm of some ancient statue, as he walked along with that elegant deportment—which he shared, however, with even the poorest of his countrymen.

He did not wear the jubbee or flowing silk gown, which, as generally worn by the Turkish effendis, gives an unnatural, effeminate appearance to the whole man, and assorts most ridiculously, in the stranger's eye, with thick beard and fierce moustache; his camisole was beautifully worked in silk, and gold thread; it was cut in the picturesque fashion of the Albanians, disclosing the neck nearly to the shoulder; whilst below the breast, some fanciful apertures and loop-holes, permitted a jewelled and ena-

melled watch to show itself, and gave egress to a costly Venetian gold chain loaded with rings and seals. The shawl that girded his waist was an exquisite cachemere, and so well arranged, that both its blue ground-work and elaborate broad fringe, of many and bright and felicitously combined hues, were well and sufficiently displayed—another great art, be it said in passing, of the Oriental toilette. The princes of Wallachia and Moldavia might even carry arms; and in Constantine's girdle there glittered a short, but massy-handed poinard, set with brilliants, rubies, and emeralds. An instrument of death, throughout the east, being rendered the most costly toy, and considered as essential to the equipment of a gentleman. His shaksheers, or ample Turkish trowsers, were of an amaranthine colour, and of materials still finer than the flowing cloak; they were

contracted by a silken string above the ankle, and revealed that glory of glories, for a Christian—a rayah subject,—that boon, for which alone, death had so often been dared by the intriguing ambitious Greeks,—that summum bonum (in the words of Anastasius) a pair of yellow slippers! In short, Constantine had all the advantages of dress: he could not be better attired, according to the style of the country; and we generally seem to agree, that the costume of the Turks is among the most graceful we are acquainted with. He was fully aware of these advantages; he had improved them, particularly, by the studious toilette of the morning, and he had been too often praised for the beauty of his face and figure, and too long accustomed to compare the flattering reflexion of his own mirror with the features and forms of those he met, to be ignorant that, all in all,

he was one of the handsomest youths at Stamboul. "If I cannot see Veronica," thought he, as he stepped along with grace, and the complacent consciousness of his own good looks; "or, if I cannot discover her through her mantle and veil, she at least can see me—must see me,—and that will be something!"

He had scarcely consoled himself with this idea, when he came up with a troop of Armenian females, who were slowly shuffling up the hill, and increasing, or, it might be, relieving the toils of the ascent, by a general and most voluble gossip.

Their mestler and papooshes were pretty new, and so were their cloaks, and of a finer cloth than would compete with the vulgar. He looked where their faces ought to be, and saw that the yashmacks that buried them were of fine stuffs, and clear as the untrodden

snow—these were all the outer, out-of-door, indications of superior condition, that ever enable the eye to judge of the Turkish or Armenian fair.

They must be Armenian ladies—Veronica might be among them: he would listen, and he thought not even the interposing folds of the linen, which press on the mouth and give to speech the tones it has when under a carnival mask,⁽¹⁾ could disguise for a moment her thrilling voice, at which his heart having once beat, would beat again, should it strike his ear, from a sympathy as mysterious and as powerful as that under which the ocean's waves rise and fall, to the fair and distant moon.

The sympathy, however, was not so strong as he supposed, or Veronica was *not* there; or if she was, she did not speak, for no discovery could Constantine make, though he had the

patience to listen at some length to the vocal concert, and to learn, much to his edification, that fat neighbour Maghurditch was ill of a money fever, ever since the Porte had cut off a pasha,—a creditor's head, without allowing him time to settle with his seraff;⁽²⁾ that cousin Bedros was certainly going to marry his eldest daughter to cousin Bogos; that Asphadur, the enameller, had changed three of the best diamonds in the Stamboul effendi's handjar;⁽³⁾ that Capril, the Kalemkiar painter, had changed his religion; and Artine, the broker, his manners, for he was going every night among the Franks at Pera to play *whisk*!

Constantine was about to pass on with an impatient pshaw! when a sonorous voice he had not hitherto heard, preluded a long speech with the name of Tinghir-Oglu. He stopped short; and the words of the gossip he next caught, were—

“Yes, I can assure you, the presents are all fixed and ready; and she is to be married next week!”

“Married—*who?* *she* married?” the Prince was well nigh crying out aloud; and his breathing came thick, and his knees trembled under him, as he stepped closer to the communicative dame, and tried to catch the rest of the words.

By some perversity or other, for which he could have found it in his heart to throw her down the chasm, round whose upper end they were now advancing, the Armenian dame, who had begun to speak with a voice as distinct as a public crier’s, suddenly lowered her tone just at the part that interested him, and continued her news in a whisper, which he cursed from the bottom of his heart.

“Oh, no! as to that, she died yesterday morning,” were the next words from another speaker, that Constantine could understand,

and with that *fixity* of idea which possesses us, in certain conditions of mind, he still recurred to Veronica of the Tinghir-Oglus, and without reflecting that the same person could not well be married next week, and dead yesterday, a cold sweat burst forth on his forehead. This was but for a moment; he had seen Veronica, or at least members of her family, step into a caïk but a few hours before, to repair to a scene of festivity—the gossip must be speaking of some other person.

And so she was, for she went on to say that though Puzant had lost one wife so suddenly, there could be no doubt that a rich shawl merchant like himself, would soon bargain for another man's daughter, and get her too. Death should not seem to be a pleasing subject, and yet people in the East, as well as people in the West, enter on it, when once introduced, with extreme zest.

“The *tabute* ⁽⁴⁾ has been in our quarter, as well as yours,” said a waddling dame, who had hitherto been silent: “fat Haterick, the wife of Hatchadûr, the money-lender, has lost her youngest daughter Serpui—but she has got nine others—God is great! and so, you know, there is no great harm done!” ⁽⁵⁾

To escape this detailed necrology, Constantine quickened his steps, and passed the Armenian ladies.

The ravine, or hollow, mentioned as running behind Arnaüt-keui, extends for some distance within land. After the village finishes, there are several scattered houses and kiosks along its steep banks; the acclivities of the hills are cultivated here and there, and bear vines; a few pine trees and a few cypresses aid the scene, and if the hollow be not itself a lovely spot, it certainly is the way to some of the loveliest on earth. When at the head of the ravine, by

continuing straight on, you come to the ridge of the Thracian hills, or summit of the European banks of the Bosphorus, which is most gracefully crested at that point with a whispering grove of delicate light trees. There is a romantic fountain not remote; a still more romantic path or road winding along the valleys, and over the dusky, heathy hills towards Stamboul, passing by the too-memorable site of Levend-Chiflik; ⁽⁶⁾ and there is a cool coffee-house well furnished with seats and sherbets, coffee and chibooks, where you may repose yourself, and feast upon the scene.

But still a greater treat is offered to the eye of the stranger, if, instead of continuing straight on from the village, he turn at the head of the hollow, and follow its left side, returning towards the Bosphorus. He will presently arrive at a smooth piece of table land—a natural elevated esplanade, that runs out

on a projecting headland or cape, which forms an elbow in the channel. This esplanade is enclosed and imperial property, but the public are allowed to promenade there, and a rubieh will always procure admittance to a lovely kiosk which is built at its extremity, and immediately over the narrow sea; and hence is, beyond compare, the finest immediate view of what we have mentioned as the finest parts of the Bosphorus. It is here, Kandilly, and the hills and shores of Asia, besprent with gardens, groves, villas, marine residences, mosques, and royal kiosks, display all their charms. It is here that the eye plunges down on the winding shores of Europe, and on these rapid yet tranquil waves that divide the two continents; and it is rapture to stand here at the evening hour, and watch the fancifully shaped sails, and the swift caïks gliding beneath

you, whilst, from the effect of the setting sun's magical colouring, from their picturesque forms, which are not unlike the *chalets* of mountainous Switzerland, the meanest houses on the water's brink, with their hilly background, verdant and sylvan, assume the character of intrinsic loveliness.

This was the road our hero took. He found, as he had expected, crowds of people gathered on the advantageous esplanade, and plenty of Armenian females, like the Jewesses and the Turkish women, sitting in groups apart from the men, though not a few of them were engaged in the same manner—smoking! but he looked in vain for anything that might denote the presence of Veronica.

He walked round the space, and backward and forward, wherever he saw the purple slipper—still not one of the daughters of Armenia

seemed much to regard him, and even the consolation of being at least seen by Veronica, if he could not see her, was deserting him, when a party of Greek ladies—friends whom he had neglected for several days—traced his melancholy steps, and faced him on a sudden, with a playful reproach, that from the nature and steadiness of his occupation there, he must have fallen in love with some yashmack—was it Turkish, Armenian, or Jewish? Was it fair, was it pardonable, in him, a Greek, thus to abandon his own countrywomen?

With such evidence as the personal charms and graces of the fair Grecian interlocutors before them, no court would, at the moment, have hesitated to declare in their favour, when brought in immediate comparison, as they were, with the awkwardness of dress and demeanor and barbarous concealment of face of the other

classes of the Sultan's female subjects. The ladies of the Fanar advanced frankly with unveiled features, and with a dress so contrived, that instead of wrapping the whole figure, as in a sack, it disclosed, with delicate reserve, the beauties of form; the Greek flowing white veil, as graceful as a Spanish mantilla or a Venetian fazzolli, and almost as coquettish, draped the back and sides of the head, in a style frequently found in ancient statues;⁽⁷⁾ but a *toque*, or *kalemkiar*, worn as a turban, showed itself in the front of the head, and relieved, by the brilliancy of its colour, and by the glossy black folds of hair that it allowed to escape from beneath it, the shroud-like whiteness of the veil. The veil fell loosely to the shoulder, thus interposing no obstacle to the sight of a long, white, elastic neck; it was then curiously crossed, and part coming in front of the robe,

and part floating down the back of the pelisse, it formed a most graceful piece of drapery, loose, ample, and snowy white. The pelisse was of fine light-blue cloth, and scarcely descended to the ankle, for the skirt of a muslin dress, tastefully embroidered, peeped beneath it. Instead of the loose, shapeless, leather boots, which, as worn by the Turkish, Armenian, and Jewish ladies, give their legs the appearance of being afflicted with a monstrous species of elephantiasis, and the peaked slippers which flap and shuffle as they walk, the fair Greeks had adopted the elegancies of Europe, (among the prettiest inventions of modern dress,) the embroidered silk-stockings, or the cotton *bas au jour*, and the small, low-cut shoe, which contributed to display to advantage the statue-like shape and even the colour of the delicate ankle, the high, elastic instep, the concise,

rounded heel, and the flat, classical fall of the toes. ⁽⁸⁾

Constantine, pre-occupied as he was, had too much gallantry and Greek elasticity of character, to refuse the attention and admiration his fair friends challenged. He had only been out of humour, because he had lamed his best Arabian—he was only sauntering there on foot, because he had not a steed he cared for, to carry him; and he assured them, at the moment they had overtaken him, he was only thinking how beautiful was the Bosphorus, Arnaüt-Keui, and Kandilly.

The lightness of heart we assume, will often become real for the time. The Prince had waxed lively and animated, and was profuse of his wit and attentions, when, chancing to cast his eye on a group of Armenian women sitting on the grass, whom, be it said, he had passed

several times before without heeding, so busily was he engaged with his fair Fanariotes, it struck him that there was one in the number regarding him with peculiar and unremitting interest. The witticism died on his lips : it might be Veronica—he gazed as he drew nearer, but whoever it might be, like the shade of the injured Dido at the approach of Eneas, she turned away her head.

He was again agitated and absent—the Cocona Elenco, the youngest and the loveliest of the friends he was promenading with, rallied him to no purpose—in vain her tapering arm was thrust forth coquettishly from the wide falling sleeves of her pelisse—in vain did she lay her cool, small fingers, on his arm, and ask him, in the prettiest tone of her voice, whether his best Arabian was worse, much worse. Constantine could not recover his presence of mind;

and less than ever, when on suddenly turning his head back on the sedent figure whom he had now past, he caught the overpowering glance of two large black eyes, full of tears. He could have rushed to fall at her feet, to remove the odious yashmack that concealed the rest of her features—to kiss the precious drops as they were shed, and shed for him—for it was Veronica! Could he mistake the glance of those eyes?

It was indeed she, and the Armenian maiden loved him; her tears were distilled by love's never-erring proof—by jealousy. Yes, Veronica already loved, and more ardently than the Prince Constantine, and she wept to see him accompanied as he was, whilst she, confined by the narrow, barbarous custom of her people, was condemned to sit by, like a heap of rags, and silently and concealedly watch the effect of

the unveiled charms of those who would for ever exclude her from the affections of her heart's idol !

The torrent of thought and passion that ran through the hearts of both the Greek youth and the Armenian maid, at this rapid, furtive interchange of glances, though long to description or analysis, itself occupied but a moment ; for the report of a fire-arm, a loud cry, and a general rush were heard, and a drunken Janisary, with a pistol in his hand, and his unsheathed yataghan between his teeth, was seen pursuing an Armenian, whom in his inebriety he must have taken for a Greek, for as he ran he continued to foam at the mouth, and to cry, "I am in a humour to kill a Greek—stop, you unclean Ghiaour—you Greek, whose mother I defile, that I may burn your brains, and cut your throat !" (9)

The festive groups that thronged the esplanade were all thrown into alarm by the barbarian; the women screamed and fainted; the men—the unarmed rayahs—had not courage to attempt to stop him, though from the effect of what the fellow had drunk, he reeled as he ran, and fell several times with his length to the ground. Constantine saw this scene with indignation; he was not one, though an oppressed Greek, to whom the exercise of arms was forbidden, while their use was familiar to him as a study and an exercise, to stand by and see a fellow creature massacred by a ruffian. He was releasing himself from the terrified Fanariote ladies, to rush to the assistance of the Armenian, who had by this time approached the spot where he stood, when a voice from her of the tearful eye exclaimed, “Holy virgin! it is my father! the Turk is killing my father!”

That cry would have sent him to the cannon's mouth : he flew after the janissary who had just passed him, and Constantine's hand struck the villain's elbow in time ; for within a couple of yards of his victim, the old Armenian, who was breathless and could no longer exclaim as he had been doing, " I am no Greek, but an Armenian and a seraff, and the friend of all Osmanlis," the furious drunkard was pressing the trigger of his pistol. The weapon went off, but the ball, instead of finding a lodging in the body of the fugitive, merely found a passage through the seraff's huge calpack. The Janissary would have turned with his yataghan on the interferer, but the Prince, who would have been so much his inferior in strength, had the fellow been sober enough to use his, had all the advantages of dexterity and activity, and contrived to throw the drunken brawler on his

back, though in so doing he received a slight flesh wound from the yataghan.

One of the Turks in attendance on Constantine, converted in part by his generosity from the character of a spy on his actions, to that of a really devoted servant to the young Greek, ⁽¹⁰⁾ ran up to the assistance of his master, who, should the Janissary recover his feet, had no arms to oppose to his yataghan, save the diamond-hilted dagger, the ornament of his girdle. Mustapha, as robust a fellow as ever went bare-legged in Stamboul, presently wrenched his arms from the janissary, and as the fellow was secured, the Turkish guard came deliberately to the spot, adhering thus to their constant practice, never to interfere as long as there is any chance of mischief being done, or of their presence being of any kind of use.

The Prince could now look about him. The

doughty Armenian Tinghir-Oglu, whose life he had probably saved, was not there to thank him, for his fears, or the effect of the pistol-ball that had whisked through his calpack, seemed to have made a vacuum before him, and he continued to run on when his foe the Janissary no longer pursued, but lay, very much surprized at all that had happened, among the feet of the bostandjis. (11)

But there was one at hand, whose gratitude was to him more *grateful*---whose single word might out-value the eloquence, the united thanks of the whole Armenian people.

When Veronica uttered that cry of filial alarm and anguish, at which Constantine had thrown himself on the Janissary, she neither fainted like some of her female kindred among whom she was seated, nor rose and ran away in delicate regard to her own safety, like others. She sat

motionless as a rock, and as breathless too, with her arms extended, tense and rigid as if fixed in convulsion, towards her parent. At the dreadful flash, a scream died away on her heart, but found no utterance; her straining eye, with affection's energies, broke the film that was gathering before it, and she could see that her father had not fallen before the Turk's pistol. Yet she had not time to feel or to indulge the filial gratitude that became her, for the same glance informed her it was Constantine Ghika who had rushed to her father's succour, and that he was now engaged in a deadly struggle with an Osmanli. The ice began again to gather round her heart. When, however, she saw the brawny ruffian reel and fall to the ground, and another Turk run, not to assist him, but to secure his arms—when she saw Constantine recomposing the folds of his turban

and his flowing cloak, both sufficiently deranged in the scuffle, she sprang to her feet, and ran to bless him. Heedless of the rude Turkish guard that had now approached, forgetful of the rigid decorum imposed on her as an Armenian female, and an unmarried one, she exclaimed aloud, "My prince! you have saved my father's life; and I am from this hour your devoted slave!"

Constantine turned to the heart thrilling profession of gratitude, for she had approached behind him; the yashmack covered her face, and shrouded its pallour, and its beauty and expression; but a torrent of devotion, admiration, love, and love not to be mistaken, flowed from her large black eyes.

"Lady," said the prince, courteously, and in an under voice, "this is not the place for the indulgence of your feeling—recompose your-

self, I pray !—But you are alone, here, among men ; let me lead you to your friends !”

The Armenian girl mechanically followed the steps of the Greek, who made his way through the guard.

“ Veronica,” added he, in a very different tone, when at a few paces distance ; “ Veronica ! to have been thus able to serve you, to whom I owe so much, for all your kindness to my aged and deserted relative, is indeed happiness ! An angel has guided my steps hitherward to-day. I was dying to see you once again ; to be, at least, again near you, and I have had the fortune.”

“ And you have desired to see me again,” said the fair Armenian, in a voice, which though but a whisper, was penetrating and passionate, “ can I believe it ? you came not here to meet those very handsome Greek ladies ? you have

thought of her you only once saw for a minute."

"As I live and breathe, I have thought of nothing else; and for a pleasure like that of the minute you name, I have ever since been impatient. The last day or two"—

"Listen, Prince! our moments are few—we must not be seen long thus in converse. I feel inclined to believe what, in believing, would make me happy; but *you*, on your part, credit me, that your impatience has been shared—that she who now speaks to you, has thought the moments long since last we met; and had she not been prevented by family circumstances, and the importune presence of a female friend who has never left her until this moment, when there would have been danger in her staying, she would have been at the Princess' before now."

"Family circumstances," and the gossip of

the Armenian women, which had recently given him so much pain, occurred to Constantine, “It is then true, that you are going to be married?”

“I married! God in his mercy forbid! But a cousin of mine *is* about to be married, and I have been busied in preparing our portion of presents on the occasion.”

“Veronica, I thank you—you have made me happy; but tell me—how, when shall we meet again?”

“Alas, alas! I am not allowed to go and to come, to visit and to receive visits, as is the custom with your people. I am a poor Armenian maiden, and subjected to almost the same restrictions as the females of our masters, the Turks; but yet, Prince, with proper caution, we may meet—we *will* meet, if *you* wish it—if you——”

“ If I love you ? doubt it not, my Veronica ! I love, I adore you ; nay, start not, the passion shall bode no ill to you.”

As they conversed, they had walked slowly onward towards the edge of the esplanade ; they had moreover gradually approached nearer to each other, and at this moment they stood by the imperial kiosk, at the very point whence the Bosphorus and its glories burst so felicitously on the eye, and so close were they now to each other, that at the declaration of his passion, the Prince grasped the hand of Veronica.

If he had ever felt the flesh wound he had received from the Janissary's yataghan, he had certainly never been sensible of it, since his rencontre with the fair Armenian ; but as he closed her little and but half retiring hand within his, the blood that had trickled down his arm, was conveyed to her delicate palm, and from the motion he made, several large

drops fell on the wide linen sleeves of her robe. As the red spots met her eye, Veronica trembled, tottered: though near fainting, she recovered herself, gently repelling the Prince—who losing, in the sight of her condition, all consciousness of where he was, and how situated as regarded her—extended his arms to receive her: it was several seconds before she could speak, and then the words came indistinctly and huskily.

“ Prince! you are wounded—and I know not how to assist you.”

“ A trifle---a mere prick from the yataghan’s point; think not of it,” said Constantine, throwing from him the blood, which now indeed seemed to flow rather copiously. Veronica trembled more than ever, when she saw the large drops fall on the green grass. “ It is no trifle, I fear---I fear you are much hurt—and for my father—for me,—and they come not to your aid!”

“ It is nothing, Veronica! upon my word, it is

nothing,"—and the Prince again approached her; "but the drops of blood which now flow innocuously from my arm, I would shed from my heart for you—I swear, nay, why again start from me?—by the love I feel, I swear——"

Trembling all over, uttering her scarcely intelligible words with extreme difficulty, and holding up her little white hand, whiter than snow, save where her lover's blood had stained it, the Armenian maiden interrupted him—"Oh do not swear! not now, not now--there was blood on the hand with which you grasped mine, to give me the first assurance of your love—see here, the purple stains! This is not the moment--and oh! I dread that only trouble and sorrow can ensue from a passion commencing under such ill omens as blood—blood!"⁽¹²⁾

The difficulties that must oppose her love, now burst upon her in fulness and horror;

though strong minded, she had not overcome a superstition so general and so powerful all over the East, as that of a belief in omens: the one she had just received was of a fatal character; she gazed on the blood on her little hand, until she sickened at the heart—the scenes she had just witnessed—a father's peril, a lover's wound, had tried her severely, and she had borne up with a courage that few women might equal; but she could no more—the uplifted, stained hand dropped to her side; the large black eyes that had been fixed upon it in speaking terror, slowly closed, and Veronica's delicate form would have fallen to the ground, if the Prince had not caught her in his arms. Still, so strong and intent was the mind that animated her weak, frail body, that she could scarcely be said to have fainted; though but for once, she put her hand to her

yashmack, to prevent Constantine from withdrawing it, which however he did, to give her air; she struggled slightly in his embrace as he pressed her passionately to his heart, and on hearing her name shouted out by her friends, who had at last recovered from their own terrors, and had time to think of her, she by a wonderful effort recovered her strength and her self-possession, and hurrying the yashmack over her face, left the Prince's arms, and walked, though with faltering and uncertain steps, in the direction of the kindred voices.

The esplanade had been thinned by those who had fled at the Janissary's intrusion; it was now cleared by those who followed his arrest, to see in what the business had originated, and in what it would end.

Scarcely any body remained on the pleasant flat, as Veronica, followed at a few paces dis-

tance by the Prince, advanced to meet her father, her aunt, her elder sister, and the old female attendant, or duenna.

“ You are not hurt, my father ?” tenderly inquired the agitated girl.

“ No—not at all, thanks to Heaven !” replied the old pursy seraff, who had not yet recovered the breath he had lost in running away from the Janissary ; “ but where have you been, while we have been looking after you ?”

Veronica could not reply, but the Prince, who felt rather embarrassed as the eyes of the Armenian party glanced suspiciously from him to his companion, and next from her to him, said with a wave of the hand, and a tone that did honour to his Fanariote education—

“ The young lady was left by her companions—she has been here at hand waiting their return, and I have had the pleasure of

protecting her from evil or insult in their absence !”

The seraff put his hand to his forehead, his lips, and his heart, saluting the Prince with due Oriental respect, and then drily inquired,

“ And pray, Chelibi, ⁽¹³⁾ may I ask who you are? I see you are not one of us.”

“ I am Constantine Ghika, son of the hospodar ; but my name and condition are of little consequence here. I am he who lately, *perhaps*, saved your life, and who certainly prevented the Janissary from shooting you,” replied the Prince.

“ And in so doing, my father,” warmly rejoined Veronica, “ was wounded himself—see, he still bleeds !”

The old Armenian, who had never once looked behind, knew not but that it had been St. George or St. Michael in person that had saved

him ; the benefit, however, was of too important a nature, and too recently conferred, to be treated neglectfully, though the benefactor was a schismatic Greek, and wore yellow slippers instead of purple ; he again pressed his head, his mouth, his bosom, and bowing lowly, and touching the earth at Constantine's feet, said,

“ Great Hospodar,” I am your slave all the rest of my days ! all that I have is yours, and I hope the next time you pass by Emenergen-Oglu, you will permit me to give you—a pipe and a cup of coffee !”

At another moment, Constantine might have smiled at the magnificent free offering of the banker, but he was interested in watching the grateful, anxious eyes of Veronica, and was delighted to have an opportunity of passing a quarter of an hour, at least, under the

same roof with her. He modestly protested what he had done scarcely merited so great a reward; and then saying his wound, though a trifle, was becoming troublesome from the quantity of blood that was flowing from it, and required a bandage, he bowed a *congéé* first to the old man, next to the old women, and last to the gentle Veronica, who looked at him supplicatingly, as if imploring him to have a care of himself.

As he walked slowly away, intending merely to get out of sight of the party, to bind his handkerchief round his arm, and then to follow them to the water's edge, he heard one of the female voices say, "A worthy youth, and modest, though a Greek." Another added, "It is to be hoped, however, under favour of the blessed Virgin, that he did not see our Veronica's face!" And Veronica herself, whose

tones were thenceforward to be the music of his soul, closed the remarks that met his ear. “He is good, and he is noble! he has saved my father, and may *heaven bless him as I do!*”

We have all felt the low, melancholy mood of mind that follows moments of extraordinary excitement; and some of us may have experienced that feeling of extreme susceptibility to objects of external beauty, which accompanies the dawning passion of love. Constantine was worked upon by both these influences, and, perhaps, for the first time in his life, as he was on the Bosphorus, he was struck by the sad, holy aspect of the Turkish cemetery on the water's edge, which we have before noticed, and determined to land and muse awhile within it.

The long, sharp prow of his caïk touched the

strand, and he leaped on shore in the romantic garden of death, and ordering the boatmen, who thought him mad, to wait, he retired with that sentiment which, in all solemn matters seems to induce us to seek utter solitude, he fled to the thickest part of the religious wood, and sat himself down by a recently made grave's headstone — an elaborate work, with lofty caouk and folding turban, that denoted the precise rank and condition of him who now lay beneath in death's equality, with intricate arabesques, boldly relieved, and done in gold, and in the deep blue of the lapis lazuli, and with a long inscription running diagonally, and covering the whole slab from the arabesques to the point where the springing green grass from the prolific sod waved round its foot. As common, in the sepulchres of the rich, there was another sculptured stone at the grave's foot, but rather lower than that at the head ;

its only ornaments were a tree—a stately palm, gently relieved and coloured with green and with gold, and a wavy line, like the blade of an angel's sword, or the bolts in the hands of the thunderer, which ran round the edge of the purely white marble. Two lateral slabs, whose breadth attained about one-third of the elevation of the head-stone, and about half that of the foot-stone, united both together; there was no covering slab, as the Turks in their *material* superstition, and by a rescript of the prophet, never lay weight over the shallow soil that covers the dead, lest it should check his rise at the judgment-day,⁽¹⁴⁾ but within the enclosure of the pale marbles, flowers that seemed to have been sedulously cultivated, saluted the eye with melancholy bloom, and the nostril with an odour overpoweringly languid.

“It ought to be pleasant thus to rest,”

reasoned the moody lover; “and thus, in the gloom of eastern cypresses, with the gleam of spotless marbles, and the blush of roses—in silence like this, and with a genial heat, a balmy air like these upon ye—grave! horrid as thou art elsewhere, here thou seemest replete with beauty, and wouldst make one almost in love with thee! ’Tis strange that a scene, sweet, poetical, ethereal like this, should be the work of a gross, sensual, and barbarous people—the disciples of a false code! I would not live the life of a Turk,—I have done so, perhaps, too much already—but, no! I would not envy the life of one wealthier, grander, than he this proud tomb covers; but when all is over, I could look with complacency to a resting-place like this, and prefer the Moslem’s grave to all others. Even now, so beauteous and so holy is this spot, I could al-

most lay down my head on that pillow of green sward which crowns a humbler grave, and unrepiningly resign this troublous spirit. I could almost wish to die, to be buried in a place like this!"⁽¹⁵⁾

Presently, his thoughts flowed in another course, and those who have reflected on the sudden turns of their own mind, and how, from the pure, and the calm, and the soothing, we frequently rush at once to the dark, the irritating, the harrowing, will not be surprised if his abstractions were of a character totally different from those which had immediately preceded them.

In glancing at the back of the head-stone, he saw some but half-effaced traces of the graceful, the never-to-be-mistaken, ancient Greek chisel. He looked closer—he traced the outline of some exquisite female figures, that seemed to have

formed a procession—he traced the emblematic extinguished torch, and the touching type of our immortality, a butterfly rising from its dull chrysalis coil; and he knew that same fair marble had once adorned another tomb than that of the Turkish effendi. But what was there? On one corner of the stone, defaced more carefully than the Pagan symbols, was the Christian cross and the mystic fish;⁽¹²⁾ and in examining these more closely, he observed that they, with the commencing letters of an epitaph, had been cut over part of the more ancient classic work. “And cannot even the solemnity of the grave,” mused the sad humourist, “inspire the virtue of honesty, and respect for the ashes of the dead? What have we here but a repeated sacrilege—a double robbery? The Christian desecrates the Pagan’s tomb—the Turk the Christian’s, and effaces as

equally obnoxious, the work of both, to make room for his own epitaph, which he fondly hopes will be respected and enduring! Who, then, need care where his ashes repose; or flatter himself—unless they be given at once to the elements, through the agency of fire, or cast into the remote and fathomless sea—that his remains will be undisturbed by man! Anon, the Muscovites may be masters of proud Stamboul, and the Turks—the Turks, who have never dug a stone, nor worked in the marble quarry,⁽¹³⁾ since their establishment in the fallen regions of architecture and sculpture, but have mutilated ancient art, and raised their motley structures with the exquisite fragments of my ancestor's skill, may see these cherished tombs (portions of their abused spoil) torn from the grave and the cypress grove, to build stables and barracks for the Ghiaours! Let me be

gone! the beauty of death and the repose of the grave, must be sought for in other objects and connexions than these, which, beauteous and impressive as they are, partake of the nature of every thing on earth, and afford no ‘lasting delight.’”

The young Prince rushed from the cemetery with these feelings of irritation, which might have been soothed, while his amorous heart “was softened to rapture,” by the cooing of the little blue turtle-doves that flitted through the sombre shade of the cypresses, and over the thickly-strewed graves, as if they had been the earth-lingering spirits of those who were there mouldering to dust.

“Panagia,” cried one of the boatmen, as the sensitive Constantine, pale and agitated, stepped into his caïk, in the dusk of evening; “the effendi has seen a ghost!”

“What could he expect to meet in such a place, but Vourvoulackis?”⁽¹⁴⁾ said his comrade.

“It is wicked to tempt the evil one, as he has done, and I should not be surprised to hear that one of those Turks he has been disturbing, has followed him home in the shape of a black dog!”

“What nonsense is that you are talking about Vourvoulackis and black dogs?” inquired Constantine, who was willing enough to escape from melancholy reflexions, which though deep while they last, seldom last very long, in the happily constituted mind of a Greek.

“It is no such *bosh*⁽¹⁵⁾ as you may think,” replied one of the boatmen, crossing himself.

“Why, surely, you have not eaten bread for thirty years, and gained those manly moustachoes, and believe in the tales of the Paramanas?”⁽¹⁶⁾ said the Prince, jestingly.

"I believe in what I have seen with mine own eyes," replied one of the boatmen.

"But you do not mean to say you have ever seen these ghosts and hobgoblins?"

"Aye, many a one!" affirmed the palikari.

"When you were drunk, perhaps?" said Constantine; "the spirits were those of the departed okkas of crassi, that had gone the *way of all wine*, down your unconscionable throat."

"I believe what I have seen, and what I have heard from men of truth," said the other boatman; "and only the other day, I had such a story from my cousin, a pilot on board the captain pasha's ship!"

"Did it happen to himself?" inquired Constantine.

"No, I cannot say it did, but he got the tale first-hand from a donkey-driver at Smyrna

—it had just happened, and was in every one's mouth.”

“ A donkey-driver at Smyrna is good authority for a ghost at Constantinople ; “ but, come, my lad, tell us your cousin's tale,” cried the Prince.

“ It was thus,” said the boatman, again crossing himself ere he begun. But we must give this supernatural episode the honour of another chapter, and beg the reader to remember, in aid to its effect, that it was told in a still, dark evening, between the shading banks of the Bosphorus, and with great earnestness of expression, by the Greek, whose voice quivered and faltered at the horrid points of his narrative.

CHAPTER VIII.

“You know Smyrna — every body knows Smyrna ; it is such a place for figs !”

The Prince nodded a recognition of the great eastern emporium, and the boatman went on.

“But perhaps you never heard talk of a little place, very near Smyrna, called Boodjà, which my cousin, the pilot, describes as a pleasant enough village, frequented by the Franks and others, during the summer, when people

can't live at Smyrna. Well, at this village there lived a certain Palikari,⁽¹⁾ called Costi, an honest lad and sober. He had lately taken a young wife, and inherited four strong asses, which he let out to the dwellers in the village, who perhaps do not know how to ride horses. He gained a comfortable living this way, for himself and spouse. To be sure, he had to work very hard, running with his donkeys from Boodjà to Smyrna, from Smyrna back to Boodjà, I know not how many times a day, and this, too, along a sultry, exposed road.

“ But what of that? it was an honest and genteel livelihood, for Costi in this manner might be said to keep the very best society in the village; and the great Frank merchants would gossip with him as he ran by their sides, occasionally crying out, *oxè, oxè*,⁽²⁾ a magical word that always makes the donkeys go right,

and, what was better still for Costì, they would often pay him double fare.

“ Well, one summer evening, Costì was in the Frank town, with two of his asses, waiting for a very great Ingliz,⁽³⁾ who was to return with him to Boodjà. It grew very late, but the donkey driver had to peep still longer through the iron-bound doors of the merchant’s counting-house, where the principal and three familiar spirits sat scribbling with all their might, in the vain hope that his freight, the merchant, would finish and take his departure. Still they sat scribbling, scribbling on, as if the world was nothing but one wide sheet of paper. Costì grew impatient, and so perhaps did his donkeys, for they began to bray in the yard. Their voices made the merchant think of his wife. He called Costì, and having written on a scrap of paper, that the good ship ‘ Mary’

had come in from London, and so he could not go out to his wife Mary at Boodjà, or something of that sort, and giving this to Costì, he told him to make the best of his way home.

“As the donkey-driver was going along the street of the Dung-hills, where my cousin tells me most of the handsome Frank coconas live, he met a friend.⁽⁴⁾

“ ‘How late you are to-night, Costì ! late and all alone ! Jannem,⁽⁵⁾ I hope you won’t meet a ghost !’ said this friend.”

“And then,” said Constantine, interrupting the boatman, “Costì left his donkeys in the street, and went into the first caffè, and drank half an okka of raki, to make himself ghost-proof.”

“Not a drop,” replied the boatman ; “the man was as sober as the beasts he was driving. But you put me out—where was I ? Oh, in

Dunghill-street. Well, on giving the ‘Good night’ to his friend, Costì did feel a little queer; but the moon shone bright and cheerfully, and he went on whistling and talking to a dappled donkey, that trotted on by itself a few paces a-head the one he rode on. In this way, he came to the Turkish burying-grounds at the edge of the town; they stood on each side of the way, and the shade of their lofty cypresses fell upon the paved road. Presently the foremost donkey began capering and snorting, as if the devil or the nose-flies were in him ⁽⁶⁾ ‘Oχè! oχè!’ cried Costì; but still the ass capered and snorted; he thought of a certainty the beast was bewitched, but coming out into the broad moonlight, he saw the cause of the creature’s caprices. It was a little black dog.

“Now, as dogs without masters are just as

common at Smyrna as at Stamboul, there would have been nothing extraordinary in seeing one where Costi did ; but oh, sir ! this little black dog was such a dog as had never been seen before—he did not walk like other curs, by putting one foot before the other, but sailed along as it were, between earth and air, close to the ground, but without touching it with his feet ; and then he did not go straight on, but saw-sawed across the road—now disappearing among the white Turkish tomb-stones on this side of the way, now among those on that side, and then, Panagia ! there was such a smell of sulphur, and every minute or so, a little blue flame spouted out of his nose, or played round the tip of his tail—a very small flame, not much more than the fire-fly's, but it was awful to behold ; and even the poor dappled donkey felt this little black dog was no fit companion.

“ Costì said his prayers, and then shouted to drive the dog away ; but little blacky, seeing across the road as before, kept a little in advance of the foremost ass, that still jumped and frisked as if he had been dancing the Romaïca with the dog.

“ A little beyond these burying-grounds, there runs a stream, ⁽⁷⁾ crossed by a stone bridge, called the Bridge of the Caravans. At the end of the bridge, towards the town, there is a Turkish guard-house and a caffè. Costì, as he approached it, saw some Zebecks ⁽⁸⁾ smoking their chibooks, and, as his knees were now knocking against the donkey’s sides with fear, he almost felt disposed to stop, and ask their assistance to rid him of the little black dog ; but as he came up to them, the surly voice of one, who, from within the cabin, inquired what was passing at that hour, and the still gruffer voice of

another from the outside, who replied that it was only two asses, a Greek, and another dog, deterred him, and he crossed the bridge without stopping or saying a word."

"But did not the Zebecks see the phenomenon of a dog breathing blue flames, and carrying fire on his tail?" asked Constantine.

"My cousin does not say that they did," replied the boatman; "the little black dog might have put his tail between his legs, as he passed the guard-house—but pray do not put me out.

"Well, on the other side of the stream, there is another Turkish cemetery, the largest at Smyrna, and covered with cypresses twice as high, and twice as black, as those in our burying-grounds at Pera or Scutari. Costi's road—a narrow lane, with turbaned pillars and new made graves on each side of it, lay through this cemetery—and then it was so dark!—those

thickly-set trees retained such a depth of gloom, that the benighted donkey-driver could hardly see any thing, save the white marble tomb-stones gleaming in long array, that appeared to have no end.

“At the edge of this forest of the dead, the little black dog disappeared. Costì thought he was quit of him; but as he rode through the dismal avenue, he heard a strange moaning to his right, and looking through the boles of the cypresses, he again saw the quivering blue flame—and something more awful still!”

“What! something worse than the black dog and the blue light?” interrupted Constantine.

“Of a certainty!” continued the boatman, “Costì saw a tall ghastly figure rising from a grave with an emir’s turban round his head!”

“Are you sure it was not a tall tomb-stone?” inquired the Prince.

“Rising from a grave,” resumed the boatman, without attending to his scepticism, “and uttering dreadful groans!

“Costì almost lost his wits, as well he might, and in terror he urged on his donkeys, that trembled almost as much as he did himself.

“He was a happy man when he got out of the dark lane, and could see the open country, and the splendid kiosks and gardens of the great Suleiman-Aghà,⁽⁹⁾ and the placid hills, and the broad bright moon; but, alas! he had not gone many steps, when the dappled donkey again began to caper and snort, and Costì smelt sulphur, and saw the little black dog again before him, gliding as if he did not touch the ground, and see-sawing across his road-as before. Though the donkey-driver’s tongue al-

most clove to the roof of his mouth, he contrived again to shout, but the black dog again disregarded his shouts, and kept sailing on over the moon-light path. Costì called on the Pagnagia, and every saint he could remember, and when that was over, he talked to his donkeys, to keep his spirits up. When they came to a rough ascending lane, running between beautiful olive groves, Costì had gained so much courage and resolution, that he descended from his ass to pelt away his ill-savoured fellow traveller, with stones, of which there was no scarcity in the lane. His stones had no more effect than his voice. He flung one after another, small and large; but though to his eye they seemed to hit him, or to pass through him, the little black dog took no heed of them, but glided on without bark or yelp, sporting the blue light at the tip of his tail, just as before.

Costi, growing desperate, ran after him to kick him. He kicked, but though he was only a span's length from him when he raised his foot to kick, before the blow descended, the little black dog was seen see-sawing across the lane fifty paces distant, and Costi only struck the root of an olive tree, which nearly broke his toes. *Kaïmena!*⁽¹⁰⁾ but how he did tremble then! he could hardly remount his donkey, and when he did, he wished the *Ingliz*, with all his bales, at the bottom of the Gulf of Smyrna, for having made him stay so late. He pressed on his asses to a full trot. The little black dog glided faster and faster, and was always a few yards in advance of him. At the head of a beautiful valley, that the Christians of Smyrna call the Valley of St. Anne, Costi had to pass the frowning ruins of an ancient aqueduct, which was known to be the resort of

Vourvoulackis, and all sorts of evil spirits. He flattered himself that the little black dog would here find more congenial society, and leave off persecuting an innocent Christian like himself; and sure enough, within the shade of the ruins, he disappeared. Costì pricked his donkey with his short, pointed stick,⁽¹¹⁾ but as he trotted on, over the uneven ground beyond the ruins, there came a rush of such awful sounds, from the arches and hollows of the old aqueduct, that his blood ran cold, and on looking before him, he saw, at his usual distance, the little black dog. O! how the poor fellow wished for some holy man to scare away this nothing less than devil. He would have given his asses, his only wealth, to have a companion with him; and he even felt some relief from the sight of a group of camels that were tranquilly reposing on the hill side, and in the fair moon light, close by their burdens and their sleeping drivers.⁽¹²⁾

“ The plain of Boodjà was now before him, and he was somewhat cheered by the sight of his village home. He cantered across the flat, with the dappled donkey capering and snorting, and the little black dog gliding and see-sawing before him. The latter, however, when he reached the edge of the village, again disappeared ; and Costi, now thinking he was entirely free from him, proceeded rejoicing to the house of the Ingliz, where he delivered his letter, and said nothing about what had happened to him. But, *kaïmena* ! judge of his condition, when, on reaching his own cottage, he saw a blue light gleaming from the shade of its portal ! Was he there again ?—could it be possible ?—Aye, sure enough there he was—the little black dog that had come all the way from Smyrna with him.

“ Spirits persecute the solitary ; and to complete Costi’s misfortunes, his wife had gone to

visit her mother at a village not far off, called Sedi-Keui. What was to be done? His friends, the Greek peasants of the village, had all been long since buried in sleep: not to be quite alone, he would have taken his favourite dapple into his hovel with him, but he was ashamed of that; and the donkey, who had no taste for a change of lodging, had marched off with his companion to his wonted shed. Costi knew from experience, that it was no use trying to drive away the pertinacious dog, so he went and gave his asses their supper. When he returned, he found the little black dog where he had left him. He thought it as well to be courteous, and said, though his voice trembled, ‘ha! ha! my little friend, you are still here, are you; you are determined we shall not part company over soon?’

“The little black dog wagged his sparkling

tail, and flames, like moustachoes of fire, came from his nostrils.

“ ‘But curse me if you shall come into my house,’ said Costi—and opening the door but very little, and occupying, as he thought, all the space, he squeezed himself in, and banged to the door (he was sure of that!) in the intruder’s face. But he did no such thing, for the first object he saw within the room, was the black dog and his blue light.

“ ‘Poor Costi’s misfortunes were every way complete—the only holy article of his household that might have been efficacious to expel the obstinate spirit, his wife had carried with her to protect her on her journey.—Perhaps, however, a light might do?’

“ ‘He lit his lamp, but its flame burned as blue as the nose and the tail of the dog, who now lay crouching and fixed on the wooden floor.

Costì took no supper that night; and he had not a single glass of raki in his cupboard to create courage or sleep. But tired at length with watching his black and silent guest, and worn out by the labours of the day, he threw himself on his bed, and, after long and fervent prayers, and many vain attempts, at last fell fast asleep."

"What a fool! Of course he never woke again—a vampire fixed upon him, and sucked his life's blood!" said Constantine, tauntingly.

"You are wrong again!" hastily resumed the boatman; "Costì did wake again, as the light of the risen sun shone through his lattice; but what do you think he saw, ha!—why instead of the little black dog, the corpse of a tall, stout Turk stretched on the floor, just where the dog had been lying!"

"Whew!" cried the Prince, "this is a ghost

story with a vengeance; but it would require even more force of persuasion than was possessed by the Mahometan doctor, Abou-Halife, ⁽¹³⁾ who could prove a column of wood to be a column of gold, to make me believe it. But go on—what did your donkey-driver do with this dead Turk? Did he chop him into kibaubs?"

"When Costi saw and felt the unwieldly carcase, he trembled all over like the curds of caimak, ⁽¹⁴⁾ and he did not know what to do with it. Should the Osmanli be found there, he knew his own head would speedily be between his legs: ⁽¹⁵⁾ and so, half dead with fear, he tottered off to a papas in the village, to tell his deplorable case, and seek advice.

"This priest was a man of vast ability, and thus he reasoned with Costi.

"To remove this dead Turk, more espe-

cially as he is so tall and so fat, would be a work of great labour, and you might be seen; but wait till night—when darkness falls upon the earth, the dead body will return to the shape of the little black dog, and then I will do his business and send him back whence he came.’

“ Things turned out just as he had said, and the papas was as good as his word. When he went into the room with Costì, he saw indeed, no dead Turk, but a very lively black dog, whisking round and round, and never resting. He began his prayers, he produced his relics—the little black dog whirled faster and faster, and presently darted out of the open door. Costì and the papas ran out of the house to watch his retreat—they saw a pale blue light the very next minute, playing along the distant ruined walls of Smyrna Castle: it was

the tail of the little black dog, which the donkey-driver never saw again: so my story ends."

" 'Tis a pity it is not longer," said Constantine, " but we have arrived in the Golden Horn—put me ashore, and good night, without Vourvoulackis be with you."

CHAPTER IX.

IN the turbulent days of the Janissaries, a scene of violence like that described in our last chapter but one, was by no means of rare occurrence, and a day of festivity among the Christian rayah subjects of the empire, would often end still more tragically, in the murder of defenceless individuals, guilty of no provocation, unless the sight of their enjoyments might be construed as such by the Turks. It was part of the system combined by the astucious Halet-

Effendi, and so unrelentingly pursued by Sultan Mahmood, to throw temptations in the way of the sons of Hadji-Bektash, to induce them into violent transgressions, that there might be an apparent and justifiable motive for the frequent executions that took place among the Janissaries, and that were slowly preparing, simultaneously with other and deep-laid plots, the final suppression of that now mock military association, which, like the Prætorian band of the falling empire of the West, was despicable to the enemy, and formidable only to the sovereign and the peaceful subject. (1)

All the means resorted to are not known; but it is a well ascertained fact, that from the beginning of Mahmood's reign, or at least shortly after the tremendous Janissary revolt, in which Mustapha Bairactar, the friend of the deceased Sultan Selim, and of European tactics, fell

under their rage, the more bold and desperate portion of the Odas,⁽²⁾ or such of them as could not be gained over to the views of government, or whom it was considered unsafe to trust, were subject to a mysterious but gradual mortality. From the castle on its banks, the Bosphorus received them; and its waves, a rapidly moving grave, kept the secret of their death, and wafted them to a remote shore. Their bodies would be seen through the transparent waters, shooting by the Seraglio point, and moving trunk and limb, as the current propelled, as though life were not extinct; across Marmora's wide basin, the fisherman or the peasant might watch their bleached and swollen corpses, as cast on the melancholy shore of Selymnia or Rodosto, the birds of the air whirled clamourously to devour what the finny race had spared; and farther still, and through

the straits of Helle, and distant as the *Ægean*, where it developes itself, ocean-like, by Troy, and Tenedos, Lemnos, and Mount Athos, the returning mariner would sometimes count the floating bodies, and reverting his eyes, exclaim, “*Mashallah ! but there is wrath at Stamboul.*”

Even in Turkey, however, it was necessary to throw a veil over such wholesale murder, and it was with consummate art, with a cunning all but devilish, that this was done, and that the stupid Janissaries were kept in security, as the glaive of the Sultan lopped off the most ardent, the strongest of their body; nor did the sons of Hadji-Bektash⁽³⁾ arouse themselves, until, like the Hebrew champion in the lap of Delilah, their lock of strength was shorn, and their arms bound.

Constantine Ghika, though from his elevated and perilous condition in the Ottoman empire,

he could not but observe all that was passing and preparing, was so occupied with other and newer and more agreeable objects of reflection, that he perhaps never would have once thought even of the Janissary who had so lately wounded him, had it not pleased Mustapha to relate the story of the curious affray.

The fellow, it appeared, had been drinking in a Greek cantiné, or wine-shop, at the upper part of the village of Arnaut-Keui, until, as a matter of course, he was drunk. The prophet's prohibition is entire; in the pages of the Koran no distinction is made as to quantity, a glass is as a bottle, a bottle as a butt; and with this conviction, the Turks⁽⁴⁾ when they once begin to drink the forbidden draught, never stop until they can swallow no more, or can get no more to swallow. The Greek, seeing his customer in that *dangerous* state, and knowing

perhaps that he would never pay a para for all the okkas in which he had been wetting his mustachoes, refused to draw him any more wine, and ran away with the rakié bottles. The eastern boniface was too slow in his retreat; the Janissary's pistol ball caught him before he could turn into another room, and broke his arm; and the hero, finding his courage up, fancied he had a taste to kill a Greek, and rushed into the path that led to the kiosk, with that laudable intent. Unlike the other conquered subjects of the Turks, who, in their estimation, presently reposed into tranquil, degraded rayahs, unobnoxious to apprehension or hate, the Greeks continued to be as vigorously and as actively detested after the lapse of four hundred years, as on the day when they opposed their treble walls, the resources of their ingenuity, and their confined and dying, but bril-

liant valour, to Mahomet the Second. This hatred, which had never known a truce in the Osmanlis' hearts, had moreover been increased tenfold by the occurrences in Greece; and in the license afforded them by the excitement of the Hellenic revolution, and sanctified by the revenge the blood of their foiled and beaten brethren in the Morea, called for. The Turks, ever since 1821, had been wont, in different parts of the empire, to massacre the Greeks in mass or in detail. ⁽⁵⁾ In pursuing a Greek, therefore, nothing would have been very extraordinary, but it *did* seem strange, that a Janissary should want to burn the brains, and cut the throat of an Armenian—a quiet seraff, a friendly camel, who might have the affiliating mark of his own orta ⁽⁶⁾ on his brawny arm. The explanation was—the man of the spoon ⁽⁷⁾ was too far gone in his cups, to retain

a very lively distinction of person. On rushing from the wine-house, Tinghir-Oglu was waddling up the path before him, and, without seeing that his boots and slippers were purple, and that the crown of his calpack had no aperture in it, ⁽⁸⁾ he determined he was a Greek, and in a bellowing voice invited him to stop and undergo the disagreeable operations alluded to. The affrighted Armenian took to his heels, and the staggering drunkard took after him, quite incapable of the comprehension of the words addressed to him, but persuaded he was going to immolate a Greek ghiaour.

The tragi-comedy, or the admixture of farce and tragedy, which characterizes nearly all mortal events in the East, prevailed admirably throughout the present adventure.

The next morning at an early hour, as our restless hero was repairing by water to the

Princess', the fatal cannon of Roumeli-hissar boomed along the narrow and silent banks of the Bosphorus, and shortly after, one of his boatmen's oar struck the submerged headless trunk of the burly Janissary, who was already on his submarine journey to the shores of the Propontis or the Dardanelles. Yes! there he went, the minnows' sport! he, who on the yesterday, had not his brain been reeling with the fumes of that wine his prophet cursed, might have annihilated in his robust grasp the elegant stripling, whose keel was now gliding over him! It was not consonant, indeed, with the general practice of Mahometan law, as administered in Turkey, to punish thus severely a mere brawl; and in innumerable instances, even when the Osmanli offender committed murder, the blood of the Christian, or the Jewish rayah, sunk into the earth unatoned. But in

the present case, the delinquent's being a Janissary, and a desperate one, sealed his doom, even without other considerations; and the Tinghir-Oglus, then high in favour at the Porte, would probably have easily obtained ample, if not so sanguinary satisfaction, had the assailant been in a different condition, and still a Turk.

The drunken Janissary is disposed of; but the assaulted, wounded Greek of the cantine remains, and his case, with the doom of his foe, are deserving of record as specimens of Turkish reasoning. The same guard that so deliberately secured the Janissary, arrested afterwards the wine-vender, from the mysterious recesses of whose shop the perilous thunderbolt had burst, and they were both carried off to the Mehkiémé, or court of justice, together. For the Janissary, who, as Musselman, had pre-

cedence of the ghiaour, the Mollah having already arranged the whole business on the report of witnesses he had heard apart, merely made a sign with his eyes to the door of the hall, where stood a few grim fellows from the Gehenna⁽⁹⁾ of the Bosphorus, the Roumeli-hissar in which the Sultan was sacrificing the lives of his subjects to *his* idôl "reform," as the Jews had sacrificed their children in the valley to Moloch,—“horrid king, besmeared with blood of human sacrifice, and parents’ tears.” Another sign—an horizontal motion of the hand—a gentle pantomime to denote the yataghan’s application to the neck—a waive scarcely perceptible, told the fate of the peccant son of Hadji-Bektash, and the ruffians rushed forward and carried off their prey to the castle, as so many famished dogs of Stamboul would have dragged away with united effort

and glee, an abandoned carcase to their holes in the hill side, or their favourite retreat, the great Turkish burying-grounds. ⁽¹⁰⁾

In thus condemning a fellow creature to the pangs of death, and the dread chances of eternity, not a muscle of the Turkish judge's impassible face relaxed ; not a thrill—not the slightest tremor of feature or limb, betrayed emotion : had that waive of the hand been employed to kill a musquito, a gnat, his indifference could not be more perfect. He took three long whiffs of his chibook ere he turned to the Greek, who, but too well acquainted with the horrid meaning of the sign he had given, stood motionless before him, his eyes bent on the ground, on which fell the cold sweat in large drops from his brow ; his broken arm, its pain now all unfelt, hanging down by his side, and his whole person rigid and frozen.

“And as to you, you unbelieving son of a dirty mother, who, not content with selling those accursed draughts that defile the soul and stupify the wit,” (he took another whiff at his chibook,) “to your own infidel race, must be dealing out to the Osmanlis and the children of the Prophet, the same maddening poison—you deserve to be made crows’ meat of; but we are even more merciful than we are just—the Naïb will deal with you.”

After uttering this unusually long oration, the Mollah stroked his beard, drew his heels closer under his hams, and resumed his smoking, whilst the Naïb, or clerk, who had just entered the hall with his ears full of the favourable testimonials of the Greek’s character, and, what was infinitely of more avail to the prisoner, with his purse well lined with the rubiehs of his relations without, sat himself on

the seat of judgment, and decided the case thus—with a perspicuity worthy of Solomon, the Israelite king, or Solyman Kanuni, the great Turkish lawgiver and sultan :—

“For having admitted a Moslem within his tavern, and giving him the forbidden wine, the Greek incurred the bastinado and a heavy fine. Having once admitted the Janissary and given him wine, he was wrong in refusing him more ; for if he had produced the additional okkas demanded, would not the Janissary have drunk them—would he not then have been so *drunk*, as to be unable to move? Certainly! the fellow would have fallen asleep in the cantiné—might have broken his neck over the precipice going home—and the calpack of the Armenian seraff would have remained unperforated by his bullet, the religious feelings of the Osmanlis unwounded by the scandalous exposure of a

brother's weakness ! Indeed, the second offence was worse than the first, and deserved more fine, and more bastinado ; but as there was a species of compensation in the pistol-shot received from the Janissary, *that* should be set off in the Greek's account—the soles of his feet (they already glowed and tingled by anticipation) should be spared, if he would pay for the sticks that would have been employed in beating them to a mummy ; and this sum, added to a double fine, would make just “one thousand piastres,” not a para more or less.

When the unfortunate dealer in crassi ⁽¹¹⁾ overcame his fear for his life and his heels, he could feel an anxiety for his purse ; but it was all in vain he protested (what was perfectly true) that he could not expel an armed Turk who chose to enter his shop, and (what, perhaps, was not quite so correct) that he had not

a thousand piastres in the world—(a principal portion of which was avowedly imposed as a fine for not making the said Turk as drunk as a beast !)

The Naïb knew his business and his customers. It grieved him, he said, to see so little conscience in the world ! Here he was dealing out the humane pain of mulct, for an offence which many interpretations of the Koran would justify him in punishing with death ! but he begged them to recollect that the ear of the oracle of the law was not to be occupied by idle remonstrances—and without fee. He should really be obliged to add a mahmoodier for every moment they remained in court, to the sum specified.⁽¹²⁾

The poor Greek paid five hundred piastres forthwith ; the primates were responsible that the rest should be paid on the morrow. The

rayahs left the court muttering, "Well, we have got out of the lion's den not so badly, after all;" whilst the starch Mollah, as he eyed the tinsel-looking money, exclaimed, "Mashallah! God is great!" and the little Naïb, tucking up his jubbee to go out in search of other victims, added as he went, "Inshallah! if God chooses!"

NOTES

CHAPTER I

Note 1, Page 7.

Chalcedonia

New called Cadi-keni. It scarcely retains any name to denote its ancient importance; but it is a beautiful village, particularly as seen from the great cemetery of

Note 2, Page 8.

Apollonia of Viterbo

These ancient structures still carry water to Constantinople and, striding from one hill to the other, with the blue sky seen through their niches are very picturesque.

Note 3, Page 9.

It is a Turkish coin. Paved money.

N O T E S.

CHAPTER I.

Note 1, Page 7.

Chalcedonia.

Now called Cadi-keui. It scarcely retains any thing to denote its ancient importance; but it is a beautiful village, particularly as seen from the great cemetery of Scutari.

Note 2, Page 8.

Aqueducts of Valens.

These ancient structures still carry water to Constantinople, and, striding from one hill to the other, with the blue sky seen through their arches, are very picturesque objects.

Note 3, Page 22.

Rubieh, a Turkish coin. *Paradis*, money.

Note 4, Page 24.

Child of the foregoing.

The Turkish women are very fond of decorating the skull-caps of their children with glittering coins. The alloy of the Sultan's coinage is notorious.

Note 5, Page 25.

The Jew's degraded Castilian.

At Constantinople, at Smyrna, and indeed all over the Levant, the Jews speak a corrupted Spanish. This circumstance, with that of their preserving many Spanish customs, and their giving to their municipal officers the name of "Corregidors," sufficiently prove their descent from "*ces malheureux Israélites, qu' une politique aussi absurde que barbare chassa de l'Espagne au commencement du 16^e siècle.*"

Note 6, Page 25.

Any body's joke.

In spite of their misery, I generally found the Jews rather cheerful. That misery or poverty is indeed great among the mass of them, and there is nothing so vile but they will perform it for money. I have been told that the new *lulabs*, or pipe-bowls, are first of all smoked by the Jews, to take off the raw, clayey taste—one proof to what they will not submit to obtain their end, or to make a *parà*!

Note 7, Page 32.

Kaïemena!

A Greek exclamation used on almost every striking occasion, but most touching when pronounced by their women in a tone of compassion and sympathy.

Note 8, Page 37.

Life or faith.

The Turkish law on this head is sufficiently known. The Christian caught with a Mahometan woman may preserve his life by apostacy, but nothing can save the frail fair one from the sack and the sea !

Note 9, Page 37.

Messler, or mestler.

The Morocco *bottines* without a sole; *papooshes*, the slippers into which the mestler are thrust.

CHAPTER II.

Note 1, Page 42.

In manners a brute.

Leontius Pilatus, whom Gibbon thus describes :—" In the year 1360, a disciple of Barlaam, whose name was Leo, or Leontius Pilatus, was detained in his way to Avignon, by the advice and hospitality of Boccace, who lodged the stranger in his house, prevailed on the republic of Florence to allow him an annual stipend, and devoted his leisure to the first Greek professor, who taught that language in the western countries of Europe. The appearance of Leo might disgust the most eager disciple; he was clothed in the mantle of a philosopher, or a mendicant; his countenance was hideous; his face was overshadowed with black hair; his beard long and uncombed; his deportment rustic; his temper gloomy and

inconstant; nor could he grace his discourse with the ornaments, or even the perspicuity of Latin elocution.

“But his mind was stored with a treasure of Greek learning; history and fable, philosophy and grammar, were alike at his command; and he read the poems of Homer in the schools of Florence. It was from his explanation that Boccace composed and transcribed a literal prose version of the Iliad and Odyssey, which satisfied the thirst of his friend Petrarch; and which, perhaps, in the succeeding century, was clandestinely used by Laurentius Valla, the Latin interpreter. It was from his narratives that the same Boccace collected the materials for his treatise on the Genealogy of the Heathen Gods; a work, in that age, of stupendous erudition, and which he ostentatiously sprinkled with Greek characters and passages, to excite the wonder and applause of his more ignorant readers.”—*Decline and Fall*, chap. lxvi.

The historian of Rome furnishes the three following passages, in which the extent of our obligations to the Greeks, and to the little Italian republics, is briefly and most eloquently explained.

“The journeys of three emperors were unavailing for their temporal, or perhaps their spiritual salvation; but they were productive of a beneficial consequence, the revival of the Greek learning in Italy, from whence it was propagated to the last nations of the west and north. In their lowest servitude and depression, the subjects of the Byzantine throne were still possessed of a golden key that could unlock the treasures of antiquity; of a musical and prolific language, that gives a soul to the objects of

sense, and a body to the abstractions of philosophy!"—*Chap. lvi.*

"In the resurrection of science, Italy was the first that cast away her shroud; and the eloquent Petrarch, by his lessons and his example, may justly be applauded as the first harbinger of day. A purer style of composition, a more generous and rational strain of sentiment, flowed from the study and imitation of the writers of ancient Rome; and the disciples of Cicero and Virgil approached, with reverence and love, the sanctuary of their Grecian masters."—*Id.*

"The arms of the Turks undoubtedly pressed the flight of the Muses; yet we may tremble at the thought, that Greece might have been overwhelmed, with her schools and libraries, before Europe had emerged from the deluge of barbarism; and the seeds of science might have been scattered by the winds, before the Italian soil was prepared for their cultivation."—*Id.*

Note 2, Page 45.

Capitation tax.

After one of the revolts in the Morea, it was coolly argued in the divan of Constantinople, whether the best way of pacifying those provinces, would not be to kill all the Greeks. A financial remark probably saved them. "If we cut their throats," said an Effendi, "pray, who will pay us the kharatch?"

Note 3, Page 45.

Sacred bones.

According to some Eastern authors, Mahomet wrote the first divine revelations he received, on some broad,

dried bones; nor has a vulgar tradition been afraid to add, that the bones—were the bones of an ass. A prettier tradition, and which is more likely to be true, says that the verses of the Koran were written by his disciples on leaves of the palm-tree, which were thrown without order into a coffer. It was not till after the death of Mahomet, that the whole was united into a volume; but a confusion of arrangement, which has never been entirely corrected, was inevitable. “Le desordre est tel que le dernier chapitre que Mahomet ait fait descendre du ciel est le neuvième du recueil arrangé par Aboubècre; et que les premiers versets qui ont’ été révélés au prophète se trouvent en tête du chapitre quatre-vingt-seizième. Ce bouleversement a jetté dans le Coran une confusion qui souvent en a obscurci le mérite.”—*Garcin de Tassy*.

Note 4, Page 48.

Its gloomy crumbling walls, and its turret without a bell.

The Greeks are not allowed bells to their places of worship. The cathedral church of the Fanar is really such as I have described it.

Note 5, Page 49.

The yellow slippers.

None but Turks and a few Christian rayah subjects, promoted by the Porte, or attached, as drogomans, to foreign ambassadors, dare strut in yellow morocco.

Note 6, Page 51.

The dark room at the Porte.

A friend at Constantinople often described to me as a dark, narrow, wretched room, the place where the Greek drogoman used to stay in attendance the whole day

through. This was in the building destroyed by the Janissaries in 1826. In the present palace of the Porte, the drogoman seems better lodged, but he is now a Turk. "When the Greeks were turned out of this important office, it was resolved that none but an Osmanli should fill it for the future. Now, as Turks never learn languages, except here and there, by necessity, a little Romaic, a great difficulty presented itself. The present sage, who can just understand and stammer a little French, was at length discovered, and he is only half a Turk, the son of a Jew, who turned renegado after his birth."—*Constantinople in 1828.*

Note 7, Page 51.

Belik.

Turkish for a large ship.

Note 8, Page 52.

The Russian Autocrat.

Wallachia submitted to the force of the Ottoman arms in 1418, under the reign of Mahomet I.

"After weakening all his enemies in Asia, Mahomet assembles all his European and Asiatic forces, and departs from Brusa to Adrianople. From thence he marches against the Wallachians, routes their army, lays waste great part of the province, takes Severin, where is a bridge said to be built by Trajan, and the castles *Sacke* and *Cale*, situate on the other side of the Danube, and fortifies Girgiow with new works and a good garrison, so that the Wallachians could not any more pass the Danube. Pent up in this manner, and pressed by the sword of the enemy and the want of warlike stores, des-

pairing also to preserve their liberty, they purchase their safety with an annual tribute, for the performance whereof the sons of the prince and three great men are given to the Sultan in hostage."—*Cantemir*. Hist. Ott. book 2. ch. 3.

Moldavia voluntarily surrendered its liberties to Soliman I. in the year 1529.

"Whilst Soliman, after taking the city (Buda) staid in the neighbourhood some days to refresh his army, Teutuk Lagotheta is sent in embassy to Bogdan, prince of Moldavia, to the Turkish camp. Having obtained an audience, he declares his mission from the Moldavian prince and people, to offer the Sultan both Moldavias upon honourable terms, particularly that their religion should be preserved entire, and the country be subject as a fief to the empire. Nothing could be more grateful to Soliman, whose more weighty affairs hindered him from turning his arms that way, while the defeats received from the Moldavians obliged him always to have an eye to their motions. Wherefore, readily accepting the offered terms, he confirms them with his own hands, and delivers the Moldavian envoy the instruments to be carried to his prince."—*Cantemir*. book 3. ch. 4.

The treaties with the principalities, were observed in their usual manner by the Turks—(I confess, I do not understand how they ever acquired their reputation for good faith!) The privileges accorded to the Christian states were all infringed; the tribute, arbitrarily, and beyond endurance, increased; and at last, after many acts of cruelty, the government taken from the native Boyars, and given to the Greeks of the Fanar.

Nicholas Mavrocordato (from whom the Greek patriot of our days, Alexander Mavrocordato, is said to descend in a direct line,) was "the first Fanariote Greek who (in 1731) set out from the shores of the Bosphorus, to take possession of a principality beyond the Danube."—The first to set a fatal example of ambition, which has been but too eagerly followed!

The reign of these princes, or Hospodars, was always brief, and generally terminated in the mode described in the text; but *they* were not the only sufferers, for every change entailed fresh oppression and misery on the unfortunate Moldavians and Wallachians. Articles calculated to strengthen the Greek princes, and to diminish the evils suffered by the hapless population, were inserted in the treaty of Kaïnardje, when the Russians, in 1774, restored the principalities, which they had occupied, to the Turks; but they were not observed by the Porte, nor could Russia at every moment insist on their observance. An additional treaty made in 1779, and an article insisting that the Turks should "*observer et executer religieusement tout ce qui a été stipulé en faveur des deux provinces de Valachie et de Moldavie,*" which formed part of the arrangements between Russia and the Porte in 1792, were equally disregarded by the Turks. The Hospodars were changed as often as ever. At the treaty of Bucharest, in 1812, Russia stipulated that the Hospodars should remain at least seven years in office; and since that time the agents of the Hospodars, at the Porte, have considered themselves as under the protection of the Russian legation at Constantinople, and their persons inviolate.

Note 9, Page 55.

At least he died Prince of Wallachia.

"In the families of a few Greek princes at Zerapia, I found much to interest me in the affectionate harmony and simplicity of manners in their domestic circles; much to bewail in the ignorance in which their children were educated; and I sincerely lamented the greedy thirst of place which appeared totally to absorb all their ideas. "*Mon frère étoit le prince de la Valachie,*" said old Caugierli, more than once to me, "*mais on lui a coupé la tête.*" Yet this man, with his three sons, was assiduously engaged in intrigues to obtain the government of one of the two fatal principalities; and, after having succeeded in his aim, his gray head has, like that of his brother, been affixed to the gate of the Seraglio."

See Dr. Neale's *Travels*—a book I have already referred to with great pleasure.

Note 10, Page 56.

No country.

See "*Essai sur les Fanariotes,*" a curious little book, written in French, by Mark Philip Zallony, a Greek, and published at Marseilles in 1824. It contains, with some interesting and correct information, great exaggeration or over-colouring. But it must be remembered, the author is a Catholic, and an islander.

Note 11, Page 59.

Bucharest and Jassy.

For a description of the pomp and state of these Greek courts, see Mr. W. Wilkinson's work on the Principalities of Moldavia and Wallachia.

Note 12, Page 60.

The Bairam.

At this festival the nominations of the Porte are made or confirmed. A Pasha is never named for more than a year at a time.

Note 13, Page 61.

Franguestan.

Or Frankland, the name applied by the Turks to all Christendom.

CHAPTER III.

Note 1, Page 77.

Great Charms.

This portrait may be badly executed, but it was taken from the life, though not from an Armenian.

Note 2, Page 82.

Two eye-brows one.

That witty rogue, Hajji Babà, must have made the knowledge of this practice familiar. "Admire my eye-brows," cries the Persian dame, whom he is to recommend to a husband; "where will you meet with a pair that are so completely thrown into one?" "Hajji, always keep in mind my two eye-brows that look like one."

Note 3, Page 96.

A pipe.

The Turkish, Armenian, and Jewish women smoke. The Frank ladies seldom do; but their presence never interrupts the smoking of the gentlemen.

Note 4, Page 103.

Hands and feet.

Though naturally there are many exceptions, these qualities *generally* distinguish the Armenian race—the *ear* in a special manner.

Note 5, Page 104.

Mestlers.

Loose Morocco boots—the same for men and women.

Note 6, Page 104.

Pupul.

A euphonous female name, very common among the Armenians.

Note 7, Page 104.

To Mecca.

Once a-year a white mule, gaudily caparisoned and loaded with imperial offerings, is dispatched from the capital of the faithful, to the prophet's tomb.

CHAPTER IV.

Note 1, Page 106.

According to Tournefort and others, on quitting the shores, either of the Black Sea or the Caspian, the traveller keeps gradually ascending, until he reaches the wide flats or plains of Armenia; the disposition of the mountains, the Caucasus and Ararat, may also have a share in producing a cold bracing climate.

The authors of "Letters from the Caucasus and Georgia," describe Armenia as "one of the most elevated parts of Asia," and make frequent mention of intense cold, even during the summer months.

Xenophon, with his ten thousand, passed through Armenia; and the picture he drew of the country, may corroborate the statements of modern travellers.

After some hard fighting on the frontiers with the Carduchians, who seem to be much the same people as the Curdes of our days, the Greeks marched at once across the plain of Western Armenia, described as intermixed with hills of an easy ascent.

They suffered excessively from cold: and Xenophon says it was miserable to behold the men lying in the snow; the horses benumbed, and almost unable to rise; and the arms and baggage buried in deep snow. This part of the retreat of the ten thousand, offers incidents similar to those of the French flight from Moscow. They marched several days through deep snows; they crossed cold rivers; and forded the Euphrates not far from its source. Many of the slaves and sumpter horses, and some soldiers, fell down and died in the snow; and all suffered extremely from an intensely cold north wind, which blew right in their faces. The snow was a fathom in depth.

In this wretched plight, the enemy's light cavalry (like the Cossacks on the French) hung on the rear of Xenophon's army with destructive effect. I use Spelman's translation:—

"Some of the men, who had lost their sight by the

snow, or whose toes were rotted off by the intenseness of the cold, were unavoidably left behind. The eyes were relieved from the snow by wearing something black before them; and the feet against the cold, by continual motion, and by pulling off their shoes in the night. If any slept with their shoes on, the latchets pierced their flesh, and their shoes stuck to their feet; for when their old shoes were worn out, they wore carbatines made of raw hides. These grievances, therefore, occasioned some of the soldiers to be left behind; for, seeing a piece of ground that was black, because there was no snow upon it, they concluded it was melted, and melted it was by a warm vapour continually exhaling from a fountain in a valley near the place. Thither they betook themselves, and, sitting down, refused to march any further."

Xenophon in vain represented to them the fate they must expect from the enemy in their rear; and when he grew angry with them, "they bid him kill them, if he would, for they were not able to go on."

At the approach of the enemy, however, the Greeks would rise and fight; and as the French infantry, even to the very last, could throw off the Cossacks, so did Xenophon's suffering troops the barbarians.

In the midst of these horrors, many of the retreating army suffered from bulimy, which is described by Galen, as a disorder "in which the patient craves incessantly for victuals, loses the use of his limbs, falls down, and turns pale; his extremities become cold; his stomach oppressed, and his pulse scarce sensible."

In his valuable notes, Spelman thus defends the correctness of the Greek historian :—

“ Lest the veracity of our author should be suspected, when he speaks of deep snows and excessive frosts in Armenia, a country lying between the fortieth and forty-third degrees of latitude, I desire it may be considered, that all authors, both ancient and modern, agree, that the hills of this country are covered with snow ten months in the year. “Tournefort, who was an eye-witness of it, thinks that the earth upon these hills being impregnated with sal ammoniac, the cold occasioned by it may hinder the snow from melting * * * Whatever may be the cause, the fact is certain. When Lucullus, in his expedition against Mithridates, marched through Armenia, his army suffered as much by the frost and snow, as the Greeks under Xenophon; and when Alexander Severus returned through this country, many of his men lost their hands and feet through excessive cold. Tournefort also complains, that at Erzerum, though situated in a plain, his fingers were so benumbed with cold, he could not write till an hour after sun-rise.”

Tournefort, who arrived at Erzerum in the middle of June, describes the hills around the plain as then covered with snow; and states, that snow had fallen in the town on the 1st of June.

Having made out my proposition, that Armenia is a hardy climate, fit to produce a hardy race, by authorities ancient and modern, a few minutes may not be unprofitably employed in tracing some curious and lasting habits and customs. The following passage relating to

Armenia, as he found it, nearly four centuries before Christ, is from Xenophon :—

“Their houses were under ground; the mouth resembling that of a well, but spacious below: there was an entrance dug for the cattle, but the inhabitants descended by ladders. In these houses were goats, sheep, cows, and fowls, with their young. All the cattle were maintained within doors with fodder.” And it is thus, Sir Robert Ker Porter, on traversing what was probably the same plain of Armenia, more than two thousand years after the eloquent Greek (or in 1817) describes the natives’ domiciles.

“The huts of the peasantry lie so close to the earth, (in fact, the chief of the habitations are dug into it,) that little more than their dingy roofs are seen above the surface. The door is a mere hole, through which the occupier must stoop, if not crawl, to make his escape. Within it, appears a large gloomy den, lit from the roof by two or three other holes; and the inhabitants are in harmony with the place—men, women, and cattle, all pigging together; or, if any distinction is to be made, we find the beasts a few feet below their masters and mistresses, who have raised themselves a sort of shelf above their four-footed servants, with a fire-place in the corner, and a few dirty carpets on each side; and there they dwell, in plain fact, as happily as any of their distant Turkish lords in their harems.” *Travels*, vol. 2. p. 651.

Xenophon found abundance, but grossness, at the Armenian tables; and every trait of his description con-

veys the idea of a coarse people. Wheat, barley, and legumens, were heaped within their subterranean dwellings, and he found beer — *Oivos κριθίνος* — literally, “barley wine,” in great jars, “in which the malt itself floated even with the brims of the vessels; and with it reeds, some large, and others small, without joints. These, when any one was thirsty, he was to take into his mouth and suck... When any one had a mind to drink to his friend, he took him to the jar, where he was obliged to stoop, and, sucking, drink like an ox.”

I do not, however, find any mention of this Armenian beer in modern travellers, who all agree that the Armenians, in their native country, are great drinkers. Their *boisson par excellence*, is a sort of brandy, of which they may consume as much on their eastern mountains, as do our Highlanders of “mountain dew” in Morven.

Note 2, Page 106.

The Armenians paid tribute, and recognized the supremacy of the great eastern nations; but they were nearly always governed by princes of their own race, and ancient dynasties, and were left to their own laws and usages.

Note 3, Page 108.

“Since the age of Constantine, the Armenians had signalized their attachment to the religion and empire of the Christians. Under the rod of oppression, the zeal of the Armenians is fervent and intrepid: they have often preferred the crown of martyrdom to the white turban of Mahomet.”—*Decline and Fall*, xlvii.

Note 4, Page 110.

Comparative learning and civilization.

The brightest period of Armenian literature seems to have been in the fifth century ; but their efforts were renewed in the tenth, eleventh, and twelfth centuries, when Europe was dark indeed !

Note 5, Page 112.

Kuzilbash, or red, or hot-heads, a name given to the Persians.

Note 6, Page 112.

Ecmiazin, (near Mount Ararat,) the residence of their Patriarch, may be considered the "Holy city" of the Armenians ; but innumerable sports within the Persian empire, are consecrated in their belief, as having been the scenes of their miracles and legends.

Note 7, Page 113.

Towards the realms of a Christian sovereign—i. e. towards Russia.

Note 8, Page 113.

The Armenians, as oppressed Christians, have always wished for this change of masters ; and we find one of their priests in India, telling Bishop Heber, that "they earnestly prayed, that they all might become the subjects of the Emperor, instead of Persia and Turkey."—See *Journal*, vol. 3, p. 208.

Note 9, Page 120.

The Venetian gulph.

Most of my readers will be aware of the existence of the Armenian society of *San Lazaro* at Venice. "This

society, called the Mukhitarian, was founded in the year 1712, by Mukhitar of the city of Sebastia. The members are all clerical persons, who have embraced the persuasion of the Church of Rome. Although it is a circumstance much to be deplored, (it is of course a Eutychean who speaks,) that they have abandoned the cause of their national church, yet I cannot refrain from applauding the extraordinary progress they have made in literature. The astonishing improvement they have made in our language, the number of useful books which they have published—except their controversial works on religion, which are calculated to do more harm than good to the nation—the excellent types brought into use by them, extort from us admiration and praise.”—See “*History of Armenia*,” by Father Michael Chamich, translated into English by Johannes Ardall, an Armenian, and printed at Calcutta, 1827. A book every way curious.

For the following interesting account of the visit made to that place, (in 1819,) I am indebted to the journal of an old friend and fellow-traveller.

“We took a gondola, and went to the island of San Lazaro, about three miles from Venice, now appropriated to the Armenian colony, or rather monastery.

“The Laguna, or lake, in which Venice stands, is interspersed with islands of all sizes, from the mere holm of a few yards, to the more extended insular village of as many acres. These are all quite flat, and generally covered with buildings and gardens, forming the only sort of country the Venetians are acquainted with.

“San Lazaro is about the middle size, and adorned with

a pretty garden, convent, church, library, &c. We landed in front of the house, an unassuming building, and proceeded to the library, where we saw many Armenian manuscripts; but our time being short, and our acquaintance with the language limited, we could not examine very deeply. All that we saw was on vellum, and very distinctly written. The subject was usually theology or alchemy, and none were of any antiquity. A translation of Eusebius into Armenian, had been discovered, much more perfect, we were told, than any Greek copy now extant. There are certainly many things in this translation not to be found in our copies of the original; but we had not time to examine whether they were translations of parts now lost, or additions by the translator. We are aware that ancient translations were very free, particularly those into the oriental languages, and this is probably not an exception.

“ Our cicerone, a jolly red-faced Armenian, with a fine black beard, that Julian might have envied, shewed us a part of this work that he had translated into Latin. This led us to talk of languages, and judging from his rubicund looks, which seemed to portend rather good living than hard study, we thought we might display a little; but we found ourselves in most languages much his inferior, and even our own mother-tongue he spoke almost as well as ourselves. Indeed, most of the inhabitants of San Lazaro spoke two or three languages besides their own. We had the pleasure of hearing the Armenian language spoken on all sides, which, from the unpronounceable combination of consonants abounding

in their words, we had supposed impossible. Lord Byron, we were told, had been there with the intention of learning Armenian, but he gave it up either in despair or disgust.

“We afterwards accompanied our conductor to the printing-office, where a newspaper is printed weekly, and circulated pretty generally in the Levant.

“There were two or three works in the press at that time, principally grammars and other elementary books.

“The chief occupation of the Armenians there was literature and psalmody; of the latter we were gratified with a specimen, though at the expense of our ears.

“We saw nothing further to engage our attention, and quitted our hosts much pleased with their civility.”

We must have been misinformed as to the extent of Lord Byron's acquirements in the Armenian language, or he must have improved after this period, (1819;) for among his papers is found a translation, made by himself, from an unpublished epistle of Saint Paul, which he found in Armenian, at Venice. The curious paper will appear in the forthcoming volume of Mr. Moore's life of the noble poet.

The following passage, from the pen of a learned German, contains recent and valuable information.

“Ce sont les mékhitaristes de Saint Lazare à Venise, qui, bien versés dans les sciences et la littérature de l'occident, ont, les premiers, cultivé leur langue avec succès, et nous ont donné, outre les précieux restes de la littérature grecque, tels qu' Eusèbe, Philon et Sévérianus, les premières éditions critiques de leurs classiques.

“ Ces laborieux et vertueux moines, dignes rivaux des bénédictins, travaillent avec un zèle et j'ose le dire, avec une probité littéraire qui serait bien à désirer dans toutes les branches de la littérature orientale, et qui nous laisse encore beaucoup espérer, et pour la littérature arménienne, et pour la littérature grecque ; car nous savons que les infatigables traducteurs, au V^e. et au VI^e. siècle de notre ère ont traduit presque tous les principaux auteurs de la Grèce, Homère, Polybe, Diodore, de Sicile et plusieurs autres. Il y a même, dans les classiques Arméniens qui sont imprimés ou en manuscrit, plusieurs indications sur des ouvrages grecs que nous ne possédons plus, et que le philologue lira certainement avec plaisir : tels sont l'argument de la tragédie d'Euripide, intitulée *Les Peliades*, dans la rhétorique Arménienne, que nous possédons sous le nom de Moïse de Khorène, et le fait que nous lisons au sujet du grammairien Hérodiën dans l'ouvrage de Jean Ezugazy, dans le manuscrit de la bibliothèque du Roi.

“ Ou s'occupe à présent à Saint Lazare d'une collection de tous les historiens et pères de l'église arménienne, à la manière de la grande collection des pères grecs ou des historiens byzantins.”—*Memoire sur la Vie et les Ouvrages de David, Philosophe Armenien du V^e ècle, &c.* par C. F. Neumann—Paris, 1829.

Note 10, Page 122.

Their own sacerdotal body.

“ Mais pour mettre fin à ces querelles, la cour de Rome décida, que les papas schismatiques auraient seuls le droit d'administrer les sacrements, de faire les mariages, les

baptêmes, les enterrements, et de retirer les profits qui y sont attachés, et que les prêtres Arméniens catholiques n'auraient que le prix de leurs messes, et le produit de la charité des fidèles. Les prêtres schismatiques, qui n'étaient persecuteurs que par intérêt pécuniaire, cessèrent de l'être depuis cet arrangement. Les prêtres Arméniens catholiques, favroisés par quelques ambassadeurs, ont la consolation de voir s'accroître journellement par des conversions le nombre de leurs disciples."—*M. Juchereau de Saint Denys. Rev. de Constantinople, vol. i. p. 158.*

The last remark of M. Juchereau, on the countenance bestowed on the Catholic Armenians, by certain ambassadors of Christian powers residing at Constantinople, may perhaps in part account for Sultan Mahmood's persecution of his Catholic rayahs, by giving him the motive of jealousy against foreign interference with his subjects.

Note 11, Page 123.

In Mahometan armies.

The rule has sometimes been departed from, but the Christian Albanians are of dubious faith, as well as some barbarous tribes, (Christians merely in name,) from the Black Sea, who have been occasionally enrolled. The Greeks were the strength of the Ottoman fleet, but they were not permitted to fire a gun.

Note 12, Page 125.

Cast-off cooks or valets.

Their transformation to physicians is very frequent, particularly if they should have visited Europe or tra-

velled with Europeans. Some years ago, an Englishman, Col. R., on returning to Constantinople from a tour in the Greek Islands, called on a friend who was sick. On entering his room, what was his surprise to see a fellow he had discharged some few months before for a bad cook, standing by the patient's bed with a silver-headed cane, and all the solemnity of a doctor. Col. R. addressed him, "*Come, Giovanni, tu fai il medico!*" The rogue had conscience enough left him to blush. "*Ah, Signore! cosa volete; non ho potuto più trovare servizio, Così m'ingegno, faccio da medico, e vene son chi sanno men di me!*"

Note 13, Page 129.

Familiar occurrence.

For the sufferings to which these caravans of merchants are exposed, see Burkhardt, or any Eastern traveller; but the finest pictures will be found in "*Anastasius.*"

Note 14, Page 130.

Maallim Moorsa.

For the admirable portrait of that Armenian wanderer, see "*Anastasius,*" vol. iii. chap. 4.

Note 15, Page 131.

Ind and Catai.

For many centuries the enterprising Armenian traders have frequented India, where, under the English, they now form considerable sedentary colonies. The earliest of the missionaries speak of Armenians on the borders of

China. They are indeed to be found every where—in the remote north, the south, in the distant east, and in the west; nor are the Jews more scattered than the Haïan people.

Page 132, (note omitted by mistake).

Seraffs to the Porte.

The nature of these perilous posts is thus ably described by M. Juchereau:—

“Les seraïffes sont les banquiers des ministres de la Porte et des principaux employés. Chargés de retirer les revenus de leur maître, de les accroître par tous les moyens connus dans ce gouvernement corrompu, et de payer toutes les dépenses, ils identifient leur fortune avec celle du ministre qui les emploie. Si ce dernier succombe avant d'avoir pu s'enrichir, le seraïffe perd alors, nonseulement ses avances, mais il est quelquefois mis à la torture pour payer la valeur des trésors supposés du ministre disgracié. Il paraît que, malgré de pareils dangers, ce commerce offre de bien grands avantages, puisque les Juifs, qui l'avaient autrefois et qui l'ont perdu par leur trop d'avidité, le regretterit encore et envient le bonheur des Arméniens.”—*Revolutions de Constantinople*, vol. i. p. 157.

Note 16, Page 136.

The subversion of the Ottoman empire with regret.

I share this opinion with the author I have just quoted. These are M. Juchereau's words:—

“Les Arméniens sont humbles, froids, timides, et

ignorants. Le commerce est leur seule occupation. Les sciences, les lettres, les beaux-arts sont dédaignés par eux. Ils n'apprennent dans leur enfance qu' à lire, écrire et compter. Aussi ignorants que leurs maîtres, ils paraissent attachés à leur servitude, et ne conçoivent pas qu'il puisse y avoir pour eux un autre état politique. Pacifiques et craintifs, ils détestent les secousses révolutionnaires et verraient avec peine la chute de l'empire Ottoman."—Vol. i. p. 159.

Note 17, Page 137.

The Armenians of Constantinople.

For the comparison, see Buffon's *Histoire Naturelle*; Art. "Chameau." The naturalist is perhaps even more fanciful than usual, in describing the camel and the external consequences of its utter subjection to man; but his picture may be admitted as a simile.

Note 18, Page 138.

The Hebrew maid.

It is scarcely necessary to say, that this is Rebecca in Sir Walter Scott's "*Ivanhoe*"—a glorious tale, in parts of which his Oriental colouring is so true and intense, that one might fancy the author had spent his life in the East, or in the study of Eastern matters. But this is genius!

Note 19, Page 141.

The real and present magnificence of the spot.

For descriptions and views of the Hippodrome, see D'Ohsson, Dallaway's *Constantinople*, ancient and modern, &c. &c.

Note 20, Page 143.

Ortakeui.

A miserable village on the Bosphorus, chiefly inhabited by the poor Jews. A few of the Catholic Armenians, who escaped the exile and persecutions of 1828, by conforming in externals to the Eutychean Armenian church, were relegated in this dirty, detestable place. One of this class, a clever, good-tempered fellow, who had known better days, thus described to me an ingenious contrivance by which he avoided the vermin that abounded there, *à ne pas le croire*. "I take care to examine and clean a large wooden table; on it I lay my mattress, and then I put the four legs of the table each into a pan of water on the floor; I am thus insulated—the bugs can't very well cross the water!"

"And do you escape their invasion?"

"Yes; all but that of a few bugs that may drop from the rafters and ceilings of the old house!"

Travellers in other countries than Turkey, may thank me for this information.

CHAPTER V.

Note 1, Page 145.

An hamal.—A Turkish porter.

Note 2, Page 148.

Kalemkiars.

Painted muslin handkerchiefs, much used in the coiffure of Eastern ladies. They are principally done

by the Armenians, and I have seen some very beautiful, both in design and colouring. Flowers and fruit are generally represented.

Note 3, Page 157.

Palamedes.

By some supposed to be young tunnies. They abound in the Black Sea, and at certain seasons descend in shoals the Bosphorus, where they are taken in vast quantities.

Note 4, Page 158.

Roman fasts.

The Greek fasts are much more rigid than the Catholic—they are not allowed to eat fish. But the Armenians exceed the Greeks in severity, as much as the Greeks do the Romans.

Note 5, Page 159.

Cocona.

Romaïc for *mademoiselle*, or *signorina*.

Note 6, Page 162.

From beneath their house.

Parts of the residences on the banks of the Bosphorus, being generally built on piles, over the water, admit the boats beneath them.

CHAPTER VI.

Note 1, Page 168.

Bezesteen.—The Bazaars.

Note 2, Page 169.

Resurrection.

See *L'Essai sur les Fanariotes*, already mentioned. The Roman Catholic author is, as in duty bound, very severe on the discipline and ceremonies of the Greek church. He expresses a deep regret, in which we may partake, that disunion and enmity should reign among the Christians of the East, and he contemplates the possibility of an orthodox re-union of the Greek and Roman churches. But it is the Greek who is to cede every thing and to conform; it is the rejecter of the *filioque*, the contemner of the Pope, who is to find it easy to reconcile the differences, "which only consist in some formulas;" to have the archbishops of his nation invested in the Vatican—"to have the *credo* sung at Constantinople as at Rome, and then all is finished!"

Now, though the Greek church is bad enough, I would rather take the converse, and see the spiritual union effected by the Catholics embracing its creed. The Greek church is every way more liberal than the Roman;—it does not interdict, but lends its hand to the dissemination of the Scriptures; it has no auricular confession, it has never pretended to *infallibility*, and it is improving, and will improve rapidly, as the Greek people advance in the career of civilization, on which they are now but starting.

For the present condition and prospects of the Greek church, I may refer to a work lately published by the Rev. Mr. Waddington. (London, Murray, 1829.)

Note 3, Page 171.

Keff.

Jollity, a jollification.

Note 4, Page 171.

Ayasma.

As it is pronounced, (but more correctly Agiasma) means a holy fountain. Mr. North Douglas, who, in his "Essay on certain points of resemblance between the ancient and modern Greeks," has left us an exquisite little book, thus describes these places of festive resort:—

"The Agiasmata, or holy fountains, may be ranked among the most classical superstitions of the modern Greeks. Circumstances of various import have conferred this reputation of sanctity upon many springs within the walls of Constantinople; but a romantic and solitary situation, the neighbourhood of a cavern or a grove, are the usual characteristics of an *αγιασμα*.

———"Silvis scena coruscis

Desuper, horrentique atrum nemus imminet umbrâ.

Fronte sub adversâ scopulis pendentibus antrum :

Intus aquæ dulces, vivoque sedilia saxo ;

Nympharum domus."

Æn. lib. i. v. 165.

"To these fountains, multitudes will flock at certain festivals, to invoke the Saint, (the genius loci,) whose protection they are peculiarly thought to enjoy, and, by their songs and dances, to express the gay and joyous feelings which such situations have ever excited in the glowing

constitutions of the Greeks. Their sick are brought in crowds to drink the waters, which, destitute of all medicinal qualities in themselves, owe their influence entirely to the patronage of some superior being; and it would be thought the greatest impiety and ingratitude in those who receive or fancy they receive his help, to neglect affixing a lock of hair, or a strip of linen, as the "*votiva tabella*," which may at once record the power of the Saint, and the piety of his votary.

"Pausanias mentions many streams that were supposed to have a power of healing those who are favoured by their peculiar deities. The description of the fountain Arethusa, in the *Odyssey*, may give a very just idea of a modern *αγιασμα*"

I have often visited these scenes with extreme delight, and can answer for the truth of the classical picture.

Note 5, Page 172.

The light kiosk.

Erected in the pleasantest part of the vale of the "Sweet Waters," by Sultan Achmet III.

Note 6, Page 173.

The released coursers.

The Sultan's stud are sent out to grass in this valley, after St. George's day. For a magnificent picture of the spot, see "*Anastasius*;" and for some peculiarities, I may refer to "*Constantinople in 1828*."

Note 7, Page 179.

His own native land.

I have remarked, in my book of travels, a resemblance, real or imaginary, between the Bulgarian peasants, who attend the Sultan's horses, and our Highlanders.

Note 8, Page 181.

The capture of Constantinople.

"Ici le cap élevé de Kandilli, sur la côte d'Asie, et celui qui lui est opposé sur la côte d'Europe, offrent entre eux un des endroits les plus resserrés du Bosphore: ils y séparent les vents, les températures et les courans lorsque les vents changent. Ce point est marqué pour le passage du détroit."—*Essai sur de Bosphore, par M. Le Comte Andreossy.*

Note 9, Page 189.

Saint Dimitri, &c.

Names of different suburbs or quarters of Stamboul.

CHAPTER VII.

Note 1, Page 203.

A carnival mask.

All those who have passed a carnival in Italy, and have been addressed by the maskers at Venice, or Rome, or Naples, must have remarked the odd sound of their

voices, even when not attempting to disguise them. The voices of the eastern ladies under their yashmacks always struck me as resembling them.

Note 2, Page 204.

To settle with his seraff.

This case often occurred. An Armenian banker or seraff would make an advance of money to a pasha to procure a government, and the Porte would put to death the pasha before he could pay his debts. What property the pasha might possess at the moment, was seized by the Porte, without regard either to the victim's family or his creditors. The rate of interest exacted by the Armenian was always very high, or proportionate to the risk. If the pasha retained his life and his government for a few years, the banker made a good thing of it; but the contrary being more frequently the case, and many Armenians suffering severe losses from the deposition of their creditors before they could repay their advances, they some years back withheld their essential supplies. The Porte, whose operations were thus checked, for they could no longer sell a post when no candidate had money to buy, was obliged to interfere; they found it expedient *to protect* so useful a portion of their subjects, by granting them a firman for the sale of as much of the disgraced grandee's property as would cover them for the advances made to him. This firman, however, was of less consequence than their acknowledging, as lawful, the Armenians' rate of interest, or twenty-four per cent. per annum, which is double that of the usual

interest of the country. I have had occasion to allude more than once to the perils to which these bankers are exposed.

"The first thing," says Dr. Walsh, "always done on the execution of a public man, is to seal up his house; the next, to seize on his banker; and if any doubt arises as to the real value of the effects, he is immediately put to the torture to extort confession." Yet these men know all this before they start on the dangerous career—they play with open stakes! and our sympathy for them must be diminished by a review of their sordid characters, and the assurances, that, like the Jews their predecessors, they are not always sensible to the voice of honesty. I have heard it asserted, on good authority, that one of the principal foundations of Armenian wealth was laid during the troubles that accompanied the overthrow of the Sultan Selim. The seraffs to the many great Turks who suffered in one way or another, then retained quiet possession of immense wealth in their hands belonging to those unfortunate men.

Note 3, Page 204.

Handjar.

A dagger worn in the girdle. The haft is set with jewels.

Note 4, Page 207.

Tabute.

A sort of portable hearse, in which dead bodies are carried to the grave.

Note 5, Page 207.

Harm done.

The Armenian women are very prolific ; but I observed in Turkey, that Greeks, Jews, and all, had more numerous families than the Turks.

Note 6, Page 208.

Levend Chiflik.

Where Sultan Selim constructed some fine barracks for his nizam-djedid, or regular troops. They were destroyed by the Janissaries, but not till after his death. "The first time I rode to Therapia, my friend, Mr. Z., took me a little to the right of the road, and showed me the site of the ill-fated building, which was just marked by a few remaining stones of the foundation walls."—*Constantinople in 1828.*

Note 7, Page 212.

In ancient statues.

I remember a beautiful female bust—a work of the Greek chisel—found at Herculaneum, and now in the museum of Naples, which closely resembles what I have attempted to describe in the living Greek lady.

Note 8, Page 214.

The toes.

I have often remarked in the feet of living Greeks, a formation found in their ancient statues—the second toe is longer than the great toe, and all the toes fall flat to the earth.

Note 9, Page 217.

And cut your throat.

When in their cups, their insane hatred to the Greeks is pretty sure to take possession of the Turks. A certain party of Franks at the village of Bournabat, near Smyrna, who had the imprudence to let a Turk get drunk in their company, were thrown into no trifling alarm, when the madman got up, unsheathed his yataghan, and swore "he was in a humour to kill a Greek!"

Note 10, Page 220.

A really devoted servant.

It must be said in justice to the lower order of Turks, that where *they take*, they are susceptible of great fidelity and attachment: this has often been proved even by Christians.

Note 11, Page 221.

The Bostandjis.

The Bostandji-Bashi is charged with the police of the Bosphorus and its villages.

Note 12, Page 229.

Blood.

The belief in omens is general in the East, and that of blood is of fatal import. Mr. Hope has seized the prevailing superstition with his usual effect. "See Anastasius," chap. vi.

Note 13, Page 233.

Chelibi.

This word is used by the Greeks as *Effendi*, by the Turks, it means "gentleman."

Note 14, Page 238.

At the judgment day.

“Généralement toutes les tombes sont convertes de terre, et élevées au dessus, du sol, pour empêcher que personne n’y marche, et ne foule aux pieds les corps des Musulmans. *Il n’y a ni plaques de marbre, ni aucun monument sur la fosse même* ; on n’y voit que des fleurs ou des boules de myrte, d’if, de buis, &c. Celles du peuple ne présentent que deux socles de pierres plates ou ovales, toujours plantés verticalement, aux deux extrémités de la fosse. Les tombeaux des citoyens aisés et des gens d’un certain rang, se distinguent par la nature de ces socles : ils sont de marbre fin, et celui qui est du côté de la tête est surmonté d’un turban aussi de marbre. La forme de cette coeiffure indique l’état et la condition du mort, parceque les différentes classes des citoyens sont distinguées autant par le turban que par le reste du costume. Les tombeaux des femmes ne diffèrent de ceux des hommes, qu’en ce que les deux socles sont uniformes, plats, et terminés en pointe.”—*D’Ohsson*.

The following pleasing passage, relative to Turkish graves, is from an old English traveller :—

“Therein they plant such kinds of plants and flowers as endure green all the winter long, which seem to grow out of the dead body, thinking thereby to reduce it again into clay, though not in the sense of sensible creatures yet of those vegetables, which is the next degree, and perhaps a preferment beyond the dust.”—*Voyage in the Levant*, by Henry Blount, Esq. 1634.

Note 17, Page 242.

The marble quarry.

It is true that the materials of ancient temples and other beautiful edifices, have principally supplied the Turks.

Note 18, Page 244.

Vourvoulacki, or *Varvoulacka*, the Vampire. "The vampire superstition is still general in the Levant. . . . I recollect a whole family being terrified by the scream of a child, which they imagined must proceed from such a visitation. The Greeks never mention the word without horror."—*Note to Lord Byron's Giaour.*

Note 19, Page 244.

Bosh—Nonsense, stuff.

Bosh lacrédi—Words void of sense.

They are Turkish words—I suppose, expressive ones, for they are used by all classes, from the Frank who interlards his French with them, to the Greek who mixes them with his Romaïc, or the Jew, who further corrupts his Castilian with them.

Note 20, Page 244.

Paramana—Romaïc for a nurse.

CHAPTER VIII.

Note 1, Page 248.

Palikari. Romaïc for "lad."

Note 2, Page 248.

Oxè.

Is used by the Greek donkey drivers, in the same sense as the Spaniards employ their *arré burra* to their mules and asses.

Note 3, Page 249.

Ingliz.

Probably a corruption of the Italian "Inglese"—an Englishman.

Note 4, Page 250.

The street of the "Dunghills."

In the Romaïc, *Coprieis*. The fashionable street of Smyrna is so called. The site was once a vast dunghill, and many a dunghill and filthy ditch is still within a few yards of it.

Note 5, Page 250.

Jannem.

"My soul!"—The expression is Turkish, but used by all the Levantines.

Note 6, Page 253.

A stream.

This is a branch of the "Sacred Meles:" Homer's own river, if we are to believe tradition. I cannot say much of its beauty. In part of its course, where it runs through the town of Smyrna, it has a striking resemblance to Fleet-ditch, as it was years ago.

Note 7, Page 256.

Suléiman-Agha.

He was once governor of Athens, and the jovial companion of Lord Byron.

Note 9, Page 258.

Kaïemena!

A common Romaïc exclamation.

Note 10, Page 259.

Pointed stick.

This the Greeks at Smyrna and the islands use instead of a whip or cudgel, and it answers much better. The mode of application is to tickle the donkey over the spine—he is sure to quicken his pace. Sometimes, instead of a pointed stick, a piece of iron with a blunt point is used; and if, as is generally the case, it be furnished with a link or two of iron chain, to tinkle, the effect is prodigious. I sometimes tried a small bunch of keys, which always produced the same effect—away went the donkey! Smyrna asses must have musical ears, which is more than I could venture to say of Smyrna men and women.

Note 11, Page 264.

Abou-Halife,

Of whom great wonders are told by the Mahometans, lived in the first century of the Hegira.

Note 12, Page 264.

Caïmac.

Something very like Devonshire cream.

CHAPTER IX.

Note 1, Page 268.

Peaceful subject.

The excesses of the Janissaries are but too well known. Had the order existed in its strength at the time of the battle of Navarino, it is probable that some of us then in Turkey, would not have returned to tell tales about them in England.

Note 2, Page 269.

Odas, or Ortas.

Janissary regiments.

Note 3, Page 270.

Hadji-Bektash.

The dervish who founded the order of the Janissaries.

Note 4, Page 271.

The Turks.

Busbequius gives this information on Turkish sobriety ;
 "Some Turks supped with me often at Buda, and were mightily taken with the delicious sweetness of my wine.
They continued carousing till late at night, but afterwards I grew weary of the sport, and therefore rose from table, and went to my chamber; but as for them, they went away sad, because they had not their full swing at the goblet, but were able to stand upon their

feet. As soon as I was gone, they sent a youth after me, desiring me to let them have their fill of wine, and that I would lend them my silver cups to drink it in. I granted their request, and ordered so much wine to be given to them as they desired. Being thus accommodated, they tumbled it out so long, till they were even dead drunk, and, tumbling down, lay fast asleep upon the ground!"

Note 5, Page 273.

In detail.

An indiscriminate massacre, like that at Smyrna and other places, was not however perpetrated in Constantinople.

Note 6, Page 273.

Orta.

Janissary regiment. Every *orta* had distinctive marks done on their arms, in a style much like that ingeniously adopted by some of our sailors. On certain conditions, an Armenian, or even a Jew, could become a member of an *orta*, and thenceforward enjoy Janissary protection.

Note 7, Page 273.

Spoon.

The Janissaries wore spoons stuck in the fronts of their enormous caps.

Note 8, Page 274.

No aperture.

The Greek calpack has a finger-hole in the crown—the Armenian has not.

Note 9, Page 277.

Gehenna.

Anglice, Hell!

Note 10, Page 278.

Turkish burying grounds.

Part of the "*Grand champs de morts*" above Pera, was a favourite residence of the dogs. In the summer of 1828, I saw them burrowing in holes like rabbits. Every one of the matrons seemed to have had a recent increase of family; and I went there so frequently, that I at last fancied I could distinguish the different litters by their family likeness. Turkish graves are very shallow, and a friend of mine once saw, to his horror, two of these dogs turned body-snatchers!

Note 11, Page 281.

Crassi, or (better) *Crasi*.

Romaïc for wine.

Note 12, Page 282.

Mahmoodier.

A Turkish coin of the value, I believe, of twenty-five piastres. They had disappeared before my arrival in the country.

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37
THE

A R M E N I A N S.

A TALE OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

BY

CHARLES MAC FARLANE, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF

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THE ARMENIANS.

CHAPTER I.

THE hope of seeing Veronica, which had attracted the Prince to the Bosphorus and his fishing-lines, again most provokingly failed him; but now the door of the Seraffs' house was open at least for one visit of ceremony. Had she come to the Princess', he might have so arranged matters as to speak with her apart, were it but for a few minutes; he might—his

heart ached at the thought of all he *might* have said and done. Within the walls of the Tinghir-Oglus, there was, however, a possibility of seeing Veronica, and of hearing the sounds of her voice, and that, though but for a moment, and in the yashmack and feridji, and uttering but the most indifferent words, would still be an exquisite pleasure.

Evening was approaching ere he went to the Armenian abode, for it was not until then that he ceased hoping Veronica might be at liberty to come where he suspected her heart to be. The Princess would accompany him in his visit, and express to her neighbours the pleasure she felt that her grandson had been so fortunate as to render a service to persons, who had so importantly served her in the days of her sorrows.

On turning the angle of the quay, and

approaching the house of the Tinghir-Oglus, Constantine saw a group of Armenians, who had probably been to pay a visit of condolence within, seated on low wicker stools, on the curb-stones that confine the bank, and smoking silently and assiduously, with their long chibooks projecting over the clear waters of the channel. At the moment, the eyes of some of them were fixed on the flight of those rapid aquatic birds that abound on the Bosphorus, and whose restlessness might have formed a curious contrast to their own quietude; other eyes were bent on the gliding caïk, or on the curling smoke of their lulahs⁽¹⁾; others were gazing vacantly across the channel, at the beautiful little bay and village of Chibookli, or up its current, at the *scale* of Sultanié; but on the Prince and Princess stopping at the Seraffs' threshold, a long,

continuous hem! was heard, and all the eyes of the sedent party were fixed on them with a wide stare (and for width of stare no eyes can equal the Armenians').

"By the keel of Noah's ark on Mount Ararat," said Hugaz, a very broad man who dealt in broad cloth, "the Greeks are gone into the Seraffs'!"

"Very true," quoth Ostref the Aleppine, "but you have heard how the heretic rescued friend Agop from the janissary: that was yesterday evening—now this evening he is come for his reward; conforming herein, you know, to the advice of *Nostradin-Chodjea*, "Let not the taste of your sherbet be out of the rich man's mouth, ere you ask him for his pilaff."⁽²⁾

"But it is the son of the Hospodar of Wallachia, who but a few days ago bought the

best cachemere I had on hand for five thousand piastres," said Andron the Angorote.

"And paid you?" quoth Hugaz.

"Money down!" replied Andron.

"Then so much the more likely is he to be in want of cash now," reasoned Ostref the Aleppine; "he must have come here to borrow money from friend Agop; what else ever brought a Greek under an Armenian roof?"

"Baccalum!⁽³⁾ we shall see!" said Hugaz.

While these animated speculations were interchanged, having been duly announced, and having traversed an intricate dark passage, each angle of which was guarded by a picture of a madonna, or a saint, well smoked by the oil that burned in an earthen dish before it, Constantine and the Princess were ushered into the presence of the brothers Tinghir-Oglu.

The passage was ingeniously contrived so as to wind round the whole of the apartment, and to end at a door that opened in the most distant corner of it. As Constantine advanced with a beating heart, he saw that beside the brothers there were two Catholic priests, one an Armenian, the other a secular, imported from Italy, and three gross Bazaarganlar in the room—but he could not expect to find Veronica there!

It has been the fortune of few travellers to see the interior of an Armenian house, but the apartment of the Tinghir-Oglus, in form and furniture, differed, like the abodes of all their race, but little from the usual apartments of the Turks, whom they closely imitate in their domestic economy and general mode of living. The room, or it might be called a saloon, was spacious, but low; the beech

floor was in part covered with Egyptian mats, and in part with sundry carpets ; the roof was of tessellated wood, gaudily painted in stripes of red, blue, and yellow, and ornamented with bouquets of flowers, rather clumsily executed, in gold. The walls of the apartments, also of boards, were painted in a plain brown colour, and furnished with a range of shelves, or rather one continuous shelf, running round the upper end and two sides of the room, over the divan or low sofa, which as usual was trilaterally arranged. This shelf was well stocked with drums of tobacco, pipe-bowls, touchwood, pots of preserves, huge melons, and others of the absolute necessities of a Levantine's life ; all of which might be reached from the divan with the least trouble possible. At intervals on the walls or wainscoting, differing here from the Turks, whose

religion prohibits them the representation of any human or brute form, were, a large picture of the Virgin Mary, with a silver crown enriched with brilliants, nailed over her head, and seven silver daggers stuck in her heart ; and coloured prints, badly executed, but set in frames of gilt silver, shadowing forth the glories of the patron saints of every member of the family, from Yussuf, or Saint Joseph, to Saint Veronica with her miraculously impressed handkerchief.⁽⁴⁾ At the end of the room opposite to the window was a crucifix, with the figure in wood, nearly as large as life. In compliance with the prejudice, or it might be called, the good taste, of the Turks, who were not unfrequently visitors at the Seraffs', it had been thought expedient to cover the agonizing, bloody figure, and it was only on rare occasions, that it was revealed in all its deformity.

On one side of the room was an armoire or closet, that contained the coverlets, by which, with a very simple process, the sofa by day, was converted into beds by night: the folding doors were cut with pigeon-holes of very quaint figures, through which the, to us unsightly, appurtenances of beds were visible.

The upper end of the room nearly all opened into one wide window, according to the general plan of those summer-houses on the Bosphorus; it looked on the quay and the channel, and the opposite hills and shores of Asia. The casement, however, was furnished like the houses of the Turks with close lattices, so appropriately termed *jalousies*! and thus, as if to shew their want of taste in every thing, the exquisite prospect was almost excluded.

Agop of the Tinghir-Oglus sat with his

back towards the window, on the low sofa's edge, supported by well-stuffed pillows, or rather cushions, those luxuries of a Turkish divan! Before him was the skemn  , or low table, which his dinner had been served on, but which now was covered by those infinitely small scraps of paper on which the Orientals contrive to keep their longest accounts: ⁽⁵⁾ mixed with the papers were several silk bags of money, each with a crooked, mystic looking seal attached to its pussy mouth, and under his hand was a silver snuff-box of portentous dimensions, on the lid of which some eastern artist had expended his ingenuity in engraving a bunch of flowers, that might have been mistaken for the head of a cauliflower, and two billing doves, that might just as well have typified two fighting cocks.

Agop looked pale and languid, and (an

infallible index to indisposition in Turkey) his chibook-mouthpiece lay unhanded on the divan--the lulah unlit in its little, bright saucer of brass on the floor. ⁽⁶⁾

In his best hours Agop's personal appearance was not the most favourable: but now, indisposed, and more negligently dressed than was his wont, and with a Persian lamb-skin cap, the curly black wool worn externally, fitting close to his shaven skull, his thick black beard unmowed, his long mustachoes uncurled, he was almost repulsive. He rose upright *sur son seant* (and not on his legs) on the sofa, as the Princess and Constantine advanced to the end of the room, and returned their graceful salutations with the usual formula, which are fixed and unvarying with Armenians as with Turks, and laying, while he spoke, his hand across his

breast—a gesture to which the pompous Osmanlis can give exceeding dignity, and grace.

Though devoid of the graceful and deficient in the picturesque, Agop was still however grateful for the services of yesterday, and he and his brother Yussuf poured their thanks and blessings on the Prince, with liberality and sincerity.

“But you seem ill and suffering,” said the Princess to her neighbour, after having expressed to him her satisfaction that Constantine her darling boy should have been present to render him service; “you are pale! and yet they told me you escaped unhurt.”

“And so he did, Dominizza!—thanks to the miraculous interposition of the blessed Virgin, the bullet of the janissary wounded him not; but fear, you know, might have thrown all the blood to his head, and killed him just as

well, and so, as is the practice with those who understand, we have had brother Agop bled."

Thus were the bad looks of the Armenian accounted for by the Italian Abbaté, who it should seem, as indeed is frequently the case with importations of his cloth, pretended to a knowledge of physic as well as of divinity.

The Seraff could not deny the effects of fear; and there was no feeling in him to make him blush at them. The Abbaté continued: "Nothing can be more distinctly marked as an instance of miraculous interposition, than this case of our devout friend: here is the calpack," (he took up the ponderous black balloon, the Armenian's head-piece,) "see! here passed the ball—here!—a little lower down, not much more than a span's length, and it would have found his head, and then, as every body knows, the brains—but I beg pardon, friend

Agop, I see I distress the delicacy of your feelings—to speak to the point, had not the blessed Mary, and the patriarch Jacob, or saint George—I decide not which of the two, for your devotion is exemplary, similar to each,—had not, I say, the virgin, and the patriarch, or the saint, given another direction to the bullet, you would have been by this time in paradise!”

“*Libera nos Domine!*—a hundred years hence;” muttered the Seraff; “but I must say, touching the ball, that after the powers of heaven, I am indebted to the Effendi here for my life, at least so Veronica, the only one of our family who had courage to stay and to see, pretends.”

Constantine had begun to think it rather hard, that while the old Italian puzzled his brains as to the part that the patriarch Jacob,

or the saint, George, had in the preservation of the banker's brains, he should never have mentioned his name, as he might modestly claim some portion of the merit; but the trifling degree of ill humour that would be excited by such a being as the Padre Tira-borsa, was dissipated at the name of Veronica, and the mention of her having testified to the part he took in rescuing her father from the janissary.

The Abbaté would have hesitated ere he divided the praise due to the protecting essences of another world, even with one of his own flock, a devotee of the Roman communion; but that it should be shared by a Greek—a schismatic—a heretic—was not to be conceived; and he went on to prove how Constantine had merely acted under other impulses than his own, and had been no more

than a passive instrument in the hands of Providence—a sentiment that was echoed by the Armenian Catholic priest, who was the recipient of whatever doctrine or feeling his somewhat better educated and European *confrère* chose to promulgate; whilst his dislike to the Greeks, was perhaps more fervent than that of the Abbaté.

All Constantine's respect for saints could not prevent him from again thinking to himself, that he was somewhat scurvily treated by these dogmatical expounders of free-will and necessity, and that it would be but fair, should he ever see one of their thick heads exposed to the chance from which he had rescued neighbour Agop's, to leave to the saints the sole care and undivided merit of its preservation.

During the discussion on miracles, the

visitors, who had been smoking their pipes on the quay, entered to smoke their pipes within, and to profit by the unction of two powerful champions of the church. Here was an assembly worth talking to; besides the brothers, Tinghir-Oglu, Ostref the Aleppine Seraff, Andron the rich Angorote shawl-merchant, Hugaz, the enameller to the Capitan Pasha, and others scarcely less in name, or (what was more important than name) in wealth! The Abbaté's eyes sparkled at the thoughts of all that might be made, and without circumlocution, he proceeded to business.

“Such things, my children, must not pass from before our eyes, without a mark and a record! The sins of mankind have rendered the occurrence of miracles so rare, that it behoves us to celebrate this present one with thanksgiving, and holy rejoicing. Yea! with a church festival!”

“ So be it, and let it be done, reverend father,” said the visitors.

“ So be it,” rejoined Agop, and taking up his calpack, in which by frequent examination, and pushing and fingering, the passage of the janissary’s bullet was as clear as day-light,” and I offer up this as a voucher, and a proof, to be appended before the shrine of the “ Immaculate” in the second chapel, in the right aisle of our church at Pera! ⁽⁷⁾

“ It is God that says it, and even so shall it be,” murmured the Armenian priest.

“ Not so, nonsense! the calpack is too large!” interrupted the Abbaté, who assumed in all matters a superiority over his oriental colleague; “ consider man,—I mean, brother Capril,—this eastern hat (no such are worn in countries truly Catholic, Apostolic, and Roman!) is as wide in circumference as one of our

chandeliers hung by the chapel's side ; it would bury all the other votive offerings of the faithful ; cast a shade over the effigy of the Madonna our blessed mother, and eclipse the crowns of glory that we have just had fresh gilt. But I have it, and thus it shall be ! Listen. The last Genoese vessel that arrived at Galata with a cargo of sardinias and salt herrings for Signor G., and with three hairs of the head of the thrice blessed Fancesco di Girolamo, (a very precious relic,) for his Excellency our Ambassador the ——, contains a youth of rare parts, and specially useful to a church, in a country like this Turkey, where the “belle arti” are somewhat insufficiently cultivated. A pretty limner he is, in water or in oil, and he shall depict in a conformable tabula, the escape of yesterday. Our friend Agop, his calpack with the holes in it, just where they are, and

the janissary with his long pistol, the smoke at its muzzle, and its bullet seen flying on the opposite side of the calpack, as if, as it verily well might have done," (the Seraff felt an uncomfortable sensation about the scull,) "it had gone through Agop's head!"

"But where will you put the Prince here," said one of the visitors, "for he, I am told, struck the janissary's arm!"

"As he is not of our church, we cannot admit him in our temple, in the votive offering. The janissary must be at the edge of the picture, and the Hospodar may be imagined behind him, and not appearing for want of room in the canvass," replied the Abbaté.

"I relinquish my place in the picture without difficulty. I hope you may have no more to encounter from the Turks for representing the figure of an Osmanli, and in an

odious light, and for exposing it in your church," said Constantine, who, piqued as he was, would willingly awaken the very susceptible apprehensions of the Armenians.

"The Prince is right," said Yussuf Tinghir Oglu, "there may be danger in it."

"But our church is under the protection of the great Cæsar himself, and the Emperor of Austria is our warrant, that no harm or insult shall be offered to us or our temple."

"That is all very true," said Yussuf, replying to the Italian priest, "but it is well to avoid the possibility of giving offence, and incurring the risk of danger. The Turks when provoked, are not very attentive, either to the letter, or the spirit of treaties. A mob might beat our blessed tabernacle about our ears, and then, though the Government might cut off their heads for it, and build up the church again without cost to

the Christians, that could not replace all that would be lost, and would be sorry satisfaction to us, buried in its ruins.”

The Armenians, moreover, felt that in their situation as rayah subjects of the Porte, they were exposed to more jealous observance than the Franks; and the sense of their own unprotected situation, with nobody to interpose between them and tyranny, made both the brothers deaf for once to the arguments of the Italian, who continued equally firm in his opinion, that no harm would happen, by painting the janissary and the Seraff as he proposed; for he knew the extent of his own protection, and his privileges as a Frank, and had no cause to fear for *himself*.

When the Abbaté, however, saw the bankers had resolved that his tabula should not contain the Turk, he reflected for a minute or

two, and then with a brisk "eccolo!" or "here it is!" he resumed.

"Friend Agop and his calpack shall be in the centre of the picture, and on one side of him, a long pistol level with his head, and the flash, and the smoke, and the bullet as aforesaid; the janissary may very well be supposed, like the Greek here, out of sight, beyond the frame of the picture!"

"Aye! this now, Padre Tiraborsa, is a sensible arrangement," said Yussuf 'Tinghir-Oglu, rubbing his hands, which naturally, or by their frequent contact with the precious metal, were of the colour of yellow gold. "Only keep the Turk out of sight, and *us* out of trouble."

"And then, let me see," continued the connoisseur in art, "to finish the picture, and balance the pistol, we will introduce on the other side, an angel catching the bullet."

Constantine could *scarcely* restrain his laughter—he could *not* his criticism.

“But to be of any use, my friend, the angel’s hand ought to be between the janissary’s pistol and the Seraff’s head. It cannot be of any consequence, after the ball has passed the calpack, as you are to paint it, where it goes.”

“You’ll pardon me, Signor Prince, but it is of the greatest consequence,” said the Padre, somewhat spitefully, and being put on his mettle or his invention, he continued, “The angel shall be looking with one eye, with kindness and protection, on friend Agop; with the other, with wrath, on the janissary, behind the pistol, where of course he *is*; and you shall see, that the bullet the angel is catching, is to be thrown back at the Turk’s head; and this, you perceive, will be poetical justice, and tell the whole of the story—the miraculous

escape on one side, and the ready punishment on the other,—the ball discharged by guilt at innocence, recoiling to pierce the head of guilt !”

“ Beautiful, most beautiful !” cried the admiring Armenians.

“ But the janissary had his head cut off by a yataghan, and not his brains shot through by a ball,” said Ghika. “ Your symbols would be incorrect.”

“ Don’t teach me the difference, at my age, between alum and barley-sugar.^(s) My symbols are correct. The metaphor of death is all that is required ; and the ball, young man, will be as intelligible as the rest of the picture !”

“ Quite so, I should fancy,” replied Constantine, mildly, bowing to the Abbaté, who could not conceal his irritation.

“ But I have been thinking now,” said the

cautious Yussuf, "that as you leave out the Prince and the janissary, it would be just as well, nay better, because safer, to leave out my brother's figure also, in the picture, and have only the pistol, the calpack, and the angel. Might it not be done even so? We will pay the limner for the figures that ought to be there, as if *there* they were."

"Certainly it might be executed as you say, and the tabula tell the whole story just as well! Let me see! the calpack in the centre—the principal object brought out in position and *chiar'-oscuro*—the pistol on one side, the angel on the other. On my word, a very pretty piece of grouping! And then, as secondary and uniting traits, we have the smoke between the pistol and the head (I beg pardon, the calpack), and the bullet between the calpack and the angel, and ——"

“Couldn’t the clever young man on board the ghemli ⁽⁹⁾ introduce the flash and the report of the pistol in the picture?” enquired old Andron, the Angorote.

“He is a very clever lad, indeed,” said Padre Tiraborsa, “but I fear *that* is beyond his art.”

Greatly to the relief of Constantine, the opening door interrupted this conversation on the votive picture; three male attendants entered with chibooks, and each person present employed his breath more profitably than in words—in drawing his pipe.

“The old Seraff is treating me with his cursed etiquette and distinction,” thought Constantine, as he saw the servants employed, “and I shall not get a glance of Veronica after all!”

He was most agreeably disappointed the

next minute, to see a light female figure glide into the room, at the head of three maidens, who bore, one, a coffee-tray, one, a salver with sweet-meats, and the other, a goblet of crystal, containing water as brilliant and as pure. It was she! He could never more mistake the contour of that figure, though wrapped in the *feridji*; the glance of those eyes that had rested on him as they had done, must henceforward inform his soul!

As she stepped across the room, she laid her hand to her breast, and bowed lowly to all present, then gliding gracefully as the cygnet on the lake, to the maternal wing, she was in an instant clasped in the Princess's embrace, and as her yashmack in part rose, and in part fell, to admit the kisses of her aged friend to her snowy forehead, and her trembling lips, Constantine saw once

again, though again briefly, the face of Veronica!

“The yashmack being re-arranged, and all her face concealed save her full black eyes, that glowed with the intensity, and hopefulness, and joy, of early love, the fair Armenian took the coffee-service from the attendant.

The first tiny porcelain cup, in its golden and enamelled case, she presented with natural gracefulness to the Princess; the next—and as she stood before him, she bent her head in sign of humility and respect, as taught in part of her Oriental education—she held forth to Constantine.

He inclined on the edge of the divan towards the fair girl, who, in his estimation at least, might “have poured Jove’s nectar out.” Thus near, he could feel her balmy breath on his cheek, he could see her

bosom undulate, and almost hear the beating of the heart within it. As he extended his hand to receive the fragrant cup, he could press the delicate small fingers that held it; and young, fanciful, passionate—a lover, could it happen otherwise than that his soul should overflow with pleasure? Veronica's back was towards her father and uncle, and their friends, who were occupied with their chibooks; the Princess was engaged with her coffee; she ventured, in reply to the thanks of Constantine as he took the cup from her, to murmur, "to-morrow," and her eyes told the rest.

At last, in a few hours then, he should be blest with what he had so ardently desired--- what had so repeatedly eluded him; he should be able to pour forth at her feet, that passion, too vast for him to contain! The drops of scalding hot coffee that were trickling from his

cup on his rich dress, recalled the Prince from the heaven he was exulting in, to this world, and in time to see, that the head and nerves of her he loved, were not less affected than his own; for Veronica, in presenting the cup to Padre Tiraborsa, upset it in his hand, and caused the Abbaté, holy man as he was, to cry out in something very like a round Italian oath.

To the chiding of her father and uncle, the Armenian maiden replied something about the yesterday's alarm having affected her nerves; and she was presently afterwards obliged to recur to the same excuse for having, in her confusion, trod on the bowl of Ostref the Aleppine's pipe, and produced a concussion along the cherry stick, that almost knocked out two of his four remaining teeth.

"Veronica, my child," cried Agop earnestly,

for he felt for his old friend the Seraff, and was angry that such an unaccountable piece of ill-behaviour as treading on a chibook should have taken place under his roof, "Veronica! has an evil spirit entered into you that you scald the hand of one of our friends, and smite another on the mouth!"

"Aye, an evil spirit indeed has entered into her," mused Tiraborsa, "a spirit that it will be difficult to exorcise. I see it clearly; she trembled before that sprig of the Hospodar there; the chapkin is well-favoured and smoothly-spoken: as surely as there are seven sacraments in the holy Catholic Church, the girl's in love with the heretic!"

The worthy Abbaté who had thus readily guessed the truth, could hardly have been cited as an example of quickness and penetration, but he had certain advantages over

his Armenian clients: in the comparative liberty of females in his own country, perhaps in the early feelings and adventures of his own life, he had learned to trace the workings of the gentler passions through the veil thrown over them, by considerations due to society, or friends, or other restrictions; he had a chain of thought and deduction, of which the Armenians did not possess a link; and keeping his eye on Veronica and Constantine, before they parted the suspicion was certainty, and he was informed of the existence of a violent passion in those young hearts, which would long have escaped the discovery of the Tinghir-Oglus, and those about them.

As a Roman priest, as one of the leaders of the Catholic party in that moral *hodge-podge* Pera; as an implacable enemy to the Greeks and heresy; as a friend to Sultan Mahmood,

or to any other gentle Christian-like sovereign that should be set against the execrable opponents of the *filioque*, Padre Tiraborsa must be inimical to Constantine Ghika. The biting sarcasm of the young prince was not required to make the priest his foe; but in a nature like his, it could not fail to add asperity to enmity, and as he revolved the matter in his mind, determining to make use of his discovery, when, and how, might be most conducive to his own interest or views, he vowed, that the stripling should repent his insolence on the subject of the picture.

Veronica meanwhile had somewhat recovered her composure, had served round the tiny but potent cups of coffee, and was now circulating with the sweets. A glass vessel, in size and shape much like our sugar-basins, and with only one small silver spoon in it, for

the successive use of all the party, contained a sort of paste—a preserve of roses, in itself, like most of the specimens of Turkish confectionary met with at Constantinople, of exquisite flavour. It was presented on a small silver salver first to the Princess, who having taken one small spoonful of the preserves, (and it is not consonant with eastern etiquette to take more than one,) replaced the spoon in the basin, which was conveyed to Constantine. As he took the spoon, and prepared to lick the strongly adhesive sweets from it—an operation, be it said in passing, far from elegant in itself, and far from agreeable to the uninitiated who may chance to have the twentieth licking of the same spoon—he breathed the now to him magic word—“to-morrow!” It was so gentle as to be inaudible to all save the active sense of love; but to Veronica, with the

speaking look that accompanied it, it was happiness—it was enough!

The flesh-wound or scratch which Constantine had received from the janissary's yataghan was indeed trifling; but such as it was, and it might well have been more serious, it was received in the service of the Seraff, and merited at least an inquiry.

So occupied, however, was Agop with his own condition and the condolence of his friends, and the discussion on the votive picture which was to evince his gratitude, that the subject was long ere it occurred to his mind. At last he said,

“I did not observe it myself, but Veronica told me yesterday evening, and her garments, stained with blood, bore testimony, that you were wounded by the Turkish madman; I hope you were not hurt much, and that you have been careful to consult the science, and

some man deep in the healing art, like my friend here, the Padre Tiraborsa."

There was no direct answer returned to the tardy inquiries. At the moment they were made, Veronica was standing between the Princess and Constantine with a glass of iced water, generally applied after the sweetmeats; her eyes were bent with love and joy on the Prince, but at the mention of the wound, the blood that had stained her dress—her hand—rushed upon her memory, and the fatal circumstances of which at such a moment—the moment he chose to declare his passion, and vow his fidelity—it must be the omen, almost overcame her entirely, and she trembled as on the preceding evening from the effects of two powerful agents on the female mind—superstition and love.

The eager inquiries of Constantine's aged

relative, who now was informed for the first time that her darling boy had been wounded, and his hasty and careless replies, concealed, however, the excess of agitation of the fair Armenian from all but the suspicious and watchful Tiraborsa, and presently afterwards Veronica retired with the Princess to see the other females of the family, who had not made their appearance among the mustachoed lords of the creation.

The Prince, fain to escape, when there was small chance of her reappearance, refused the other chibook that was offered, and rose to resume his slippers, ⁽¹⁰⁾ and to take his leave. Agop made another most graceless attempt at good manners; but the gratitude of his wealthier and more enterprising brother, the director of the imperial mint, really went so far, that he whispered into Constantine's ear :

“You Greeks love to spend money! I know you have lately been borrowing at high interest—twenty-five per cent. to my dear friend the Seraff Hatchedur! When you again go that way, come to me, and you shall have what you want at twenty-four per cent.—good security!”

Not absolutely confounded with this stretch of the Armenian's bounty or generosity, Constantine, retiring gracefully, saluted the company, who remaining, as better educated societies will do, followed up his retreat with a succession of shots.

“A handsome youth, this Ghika, but a confirmed fop and rake, I'll warrant him,” quoth Andron the Angorote.

“Ay, a chapkin — a thorough chapkin,” said the offended Padre Tiraborsa, “but he shall find me in his road!”

“ In reward for what he did yesterday, has he been to ask you for money ? ” inquired Ostref the Aleppine.

“ No ; as God is great, he has asked me for nothing,” replied Agop.

“ But he will,” said Hugaz.

“ Baccalum ! ” quoth Yussuf, “ his father after all is Hospodar of Wallachia, and so he may continue long enough yet, to allow him to pay a few purses ! ”

“ He is a pestilential heretic,” resumed Tiraborsa.

“ He only smoked one chibook ! ” quoth Hugaz.

“ But he saved my life,” said Agop, feeling something like remorse at thus sitting to hear the youth so abused.

CHAPTER II.

THE night which succeeded the interview described in the last chapter, Constantine determined to spend at Emenergen-oglu. Veronica, in whispering "to-morrow," had added no hour, or time of the day, whether morning or evening; she might come at early morning, before he could reach the village from the capital: should he lose the chance of meeting her, so long and so intensely had his heart and imagination dwelt upon the joys that meeting was to

give, he felt that he should go mad. No! he would not go again to Constantinople, until he had told all his love, and had heard how he was beloved.

But that he was beloved by Veronica, he could not doubt. Her hurried, her impressive words, after the janissary's violence at the kiosk by Arnaut-Keui; her confession, artless and impassioned, that she *too* had counted the hours since last they met; that the belief in his assurance, that he was there in search of her, and not to meet the handsome Greek ladies, would make her happy as an immortal spirit;—her emotion at the sight of his blood; the expression of her voice, of her figure—for her attitude spoke in eloquence—when she held up her little white hand, and gazed upon the red drops that stained it; the last glance she gave him, as he withdrew that happy evening;—her agitation

just now, when she stood before him ; the tones of that dear “ to-morrow,” (would it never come ?) and her trembling again, her almost fainting, when his wound, and his blood which had stained her garments, were alluded to, were evidences to strike one far less penetrating than himself. Yes ! Veronica’s young heart was his—he was loved, and passionately ! and he felt in its fulness, the luxury and the rapture of the conviction, as happy, but restless, he threw himself into his caïk, to while away a few of the evening hours, on the pleasant Bosphorus.

Of the feelings that agitate our breasts, of the pursuits that from youth to age may engage us, none can ever carry in one point, the bliss, the perfection of happiness, that early love can do. Ambition and avarice, two of the stronger passions, have no definite

object; they do not fix the “thus far, and no farther,” but on they go, never satisfied, and using each accession of dignity or of wealth as a stepping-stone to rank still higher, to treasures still more incalculable; and even at last, the shaft of death strikes their votaries in a career which they seem to be but beginning, whilst afar off, and through an avenue of disappointed hopes and consuming cares, some gilded coronal, or golden mound, still tempts them on, and says, “Reach me, and be happy.” But love is complete in itself; the moment that conveys the conviction to the heart, “I am loved,” is perfect and total in bliss: it begins, it concentrates, it ends, there in itself! there is nought higher, there is nought beyond!—the essence of human joy is condensed into one magical drop! Alas! that its effects will not endure. Yet how might

we expect they should? The lightning's vivid flash is gone ere we can count its speed! and every thing intense in its nature is brief in its duration!

Constantine at the moment experienced the joy without the heart-withering reflexion that it could not last; he felt as if he could walk on thin air, as if with one bound he could leap over the banks and hills of the Thracian channel, or with one stroke of the arm cleave the calm blue waves, and glide from shore to shore.

In the exuberance of his spirits, he seized one pair of the caïk oars, and rowed determinately up the Bosphorus against the strong current. The beauty of the evening, and of the sites he passed, could hardly be said to produce a diversion in his thoughts, but (as well they might!) they harmonized with his feelings of love, and insensibly united

themselves with dreams of happiness. And if on earth love would stay his wing, it might surely be on the verdant shores or in the shady valleys of the channel by which the Euxine communicates with the Propontis; and if his votaries, fleeing the turmoil and the strife of cities, "those populous solitudes," would seek some quiet nook for the enjoyment of the passion that fills their hearts, and for the worship of that Being whose spirit love is, and who cherishes the religion of the soul with the spectacle presented to the eye by the charms of inanimate nature; where, on the earth's vast circumference, could they find spots more appropriate, than on the Asiatic and European shores, that intervene between the swarming Constantinople and the solitary Cyanean rocks? Where, if the malice of man opposed not the beneficence of nature; if a

tyranny, barbarous, capricious, converted not, as it is wont to do, spots destined for peace and joy, into scenes of murder and hopeless lamentation ; and if vices at which humanity shudders, unblushingly held not here their orgies, and revelled in pollution? ⁽¹⁾

Constantine's caïk was propelled by the European village of Yeni-keui, by the port, the narrow valley covered with a smooth carpet, as of green velvet, and the village of Kalender; and past the pleasant Imperial Kiosk and the batteries by Nalet-Bournou, all situated close on the brink of the channel, and reflecting their picturesque forms in the gliding stream; whilst the rivalry of the approaching continent still continuing, the more distant Asiatic shore, offered its villages and vales, its minarets and kiosks.

If directed in a straight line across the Bos-

phorus, from the European village of Yeni-keui, the eye reposed with delight on the entrance of the fairy-looking Asiatic vale of Sultanieh, with its elevated terrace, a caprice of nature, that looked like the work of man, covered with plane trees and weeping willows, through the foliage of which an elegant fountain discovered itself in the form of an Egyptian obelisk, in the centre of the esplanade, and groups of Turks in robes of bright and airy hues, were seen seated cross-legged in the shade, leaning against the trunks of the trees, and listening to the *cool sound*, the gentle plash of the water in its marble basin. ⁽²⁾

Continuing his aquatic course from Nalet-Bournou, the prince glided across the port of Therapia, one of the best of the inlets of the channel, known to the ancients under the name of Pharmacea; and past the familiar village

which in part runs round the semicircle made by the channel, in part penetrates into a hollow that cuts the hills, while the rest ascends the hills' sides, where its painted houses are exquisitely mingled with pleasant gardens, vineyards, and tall trees, through which some of them are seen to peep, like amiable and timid coquettes, through the partially withdrawn folds of their veils.

We have applied the epithet "familiar" to the village of Therapia, and it was indeed familiar to Constantine. It was here that the most civilized of the Greek nation, the families of the Fanar, were wont to reside, during the fine months of the year; and their superior taste and sociability had converted Therapia and its neighbourhood into a sojourn of amenity. But now the Greek revolution or the horrors incident on it, had swept away

its nobler population, the interchange of visiting and festivity had ceased since the fatal period of 1821; and those who had promoted it had threaded the valley of the shadow of death, or despoiled and exiled, dragged on a death-like existence, in some distant Asiatic solitude. The Turk or the stranger (some European trader) occupied the mansions of the Greek princes on the Bosphorus, or their widowed relicts, and helpless children, in some few instances, remained and saw them crumbling over their heads, whilst in poverty and abandonment they wept over all their losses, and that greatest of pains—the memory of happy times.⁽³⁾ As their solitary footsteps echoed through the saloons, mournfully, and like the hollow sound of the first clod of earth thrown on the coffin in the grave, their occupants' blood might well congeal in their veins, and they might wish to

be as the tenant of that last home of mortality. So lately were those halls thronged with the prosperous and the happy, with beings replete with beauty, and exulting in health and youth, that it might be at times impossible to conceive they were all gone and so suddenly!

The maidens and the youths had there danced "lightly on the shore;" the light and sculptured caïk, with gilding and rare device, had glided into that little port with many a gay and lovely freight; but now the melancholy remnant of the Greeks, chiefly peasants or boatmen, stole in silence and apprehension along the quay. If a tinkling of the guitar, or a song from one lighter-hearted than the rest, struck the ear, it sounded as in mockery of joy; and if the lusty arms of the palikari rowed a boat, with passing speed, to the *scale* of Therapia, it was occupied by dull children of Mammon, who had left their souls

behind them, with their bales, at Galata or the *Bezestein*.

There, as Constantine passed on, *was* the site of the house of Prince Callimachi, where, in his boyish days, he had spent such happy hours with the children of that wealthy family, playing at the djerid, or imitating the lances' charge, with long pipe sticks, heedless of the value of their fragile amber mouth-pieces. But this building had been more obnoxious than the rest of the Fanariotes' palaces at Therapia, and by order of Sultan Mahmood, had been carefully levelled with the ground, and only the site was discernible by the foundation walls. A little farther, Constantine passed by the now solitary house of the Princes Morousi, where he had so often experienced hospitality and the charms of refined society; a little farther on was the abode of the Princes Manno, in whose well-

furnished library he had imbibed some of those notions, which raised him above the level of the barbarians, among whom he was destined to live. Could he have thought of their late possessors, a pang would have shot through his heart, and their dying words, as they fell under the cimeter of the Sultan's executioner, would have pealed in his ears.⁽⁴⁾

There, by the water's edge, in the curve of the port of Therapia, was the residence of the kind old Princess of Mavrocordato, where he was wont to be invited on the festal day of the village, when the little square at the end of the miniature harbour was illuminated by cressets, and branches of the resinous pine, when towering *feux de joie*, burned in the centre, and the maidens, hand in hand, danced round it, while the lusty palikari rushed one after the other to the curb-stone of the quay, and with

vaulting somersets, plunged into the waves of the Bosphorus, and all in honour of the Panagea, or St. John! ⁽⁵⁾

But at the other side of the port, and nearer to the mouth of the Black Sea, what dark building was that, the sight of which, pre-occupied and revelling in dreams of love, as he was, fixed Constantine's eye, and caused his whole frame to shudder? The front of the house was simple, but bore an air of greater age than the rest of the wooden structures; and three Papas, with long silvery beards, sat in the little porch before its door, enjoying the evening breeze, and the spectacle of the loveliest of scenes.

That, was the humble episcopal palace; there had resided the venerable Bishop of Therapia, to whose spiritual doctrines and moral instruction, Constantine had been taught

to listen with reverence, whilst to the indulgence, and the amiable and playful disposition of the sage, he had voluntarily paid the tribute of affection. Yes! it was within those simple walls the virtuous Despotos, had spent many years of a peaceful and a useful life; it was beneath that unambitious roof, on which his beneficence and suavity of manners attracted the blessings of all classes, despite of Mahometan intolerance, and sectarian rivalry, that he had lain his head in peace with all the world; and in the glorious hope, that, at this life's termination, which could not be remote, he should tranquilly breathe forth his soul from the midst of his friends, his flock, his children, to those regions of ineffable bliss, that his fervent faith had made his own. And it was through that porch, at the orders of the infuriated, the undistinguishing Sultan, and only three short

summers before Constantine's present excursion, that the octagenarian, heart-broken at the calamities which had fallen on his people, after the breaking out of the Greek revolution; sick, tottering in age and feebleness, on the brink of the grave, was dragged to execution—a barbarous and unnatural execution! which, however, could only rob of a few days, perhaps hours, the unoffending victim.

In the hands of the savages who were to shed his blood, and hauled like a lifeless carrion along the quay of Therapia, the venerable Despotos preserved his strength of character; or rather, perhaps, the fervour of his Christian spirit and faith, triumphed over the weaknesses and the vices of mortality. He gave his blessing to his clerical companions, who would not desert him at the fatal moment, to his weeping domestics, to the horror-struck villagers, who had cou-

rage to face such a scene of murder ; and he supplicated heaven's forgiveness for his assassins, whilst *he* forgave and excused them, saying they were in the darkness of ignorance, and knew not what they were doing. He died as calmly as if the moment had been fixed by nature, and as if an angel of God stood by to point to Paradise. But with his last fleeting breath, there rose a cry—a shout of horror, from all assembled there, that palsied the hearts of the commissioned assassins, and seemed to demand vengeance from on high.⁶⁾

Even the poorer Turks of the village, who, rather stupid than cruel, were familiarized with deeds of violence of a like nature, and accustomed to consider the Padishah's caprice the will of Allah, revolted at this foul murder ; they knew the Despotos, and his worth ; they might have been the objects of that charity

which he had practised in his life, and which their blessed Koran imposed as the primal duty, and eulogized as the superior virtue ;—they joined that soul-thrilling shout, and one, assuming the tone of prophecy incident to them in moments of extraordinary excitement, was heard to say, “Mahmood! Mahmood! this cannot be well, and good cannot come from it! Thou hast shed the few drops of blood that remained in the virtuous old man’s veins,—see that they return not in a torrent, to swallow up thee and thine!” (7)

But to revert to less horrid features and recollections of the “familiar village,” as Constantine’s barque pursued its track, he passed the beautiful marine villa, with its terraces and hanging groves, which, at first, the gift of personal friendship and gratitude from Sultan Selim to General Sebastiani, has since devolved

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to the French nation, and is called "Le Palais de France," and occupied by the French Ambassadors.

Situated on the pleasant quay, but a few paces from the upper extremity of Therapia, is a spacious mansion, though of wood ; the style of its architecture is unambitious, but neat in a degree approaching to elegance, and it faces one of the most picturesque parts of the Bosphorus. The gardens and the woods, or rather a succession of *bosquets*, in the rear of the palace, rise up the bank of the channel, extend to the left, behind part of the village, and present a refreshing, verdant, and wavy picture, not to be beheld without delight. There over the laving sea was the cool, elevated terrace—a terrace and a bower,—for in its whole length, on either side, grew luxuriant trees that joining their branches

“high overhead embowered,” whilst through their boles, were caught the checkered views of the Thracian current, and all that glided on it, and of the shores and hills of old Asia—that continent whose name alone sounds like romance! It had been customary to give free access to the respectable residents of the village, to these enchanting grounds, and many a youthful and happy hour had Constantine passed loitering on that terrace, or threading the mazes of those *bosquets*.

And there again, peering over the heads of the tallest and most elevated trees of the French garden, was the grassy brow of Mount Alonaki, the highest hill in the neighbourhood of Therapia, and one of the most favourable points of sight for the scenery of the upper part of the Bosphorus. How often had Constantine sat himself down there,

on the pleasant bank, and felt his young heart fill with raptures he could not account for, as his eye took in the magical panorama! Thence he could look through the Boghaz, upon the wide-spreading, the dark and mysterious Euxine, and his childish imagination would be overpowered by the hardiness of the mariners, who were seen, when favoured by a southerly wind, directing their vessels from the river-looking Bosphorus, into that open sea, which seemed to him to have no end—no shore. Or, a pleasanter picture would present itself, when those little fleets, loaded with the grain of the productive Crimea, from Odessa or Taganrok, would glance round the European or the Asiatic promontory, with all their white sails set, and feeling the full force of the current when the channel contracts, would rush rapidly like

pale and inferior aurora-borealis, between the banks of the approaching continents, downward, towards Stamboul, whose *uncounted* thousands might hail their arrival, as they were freighted with the aliment their own deserted provinces no longer furnished in sufficiency. ⁽⁷⁾ From that same elevation of Alonaki the glance of the young Ghika, could plunge as it were into the winding Bosphorus, and down on part of Therapia; on the group of trees and aiasma of Keretch-Bournou; on the hamlet of Keflèkeui; and the more distant and more important village of Buyukderé; or gazing horizontally over the dusky hills of Thrace, he could mark the termination of the Balkan mountains, there, where covered with forests that should seem impervious, they dip, towards the Black Sea, behind the romantic sylvan retreat of Du-

muzderé, and the solitary tower, misnamed "Of Ovid;"⁽⁸⁾ and turning his eyes, and crossing the mouth of the Euxine, which might at times represent the entrance into the regions of terror and death, so dense and gloomy the vapours that occasionally roll over its waves; and flying with a glance from Europe into Asia, he could rest upon the cradle of Hercules, or the Giant's grave—a stark, bare, gloomy mountain, with a few dwarfish trees, crippled and bent to the south by the prevalence and violence of the northern gales, fringing its lofty and tempest-beaten brow.

And there too, to conclude our hasty review of some of the objects and haunts which had made Therapia the "familiar village," was the little glen between the hills, and just behind the French garden, to which Costandi had so often bounded with companions of his own

age. The spot was a Tempe to them, and it offered to childish appetite repasts, delicious as ambrosia, and draughts like nectar.

A sheepfold, and a primeval cow-stable and dairy, were there, and when led at the evening hour, as a special treat, to the pastoral and silent nook, how impatiently would the little gluttons expect the appearance of the shepherds, driving their sweet-smelling charge from the fragrant heath, down the hills' side, towards the byre ; and how would they clap their hands as they produced their lactean treasures—the cool and tart *yaourt*, or the creamy *caimac*, in the rustic clay basin, or the fresh drawn milk, foaming over the equally rustic earthen jug ! And, retiring from that quiet *mandra*, to the music of the lowing cows and bleating sheep, when they had ascended the narrow and devious path, and

reached the level heath, through which another path, altogether as eccentric, led towards the village, how often had Costandi and his light compeers slunk away, and hid themselves among the tall brushwood, the thick wild thyme, or the soft myrtle, and amused themselves until their laughs would betray their hiding-places, with the admonitions and the fruitless searches of the *paramana*, or the *didaskolos*.⁽¹¹⁾

And then, alas! as at times it would happen, if the shades of night, which follow so quickly on the sun's decline, would close on the loiterers while yet abroad, if clouds propelled by the northern blasts, from the Euxine, would suddenly obscure all the scene, and hang on the heath, like one vast pall, over one vast grave, how mute the prattlers would become, and how closely would they cling to the nurse's feridji, or the tutor's beneesh

and mutter the prayers that superstition had taught them, as safeguards against the *vour-voulaka* and other evil spirits! ⁽¹²⁾

Something of the feeling, resulting from the combination of beautiful scenery, our early haunts, and innocent and past happiness, so sadly pleasing to the heart, was experienced by the Prince Ghika, when tired with the exertions he had made, he drew his oars, and ordered the boatman to do the same, and let the caïk drop back with the current, from Therapia to Emenergen-Oglu, whence he had come. And yet he could hardly be said to have recurred to those familiar and tender associations, which in part we have attempted to trace.

So occupied was he with his new passion, that he scarcely gave one thought to the past; but there is a *moral* atmosphere spread around certain scenes, and certain objects of material nature,

from whose influence scarcely any circumstance, or condition, can exempt the mind, though we may be utterly unconscious of that influence, or the mode of its operation, at the moment.

Emotions, indistinct, and blended each in the other, steal over our soul at the view of a familiar scene, as the mingled odour of hidden flowers invades the sense; or, to make use of a barbarous superstition, as the veins of the murdered man bleed afresh, at the approach of the real assassin, so, reversing the case of the animate and the inanimate, do our hearts run over unconsciously, when brought in presence of objects among which we have enjoyed or suffered.

As the caïk slipped along with the stream, and requiring only an oar to keep it in the current, without an exertion to make, without a disturbance, without a sound to invade the stillness of his mind, Constantine could resign

himself to all the luxuries of his situation, and all the influences of the scene.

The last rays of the setting sun which had shone so gorgeously on the Asiatic hills, and obliquely thrown its beautiful ruddy light on the capes and shores of the winding Bosphorus, had now faded away into hues of sober grey, at first misty, but presently brightened into a blueish-silvery tint, that overspread the whole sky, save where the bright stars looked down upon the earth with joy and love. The kiosks, the mosques, the villages, on the shores or on the sides of the hills, were indistinctly mingled, or cast wholly in the thick shade that covered each of the banks of the channel, while at the summit of those banks, or the hills' ridge, was seen here and there, relieving against the sky, like a stately pyramid, a tall black cypress.⁽¹³⁾ Ferried by the current, and through such scenes,

our hero might have echoed the aspiration of the northern poet, " Oh, were this little boat to me the world ! " but instead of the friends, and the circle " of gentle maidens fair," the amiable divine included in his wish of the aquatic passage through life, Constantine, at the moment, would have desired but *one* ! ⁽¹⁴⁾

The evening passed at Emenergen-Oglu, though in no other society than that of his aged relative, and though his heart yearned for the return of to-morrow's sun, was not irksome. As we throw the clouds of our ill-humour on those who are around us, though they have nought to do with its cause, it would be unfair if the sun-shine of our happier mood, irradiated them not. In Constantine it certainly did: he listened without signs of impatience to the Princess' long stories of past times, to her admonitions ; and he gladdened her

old heart with projects and hopes, and with the certain prospect of his parent's yet returning in health and happiness, from beyond the Danube, to her mother's embrace.

When, however, he retired to his chamber at an unusually early hour, and found, in spite of the exercise he had taken, he could not sleep, he became impatient, and almost unhappy. His mind had been over-excited—wearied; for weak that we are! even bliss fatigues us. In vain did he court repose, and wish for a few short hours at least of slumber and utter forgetfulness; he counted the hour of twelve—of one—of two—as he touched his repeater, and at last in despair left his bed, which, from his frequent changing and tossing to find a position favourable to repose, he had rendered so uncomfortable, that it might have chased sleep even

from eyelids on which it was disposed to descend.

He withdrew the curtains, and threw open the close lattice; the moon, which was riding at its height over the hills of Europe, glanced its peaceful beams through the window; the night breeze, so exquisitely gentle, wafted coolness into the chamber. Constantine was cheered and refreshed. He threw on his cloak, and walked out of the house, by the garden door which he had opened for Veronica the first time he had seen her. That door, it has been said, faced the declining bank, or hill, down which a pleasant little wood straggled; the same hill and wood ran on behind the neighbouring house of the Tinghir-Oglus, and there was only the breadth of a footpath between them and the walls of the confined Armenian garden.

Constantine pursued that narrow path, until he came to the wicket-gate, by which he had seen Veronica enter ; he then ascended the bank a few steps, and sat down on the green moss, where the opening thicket allowed him a full view of the rear of the Seraffs' abode—a cumbrous assemblage of beams and planks, once, to denote its rayah condition, painted black, but now of the hue of a rusty coffin, perforated with sundry windows of various shapes and sizes, but all shut up, with lattices like the blinds of a nunnery, or the gratings of a man-of-war's deck.

But even the house could interest the lover, and other objects, and the summer-night, could scarcely be more beautiful than they were.

A sylvan depth of shade was around him ; but he could see from his recess the outer and upper branches of the *bosquet*,

and the "fruit-tree tops" in the garden, besprent with dew, waving to and fro in the broad moonlight, as the gentle breath of the winds shook them : so bright and genial was the night, that hosts of little lizards, that might have thought it day, were seen chasing each other along the tops of the garden walls ; their hues of emerald and gold shining like fugitive gems in the moon's rays. The lucciole, or fire-flies, had paled "their ineffectual fires," or only a few of them displayed their fairy lanterns, as they flitted through the thicket's gloom. Parts of the Bosphorus and its shores, shewed themselves through opening trees, and hillocks near the banks ; and looking past one end of the Seraffs' house, the romantic Asiatic village of Chiboukli might be discovered, and beyond the other end of the building, the point of Kanlidji-bournou, also on the opposite side of the channel,

The waters, placid and waveless, but hurried on like those of a river, by a rapid current, murmured and plashed, as they laved the contiguous quay, producing stilly notes, so sweetly melancholy and heart-cooling ! Even thus, were a hal-
lowed type rendered into material reality, might sound the flowing of that stream, which should wash away the sins and sorrows of mankind !

Other sounds were there none, save the scarcely audible whisper of the breeze on the wooded hill, the occasional cooing of some little turtle-doves, that colonized a neighbouring grove, and the rarer hooting of an owl, that maintained "her solitary reign" in a ruined kiosk half-way up the hill's side.

On a sudden, a slight noise was heard from the Seraffs' house. Constantine listened. The sound was repeated, and seemed like what would be produced by one attempting to open

a grating, or a creaking door, gently, so as not to alarm the inmates.

There was a moment's stillness, and then, after a similar repetition of the noise, a door, opening on a terrace, that ran a yard or two along the garden wall, gave issue to a female figure. It advanced to the edge of the terrace, and leaned on the parapet, turning the face towards the bright moon. Constantine's eyes did but confirm the intimation of his heart, that had whispered, it could be none but Veronica!

The garden walls were low, were nothing to youth—to love: in a moment, he might have been by her side, and yet he did not move.

The figure before him seemed unearthly, and it struck him with awe, while he gazed on it in that intenseness of look, with which we regard a meteor in the air, or any striking object whose stay we feel will be transient.

Veronica, on leaving her chamber, which had, perhaps, been as restless as that of Constantine, who was gazing at her from the trees, had thrown a thin white cloak over her, which fell in loose broad folds of drapery; but a portion of it drawn over the head like a hood, and framing, as it were, her pale face, over whose brow and cheeks her coal black hair had been allowed to stray negligently, gave an almost sepulchral aspect to her whole person. Her arms that leaned on the parapet, were covered with the loose haïk,⁽¹⁵⁾ but when she had turned her face for a moment to the moon, she raised them—the robe fell from those arms, as a wreath of snow from some lovely shrub it had concealed—and their beautiful hue and delicate proportions, were touchingly displayed by the full rays of the planet, she seemed supplicating.

Not Juliet on her return from the masquerade, when unrobed, and with her young heart full of love, she seated herself at the balcony, to feel the mysterious influences of moonlight; nor Francesca, on the beleaguered Isthmus by Corinth, when from another world, she appeared to warn her lover, "Alp the Renegade,"⁽¹⁶⁾ could offer to the eye, a picture more touching than the Armenian maiden at this moment, as she stood with uplifted hands and eyes.

But it was indeed the spectre, rather than the living, that Veronica resembled, and when Constantine saw her fleecy white robe, that "woven air"⁽¹⁷⁾ spread and tremble like the pinions of a dove prepared for flight, as a nocturnal breeze unusually strong, sped by her from the Euxine, he almost expected to see her float away with it, and leave him there behind,

to feel he had been worshipping something too pure and beautiful, to be real. But presently her thin pale lips moved; he listened as intensely as he had gazed: the soft murmur syllabled his name, and he heard his familiar appellation of "Costandi," pronounced in tones that admitted of no misinterpretation!

He would have spoken, but before his confused sense could form the single word "Veronica," she murmured, "to-morrow!" and clasping her hands on her bosom, glided towards the door whence she had issued. Then he found the faculty of speech, and said in a subdued, but eager tone, "Veronica! I am here, do not flee!"

The fair Armenian's hand was on the door as the Prince's adjuration struck her astonished ear; there ensued a struggle between her sense of propriety, and the impatience of her

love, and we are inclined to believe, (we paint no perfect heroine, but a passionate uninformed child of the East,) that the latter would have prevailed and led her back to the terrace's edge and a minute's converse with her lover, if her uncle Yussuf had not been heard clamouring at that very nick of time, "Hatchedur, you sluggard, bring me my morning Narghilé!" She slipped within the house and closed the door even more silently than she had opened it, whilst the disappointed Constantine, who had distinctly heard the Seraff's orders remained at the edge of the copse, by the garden wall, irreverently cursing morning pipes. (18)

But morning was indeed approaching, and here the approach of day is as rapid as that of night. The blueish gray of the atmosphere brightened generally with each passing moment,

while in the east it was superseded by a glow of yellow gold; the vapours withdrew from the Bosphorus' hilly banks, and gently curled away from the bosom of its waters; the houses, the kiosks, and the minarets, became more separately visible on the one, and the caïks and piadés, at once more numerous and distinct, on the other:—in brief space, there was light in heaven, and motion and sound upon earth,—each so impressive, after night, and repose, and silence!

The Seraff Yussuf, as was his wont, presently came out on the little terrace to smoke his early morning pipe. In his vast calpack and loose beneesh, he might have been taken for the sacerdotal functionary of some Eastern worship, his attendant Chibookji, who was there to arrange the cinder, for his Acolyte, and his shìning Narghilé, with a column of

smoke curling from its capacious bowl, for his altar, on which he was offering up incense to the rising sun—the glorious object of the adoration of the Magi!

Constantine walked silently away through the trees, and left the old banker to smoke in peace. “The day is come,” thought he with delight, “this sun will not set without my meeting her!”

Nor did it! So often hindered and disappointed, they met at last! The arrangements did honour to love’s ingenuity; and brief as they endured, were favourable to love’s enjoyments.

In the room we have described, during a few minutes that the Princess absented herself, and the duenna was well paid for making herself agreeable below stairs, Constantine made to the youthful Armenian, as pale and passionate as

himself, an avowal of impetuous love, and enduring constancy. Alas, that things so good, should be incompatible with each other !

Although there was nothing new to her in these declarations ; though Constantine had sufficiently shewn her the state of his heart, inasmuch as concerned her, by the kiosk of Arnaut-keui, after having saved her father from the janissary—still the present direct avowal seemed new to Veronica, nor could she well believe the evidence of her senses, that told her Constantine, the handsome, the elegant young Greek Prince, was on his knee at her feet, in the attitude, and with the expression of a devoted lover.

She had indeed from the dull monotony of her unsympathizing home, looked forward to some such scene as this ; but now that she was in it, she doubted her identity, or the reality of the

rapturous moment, and its blissful circumstances. She had at the time no sentiment of fear ; that fatal sign, the blood—her lover's blood—which had trickled in her hand, was forgotten ; there was no omen to irritate superstition ; the loveliness of the spot, the reflected beauties of earth and sky might seem to smile approvingly on the plighted vow, and if Veronica trembled, it was from intensity of delight.

The same extreme feeling prevented her reply to her lover's passionate address.

Constantine gazed in her large, languid, black eyes that were fixed on him, or timidly reverted to the rippling channel and its verdant banks—he watched her pale lips, that quivered, but spoke not a word.

“ And what am I to understand,” said he, “ by this silence? Has Veronica forgotten what passed between us at Arnaut-keui? or

have the hopes I brought with me from that place, on that memorable evening, been all illusory?"

A gentle flush of blood reddened for an instant the fair brow and pale cheek of the young Armenian, and then stretching out her exquisitely small, white hand to the Prince, who was still kneeling at her feet, she spoke.

"O no—not so!—but I am bewildered! What I see, has to my eye the character of a vision, brilliant but unreal; the words that meet my ear, sound like voices that have been the music of my dreams, but which I could scarcely hope to listen to, in my waking moments! But rise, Prince!—this is no attitude for you, and before a humble Armenian maiden!"

Constantine covered with kisses the small

confiding hand which she made no effort to withdraw.

“I could remain at these feet for ever,” said he; “I could gaze away my life on the being I adore; and tell me, Veronica!—Veronica, tell me, ere I rise—that you love me!”

Another and a deeper blush mantled on the Armenian's cheek, but she spoke, and, at last, firmly.

“The tongue, in man or woman, may be a false member, and testify to what the heart feels not; but there are other speaking evidences, which falsehood or hypocrisy can neither controul nor assume—have you seen none such in me?—But since you require words for words, I tell you, Constantine Ghika, that I love you, and none on earth but you!”

Constantine passionately pressing her hand to his forehead, his lips, and heart, rose and seated himself by her side on the sofa.

The confidence and strength Veronica had acquired to make the declaration asked by her lover—a declaration as earnest as ever fell from the lips of a martyr who with his dying breath proclaimed his profession of faith—did not last long. The obstacle of family and friends, occurred to her, and uninstructed as she was in the world's ways, she felt the perilous chances of relying on only one; and on that one—on Constantine—after the important secret she had put him in possession of, after the solemn avowal she had made—she knew her hopes, her happiness, her honour, must depend.

The Prince's watchful eye caught a portion of these feelings as they were betrayed on her varying and expressive countenance, and he

tenderly asked if she so soon regretted having pronounced the words that had made him happy.

“ Alas !” said Veronica, “ what the lips can do, or leave undone, is of small import to the heart. I might have withheld those words—I may be amenable to ungentle accusations, for having departed from my sex’s decorum in pronouncing them ; but I could not conceal to myself, nor perhaps to you, what I feel ! And have I not cause to tremble, when I reflect that of all the countless millions that throng this beautiful and busy earth, my happiness depends on you alone. On *you*, opposed in creed and caste to my family—on you, a gay Greek, whom I can see but for moments, who may run the round of society and acknowledge its attractions, whilst I am left in seclusion, alike ignorant of your good or your evil deeds,

your constancy or ——.” She could not give utterance to the dreadful antithesis.

“Can you feel in your own bosom the power to change—the possibility of what you cannot even name,” said Constantine persuasively.

“No, indeed I cannot! as there is light in the blessed heaven above us, as the stream runs ever downward between these banks it cools and beautifies, I cannot conceive the possibility of my own heart’s changing.”

The Prince continued.

“Veronica! then let that satisfy you. Let your heart answer for mine—you do not love so much as I do. But hark! some one is coming up stairs—tell me, before we are interrupted, when shall we meet again?”

The fair Armenian named a day and happy hour, and the Princess entering the next mo-

ment, with a servant bearing refreshments, put an end to the interesting colloquy.

These fond meetings were several times renewed, and the hearts of Constantine and Veronica were plighted over and over again by the Bosphorus' bank, when after a few rapid moments of bliss they were constrained to separate.

The difficulties that opposed their passion, and would thwart their union, could be a secret to neither of them, but in the first elysium of love they could frequently forget them. Both had however determined to brave the displeasure and resentment of family, friends, and sect, for which dutiful and amiable resolution, it may be some excuse to know, that both really loved in sincerity and truth.

The youthful Veronica loved for the *first time*; and if the same could not be said of Constantine, it was yet certain, that he had

never felt the passion so strongly or so purely. The contempt entertained for her at first, as an Armenian, or one of inferior blood and caste, the supposed coarseness of portions of her person and of her manners, had vanished as he had opportunities of seeing Veronica, and each interview served to confirm Constantine in sentiments of respect and admiration.

Such too was the nature of the maiden's mind, uninformed, and absorbed in love as she was, and utterly incapable of preserving all the punctilios established by her sex in more civilized lands, that she would at once have ceased her intercourse with the Greek Prince had his conduct or his views once passed the bounds of honour. Her heart might have broken with the effort; but she would have seen Constantine no more, had his proposals ever been other than religion and morality (as she understood them) authorized.

CHAPTER III.

THE preparations for the marriage of a relation of the Tinghir-Oglu family, before alluded to, procured Veronica the opportunity of frequently meeting Constantine, as the elder members of the Seraffs' house, were busily engaged on that important event.

But now the wedding day was at hand, which with its consequent festivities, was to occupy all the domestic and friendly circle for some time, nor could Veronica's attendance be dispensed with.

The Prince watched her departure for the city one morning, from within the window of his relative's house, where he was now almost a constant resident, to the great delight of the Princess, who had not yet guessed the cause, any more than that of his having become so very suddenly attached to the sport of fishing.

The impatience and longings of a lover left like Constantine, offer but a familiar subject, and we cannot perhaps make a better use of Veronica's absence than in describing at length the extraordinary ceremonies of an Armenian marriage.

The covering of the female face from the age of childhood, seems to have been insisted on, by the Armenians,⁽¹⁾ at all times, with quite as much rigour, as by any of the Mahometan, or infidel eastern people, to whom we have been accustomed to suppose the

jealous practice confined. The liberal sentiments of the Christian faith, so favourable to the weak and oppressed classes of society,—to women and slaves,—but in barbarous countries the last includes the first, for women are slaves and are treated as such,—do not appear to have worked their effect on Armenian usage and prejudice.

The sexes being carefully separated, as with the Turks, the real charms of society remain unknown to them, and the parties who are even to form a solemn and enduring compact, to abide by each other through the good and evil of life, and to sever but in death, have no opportunity of consulting each other's dispositions, of endearing themselves to each other, until the knot is irrecoverably tied. Nay, in the strict letter of their law,—and the mass of the Armenians even in Turkey, who are

supposed to be more disfranchised from old prejudices than their brethren in Persia, are known to act up to it—the bridegroom is not to see the face of the bride, not even so much as her hands, her figure, until they are effectually man and wife, which they cannot be said to be until three days after the completion of the long marriage ceremony.

In a state of things like this, it will readily be supposed, that, as among Mahometan people, the care of providing a wife for the son of the family is left to the mother, the aunt, or some matron of a sister, in case neither mother nor aunt exist to undertake the amorous diplomacy, and it will naturally happen, that considerations of friendship and family connexion (the Armenians extend the “forbidden degree” very widely⁽²⁾) will generally regulate the choice and match.

The masters of families are too thoroughly occupied with their business, their money-getting, and their smoking, to throw away time in such negotiations; besides, they would not be permitted to see the quality of the goods, and supposing them even indifferent to the charms of person, the force of habit and their daily bazaar practice, would tell them never to buy any article without examination.

But the matrons who congregate together, and visit and go out in troops, like the wives of the Turks, have their eyes open, and when a promising youth of a son has arrived at that age when a wife is esteemed conducive to comfort, there is generally a damsel selected ready for him, and all the preliminaries arranged between the two gossips of mammas.

Certainly a world of trouble which we are exposed to in wooing, is thus saved, and if the

spouse at times pretend that he should like to see the face of his beloved before he is her husband past redemption, the matron's reply may be a gaze of astonishment, and a suite of questions, as, "Whether she has not seen the fair Pupul herself? Is she not a competent judge of eyes, nose, and mouth, and the properties of skin and limb? What could the Chapkin⁽³⁾ want? Would he not be married as all his race had been before him? Would she, his own mother that bore him perfect, select a one eye, a hunch-back for him? Hadn't she seen Pupul present a pipe—drunk coffee of her own making, &c."

There was one ocular advantage on the side of the other high contracting party; the maiden, herself unseen, could see the youth proposed to her through her eye windows, the loop-holes in her yashmack, as he passed in

the street, or as he stood in church, or even as he visited in her paternal abode ; but it may be questioned whether that advantage, and the facility of comparing the outward and visible man, of him proposed as her *future*, with the other brawny youths of her own class, or with the far more comely Greeks and Turks, could avail her much ; for the Armenians are as obstinate in their resolves—as unalterable in the determinations of their interests—as the laws of the Medes and the Persians ; and when once the family had arranged whose wife the girl was to be, it was ever considered as a thing settled and done, and she had nothing to do but to obey, and get ready her wedding dresses, and other particulars for the occasion.

It sometimes however will fall out, that the mother of the young man, who is disposed to enter the holy state, either from disputes, se-

parations of friends, or other causes, has at the moment no bride picked, and prepared for the swain. Even thus it happened to the connexion of Veronica, and the dame's mode of proceeding was such as is always adopted in similar cases.

Early one morning, due notice for preparation having been given, the mother of the suitor repaired with his married sister and his brother's wife to the house of an Armenian of ascertained respectability—i. e. wealth—where there was a number of young ladies to be disposed of.

To give more *éclat* to the proceeding and to conform to use, for among the Armenians every custom is regarded as accurately as if it were a religious duty, the matron and her companions performed the journey in an *arubà*, or Turkish covered waggon without

springs, drawn by two oxen, or two buffaloes.

The distance was but trifling, nothing—from one end of Pera to the other; to walk would have been a luxury, compared to the rude jolting, bone-breaking, dislocating motion of their eastern vehicle, over the rough stones of the Christian street; and besides, they incurred insult and outrage from a set of saucy Turks, who did not approve of Rayah females enjoying such pleasure and honour as riding through the town in a hay cart, and threw much figurative dirt on them and their mothers' and their grandmothers' graves, and some real dirt into the arubà, in the shape of melon skins and spoilt yaourt.⁽⁴⁾

But what *she*, among the daughters of Armenia had ever gone to ask a bride for her son on foot? The matron would have per-

formed the journey as she did, if all the Turks in Pera, the Topjis from Tophana, every Kaliondji from Hassim-Pasha, and every black-guard from the arsenal, had been gathered to heap insult on her path. ⁽⁵⁾

Presently the rude wheels of the arubà ceased to creak on their wooden axle-trees, the patient, or slow pair of oxen, stopped opposite the Armenian house, and the bride-seeking dame, and her suite, descended by a wooden ladder, made for the purpose, and always carried with the arubà.

At the threshold she was formally received by the mother of the maidens, supported by sundry other matrons and married female relations. As her shadow glanced on the door-way, there was a gentle salutation "Of well are ye come! God has sent ye." And when both shadow and substance were fairly

within the house, and the door closed on the street, the mother of the maidens asked *her* of the youth whether she would not take a pipe!

The day was a sultry one, the southern winds having prevailed for a week; Armenian matrons are generally round and sleek, and she now visiting had the usual share of *em-bon-point*. To repose after her shaking over the stones, and to recover breath, ere she ascended to the shew-room, the dame sat down cross-legged on a little carpet in the hall, or rather passage, and accepted of the hospitality of a Kadeun-chibook,⁽⁶⁾ the very best lady's pipe in the house.

After a few whiffs, for it is not considered pretty behaviour in a lady to smoke long at a time, or to finish a bowl of tobacco out and out, the whole party went up stairs, pre-

ceded by the mistress of the house, who kept repeating her compliments, in which there was that curious mixture of style—an Oriental idiom, and Turkish saws, mixed up with Roman Catholic devotional exclamations—that so distinguishes this portion of the Grand Seignor's subjects.⁽⁷⁾

The large saloon into which the company was ushered by the hostess was empty, but presently a banging-to of doors, and a shuffling of papooshes were heard, and the nine unmarried daughters of the house came running in, one after the other, as if in a race. Once within the room, however, they became as meek and decorous as need be, and approached, like whirling dervishes about to begin their holy waltz, "with measured steps and slow," and with their arms crossed on their bosoms, to kiss the hand of the visitor

who had come to choose a daughter-in-law among them.

“There they are, by the blessing of the Virgin! and all to be married,” said the mother; and then, as they passed before the low divan, one by one dropping their lips on the hands of her who had brought a husband for one of them into the world, she repeated the name and quality of each, in much the style and form that a horse-jockey or a “guinea-man” would use in shewing up a stud to a purchaser.

There was certainly a variety—from mature nine-and-twenty to girlish thirteen, and the variety was marked in other things than age. One possessed in an eminent degree the accomplishment of embroidering tobacco-pouches; another was distinguished as a cook and a maker of sweetmeats; another made sher-

bets equal to any that were ever drunk in the seraglio ; one was the soul of economy, for she could keep house a whole day for a rubieh less than any body else ; another was the soul of taste, for she could paint doves and roses on Kalem-kiàrs, ⁽⁸⁾ and sing psalms and Turkish songs to the accompaniment of some old Armenian pipers—very great performers, the attraction of the Tekkè at Perá. ⁽⁹⁾

The wary matron, however, could not be said to have gone there to choose entirely *à l'aveugle*, or from the report of the girls' mother, or her own hasty observation. She had consulted with her Catholic priest, and he had consulted with the priest and confessor of the other family, and between their reports, she had made up her mind as to which of the maidens was most eligible for her son's wife.

Manuschak was the happy one of the nine preferred by the priesthood, nor did the matron disapprove the choice, or discover any thing that should disqualify her for her son's bed and board. She was neither so showy as some of them, nor so laborious as others; but then her figure and looks were good, and household work she could perform. She was a sort of thing, to continue our allusion to the stable, that would do at once for saddle and harness; she was not so ripe and prudent as her twenty-nine-year-old sister, but she was equi-distant from the inexperience and girlishness of the thirteen-year-old; in short, though utterly innocent of the Roman philosophy, the matron seemed to have followed its maxim of the "medias res" throughout, and to have fixed on the maiden who was the "betwixt-and-between" of the family.

After having passed in review, the maidens served round coffee and sweetmeats, waiting first on the marrying man's mother, next on her companions, and then on their own mother and friends.

When this operation was over the matron declared herself, and the happy Manuschak was invited to a seat by her side on the low divan or sofa, and enjoyed or endured the caresses of her mother-in-law, and the compliments and felicitations of all the party.

After a long interview, and a conversation apart between the two matrons, on subjects with which perhaps only matrons are acquainted, the visitors took their leave, and were rumbled back to the house of the expectant bridegroom, in the same *arubà* and state in which they came. There the mother gave her son a detailed report of her mission,

entering of course into the minutest details of person, temper, manners, accomplishments, &c.

A few days after this first visit, the two families, or rather the married portions of them, excluding the bride and bridegroom, and all maidens and bachelors, met on neutral ground, or in the house of a common friend, each under the presidency of its confessor, or conscience director, and there settled some of the preliminaries.

The next step on behalf of the young man was to send the following presents to the bride:—forty gold rubiehs in a silver box, enveloped in an embroidered handkerchief; a purse containing a morsel of aloes, and a *kalemkiar*, or painted handkerchief, generally used in the coëffure of Levantine ladies. This present, which passes through the hands of the chief Armenian priest,⁽¹⁰⁾ is sanctified by

religion, and forms *de facto* an obligatory contract, whence there is no departing, either on the side of him who gives or of her who receives. It is, in fact, the betrothal, and on its reception the time of marriage is fixed for the affianced. The present to the bride was accompanied, *d'obbligo* by tokens of respect to some priest of the Armenian church, in the shape of mahmoodiers—or in common parlance, we might call them fees of office.

On the afternoon of the same day, the bridegroom sent by the hands of his mother an additional donation of a cachemere shawl, a rich piece of stuff for a robe, and a diamond ring.

Three days before the final ceremony, the maiden was conducted to the bath, whence emerging in her richest dresses, and with her head covered with thin plates of gold and

golden threads, she was presented to the females of the family to which she was so soon to belong, each of whom threw a handful of small coins over her, as she kissed their hands in sign of respect and utter submission.

The marriage ceremony, which was to last three days, began on the Saturday evening. The family of the bridegroom invited all their friends to a sumptuous repast in their house; the family of the bride all theirs to their house; but the bride did not enter in the scene of festivity, but covered with a thick gauze veil, and surrounded by her unmarried female companions, was shut up in her own room.

It has been observed, that the Armenians, though habitually economical and sober in their way of living, are not averse to good cheer on such grand occasions, and can keep

up three days' feasting as well as other people—eating and drinking nearly all the time, to the sounds of 'Turkish music.

It is only, however, on such great circumstances as we are describing, that they relax their economy and regularity; and as few houses are furnished with kitchen implements, or *batterie de cuisine*, sufficient for the great number of guests always invited, and appropriate to the cooking of the choice dishes prescribed; the Eutychean priests have established a *depôt* in their respective churches, and let out pots and pans for the marriage feasts. Thus have they not only the sanctification of the union in their hands, but in part the preparation of the wedding dinner--of which, moreover, they are said to eat their full share.

Formerly it was the custom to give on the

first day of the marriage festival the titles of King and Queen to the young couple; a golden fillet across the forehead, added to her other tinsel gear, might represent a regal crown for the bride, and the bridegroom girded on a sabre; a ceremony in the East that corresponds to our coronations. But this custom is now fast disappearing, and the timid Armenians of Turkey must have generally left the assumption of a sword they never wielded, as peculiarly inapposite, or even as a satire on their unwarlike character. The friends of the Tinghir-Oglus had nothing of the sort.

On Sunday morning, the second day of the nuptials, a deputation was sent from the house of the bridegroom with a portion of the delicacies of their table to the party feasting at the bride's, which attention was returned by

her family by a similar deputation, bearing the choicest morsels from their table. Towards the evening of the same day, which is called the *Khennagedje*, the mother of the spouse, supported by her married daughters, her daughters-in-law, and her married aunts, and followed by all the married female friends invited to the nuptials, repaired to the house of the bride to present the *Khenna*,⁽¹¹⁾ which has always been esteemed an essential ingredient in an Armenian marriage. These matrons went all in arubàs; the oxen that drew them were decorated with wreaths of flowers; and a band of musicians, playing wild music, completed the festive and classical character of the procession.⁽¹²⁾

The motley, wooden edifices of Pera's long, narrow, dark street, shook again with the rumbling of the congregated arubàs, one after

the other, with the creaking of their wheels, and the sounds of the tambour and cymbal, the viol and shrill pipe.

All the Franks' windows were thrown wide open, and crammed full of heads, while at the shak-nishins of the many Armenian and the few Turkish houses, bright eyes were seen peeping through the jealous lattices. To have seen Pera on that day, indeed, one might have imagined the representative of some great European prince was going to eat as much dirt at the Porte as the Turks should choose to give him; for the line of arubàs produced as great a sensation all over the town as the troop on hack-horses—the men of all nations, and men of no nation at all, the drogomans and trucksters of Pera—are wont to do, when at the risk of breaking their precious necks, they ride after the surly

Chiáoush-bashi,⁽¹³⁾ down the steep infidel hill towards Tophana.

Riding thus in her cart and in triumph, along the suburb, like a Roman conqueror in his car up the capitol, could it be otherwise than that the matron's heart should swell with exultation and pride? Could human philosophy resist the intoxicating influence of words like these, that were heard in the course of her progress, "Here comes the Khenna of Manol of the Tinghir-Oglus!" "Neighbour, whose hymeneals have we here that look so splendid?" "Of whom could they be, but of the great Seraffs' nephew, Manol, the son of Manol of the Tinghir-Oglus!"

To remind the victorious warrior at that dazzling moment that he was mortal, a herald posted by his side; to moderate the feelings of triumph of the Armenian dame, a different

monitor was given—in the shape of a dead dog!

The procession had reached the fish-market, which to prove the good taste of the Perotes is collocated with all its filth in the narrowest part of their principal street, and was tottering down a hollow the road makes at that point, when a wandering dervish, drunk on opium and rakie,⁽¹⁴⁾ being aroused by the music stretched out his crossed legs on his mat, and rose to see what the matter might be.

“Infidels and dwellers in filthy places,⁽¹⁵⁾ as I am a servant of the prophet,” cried the dervish, and espying the unclean carcase already mentioned, at a short distance from him, he scooped it up with the end of his iron crook,⁽¹⁶⁾ threw it with so good an aim, that it entered the only aperture in the covered waggon that was not protected by a blind or curtain, and plumped with

all its impurities in the matron's lap. Having achieved this feat the toper went away with the foulest expressions in his mouth, scrupulously to wash the iron, and to perform an ablution for having defiled himself.

The temper of the party, ruffled by this incident, had however recovered its placidity by the time the oxen shook their tails before the house of the bride. At the door, the visiting party were received by the bride's mother, and the married ladies of her family, who ushered them into the female apartments, where the maiden richly attired was ready to receive them and to have her nails painted red. The Khenna, or well known drug used by ladies throughout the East for the latter purpose, was produced with great solemnity, and it was part of the functions of the chief Armenian priest's wife to die the bridal fingers. When

both right and left hand were of the proper hue, the other presents that always accompany the Khenna were brought forth from their costly envelopes of silk and gold tissue—these were, a broad piece of cloth entirely to wrap up the person of the bride, a feridji, or outer cloak, an ample yashmack, a pair of papooshes or morocco slippers, and a large wax torch, previously blest in the Armenian church, and ornamented with a ribbon and a fanciful incrustation of sugar. After receiving these presents the bride kissed the hand of her mother-in-law, who decorated her with the wedding diamonds.

In the East generally the courtesies of life consist in little else but an interchange of presents, the value of which may vary according to the importance of the circumstance, or the wealth or condition of the parties. Euro-

pean modesty might blush at the return made in this instance, and by ancient and revered prescription. The family of the maiden sent to the bridegroom, on the part of themselves and their daughter.

Imprimis—A gauze silk shirt.

“ 2. A pair of drawers.

“ 3. Two sashes or stripes of fine linen cloth, embroidered in gold, to close or support the preceding (i. e. the pair of drawers.)

“ 4. A towel, richly embroidered at the four corners in worsted and tinsel.⁽¹⁷⁾

“ 5. A pocket handkerchief, worked all over with different coloured silks, into the forms of doves, flames, and hearts.⁽¹⁸⁾

“ 6. Stuff, of mixed silk and cotton, for an enterré or long close robe worn under the beneesh.

7. A tootoon-kessè, or tobacco-pouch, most elaborately ornamented in silk and gold."

All these articles, which were originally supposed to be the work of the bride's own hands, were enclosed in a silk wrapper splendidly ornamented, and conveyed with the sound of music to the bridegroom, who at once dressed himself in the shirt and drawers, in respect to the fair *fabriquante*.

The rest of the evening and the night were spent as the preceding, by the two families, each feasting in its own house, to the sound of music.

The next, or the morning of the third day since the proceedings were instituted, was the period on which the impatient bridegroom was to receive his, as yet unseen, bride, from the hands of her relations and conduct her under his own roof. An hour before day-break the

scion of the Tinghir-Oglus, preceded by the Armenian priest, and accompanied by the *Compere* and all his married relations, male and female, proceeded to the fair one's abode. The women entered at once into the harem, ⁽¹⁹⁾ which in orthodox Armenian families is just as distinct as among the Turks, but the spouse, who by this time may be supposed possessed of some impatience, was retained with all those of the masculine gender in the Salemluk, ⁽²⁰⁾ or the general receiving or male apartment. After twisting his black and scented mustachoes here for a length of time calculated to be consonant to the modesty of the bride, the bridegroom and all his friends were introduced into her apartment, the Priest blessing his steps and wishing that good might proceed from them.

As they entered, the men were arranged in a line along one side of the apartment, opposite to

the females, who all wrapped up in their feridjis, and veiled in their white yashmacks, lined the other side. The spouse, introduced in a very formal manner, went and kissed the hand of his father-in-law, then that of his mother-in-law, and in succession those of all present near in kin to his wife.

The affectionate father-in-law presented him with a bright gold watch, his mother-in-law appended a tress or lock of tinsel to his calpack, and the most distinguished of his relations, on the one and the other side, following her example, and adding fresh strings of tinsel and gold thread, his capacious balloon-shaped hat shewed like a globe with a reversed glory, or rather like a cooling comet with its tail still radiant.

After all these formula had been duly gone through, the spouse, who might have found

them tedious, was led by the Priest to the bride, who was sitting immoveable as a statue on a low sofa at the end of the room. Another short prayer—a sort of “for what we are going to receive, the Lord make us truly thankful,” was muttered by the Eutychean ecclesiastic:—but before passing to other subjects, a word or two ought to be given to the description of the bride’s toilette.

Her figure was enveloped in a robe that, but for the costly material of which it was composed, might have been called a sack. Under the hand and the needle of the Armenian Priest’s wife, who played an important part in the course of the preparations, this wrapper concealed every member of the body, not permitting even the loose purple mestler and papooshes—no, not so much as the toe of the latter, to be visible. The same matron had

bound round her head a linen veil, called a *perkem*, so thick that it entirely concealed what it covered, and had placed over this an additional veil, composed of tinsel and thin lamina of gold sewed together, that fell from her crown down to her neck like some extraordinary head of hair. The *perkem*, or linen veil, reached below the breast in front, and below the shoulder behind ; beyond it, projected and floated the ample folds, not of her tinsel locks, but of her own luxuriant coal-black hair, which, had she stood, might have fallen lower than her knees, and, as if the natural were not long enough, *des grosses tresses*—a thick mass of false hair—was attached to it, that looked, as it lay huddled in a heap on the sofa, like the unpowdered wig of a judge.

As the future lord of her destinies stood before her, although veiled and covered as she

was she could not see him, the youthful bride might be expected to shew symptoms of agitation; but half, at least, of the heaving bosom, was attributable to her barbaric toilette, which, from its cumbrousness and closeness, caused her to perspire at every pore, and gasp for breath through the folds and tinsel that bound her hymeneal head.

When the priest's muttering was over, at his word of command, the blind-folded bride rose from her cross-legged posture on the sofa, and standing erect, accepted the proffered hand of her spouse. The couple then advanced to the middle of the room hand in hand, where the Priest blessed them in the presence of all the assembly. This being over, the bride was resigned to the care of two female friends, who served as guides, she being totally unable to see her way, and the happy man headed the

procession which was to convey forthwith his better half to his own house, there to finish the other half of the interminable marriage ceremonies.

It would have been incumbent on them, in their full adhesion to ancient Armenian customs, to march through the streets in an ordered troop, with the large wax torch, already mentioned, lit and burning at their head ; but as a number of wild Asiatic bairaks, or levies of Turks, were passing that morning on the way to cut the Greeks' throats in the Morea, it was thought unsafe to tempt their martial wrath with such an exhibition of Ghiaours at Pera : the assembly therefore proceeded hastily in small parties at a time, and the sacristan of the Armenian church carried the " torch of Hymen " with his ketchmé, or jointed pipe, (both unlit) under the folds of his beneesh.

At the threshold of his door the spouse received his bride, and there, as if she was not yet sufficiently loaded, another heap of tinsel was thrown over her head. At the foot of the stairs a young lady with a *gulaptan-budan*, or perfuming dish of silver, like a Catholic encensoir, not however swinging from a silver chain, but supported on a silver plate, advanced to the bride, and held the grateful incense under her nose. On her removing, another maiden stepped up with a silver case, or phial, curiously wrought and full of rose water, with which she first besprinkled the bride, and then the company, who also came in for a share of the smoke of the burning perfume.

As soon as they were all up-stairs, the bride was seated on a cushion, the women remained with her, and the bridegroom, and all the male

part of the assembly, passed into an adjoining room, where a priest and a barber were ready to receive them, and to perform their part—an important part—of the solemnities.

The happy man having stripped himself of all his outer garments, was covered with fine towels, embroidered with gold, and seated on a low stool in the middle of the room. His father and his father-in-law, his brothers and his brothers-in-law, his uncles, and all his male friends stood round the room in solemn silence, as became rites so solemn and mysterious.

The barber having made a good lather, took his head into his hands and gave it a clean and thorough shaving, beginning at the poll, which, like the Turks, the Armenians deprive of hair, and finishing at the stubbled chin, respecting of course the manly honours of the moustache.

It was now the priest's turn. He brought

the wedding suit of clothes into the middle of the room, and with great unction blessed enterré, shawl, calpack, and beneesh, which were handed one by one to the bridegroom, who put them on, and presently stood erect, as clean as razors could make him, and literally clothed in benedictions.

Thus blessed, dressed, and ready, he returned with his train to the room where he had left his bride, who at his approach was made to arise from her seat.

A stranger might have thought they were going to suffocate and bury the girl under the implements of her destruction, instead of being about to marry her, for she was no sooner on her feet than the matrons threw a large shawl, called appropriately enough a *Duvack*, or coverer, over her. This shawl fell from her head to the ground, and being fastened up in front

with pins, save a narrow aperture for her to pass her hand through, the bride was conveyed into the middle of the saloon.

There the principal priest joined the hands of the couple, and before proceeding farther, knocked their foreheads gently together. Two *laiques* then advanced to the aid of the priest, bearing a table, on which were burning the two wax-lights—the torches of hymen.⁽²¹⁾ These they sat down in the centre of the apartment, and then joined the priest in chaunting from the Armenian gospel.

Meanwhile the *compere* advanced and held a large crucifix over the heads of the bride and bridegroom, who again touched foreheads, and continued to lean against each other in that elegant manner. The priest having finished his singing, produced with great solemnity two silken strings, precisely alike, each

being made of a thread of white silk, interwoven with a thread of rose coloured silk. The first of these he tied round the brow of the spouse, over whose head the cross was more particularly held at the moment, and then making a pause between each of the propositions, the priest said, "*Chior-e—topal-e—kabal-es?*"—that is, "If she is blind, if she is halt or hump-backed, thou acceptest her?"

The bridegroom's response was briefly, "*Kabal-em,*" or "I accept."

The priest proceeded to tie the other nuptial string—a closer emblem, by the bye, than our wedding ring, or the Greeks' crown of flowers—round the brow of the bride.

He ought to have drawn the maiden a picture of the storms of life to which her husband might be exposed, and then demand if she would brave them with him; if she would share his

evil as his good fortunes, and according to the familiar, but impressive words of our own Liturgy, "Take him, for better or for worse." But either the present officiator was no orator, or he thought it inexpedient to make so many words on what was already irrevocably decided. He merely said "*Kabul-es*," "thou acceptest"—the bride replied, "*Kabul-em*," "I accept;" the company present then showered rubiehs or paras, according to their wealth or their generosity, on the couple; the *compere* waved the crucifix over their heads, the priests, joined by his two assistants, renewed their Psalm-singing in ancient Armenian, which nobody there understood, the torches were put out, and the tender pair were now *one*—man and wife!

At the conclusion of the ceremony it was always considered *de convenance* that the bride should have a tremour—a heart's misgiving,

and a swoon. The gentle lady of the Tinghir-Oglu went through that piece of pantomime most admirably, though it must be said, that the dresses, the sacks, the shawls, and veils, with which she was wrapped up, might have sufficed to cause a real and a *bona-fide* fainting fit, long before the moment appointed in the ceremonials.

But did the fainting fair one fall into the arms of her husband? Alas! no, he had yet a long probation before him—he shook his *shaksheers*⁽²²⁾ to another corner of the room, and two married ladies, who were ready appointed for the occasion, received his wife in their embrace—and told the men to turn their mustachoes another way, whilst they should recover her from her faint.

The matrons merely relieved her from the *duvack*, or the last of the wrappers in which she was pinned up; recomposed her perkem, or

veil, and the tinsel and gold sheets that fell over it, and carried her back to the female apartment. There she was placed on a lofty sofa, rendered still higher by an addition of cushions, and two married ladies, the same who had "propped her in her faint," sat down, one on each side of her.

At a signal given the men were admitted: the matrons, like two magicians, withdrawing the mystic covering from the magical mirror, in which the visitants were to behold their fate, raised the tinsel veil in front, and partly removed the linen perkem, at the approach of the expectant husband, who then saw, for the first time, the features of his wife. It was, however, but a glance—the matrons let fall the tinsel veil, Sir Simon Pure put a diamond of value in her hand, and very demurely faced about.

All the ladies invited to the festival, whether married or unmarried, then went up to the sofa in turns, kissed the bride, and deposited some present in her hand. After them, all her male relations, to the most remote degree, were allowed the honour of a brief stare and of a kiss at her hand, into which every one of them also, was in duty bound to slip a present. The gifts were of various kinds—some brought diamonds, or pearls, or other jewels, some gold bracelets, some chain necklaces, but by far the greater number gave Mahmoodiers, and other Turkish pieces of hard cash.

By the time the whole company, male and female, had defiled before the bride, her lap was filled with the multitudinous donations, and a large casket was handed to her in which she might place the treasure. The regular interchange of presents, as established in the

East, has been already alluded to, and these gifts to the bride were perfectly in accordance to that system, as her own family, or the family of her spouse, had been obliged by custom to give something to every body they had invited to the wedding, and those worthies were only refunding now, in a different shape, what they had received then.

In the poorer families, indeed, it was calculated that the donations dropped into the "open hand" should not only cover the presents made by the bride and bridegroom's families, but the expenses incurred in the lengthened feasting of the wedding. From such calculations however the wealthy seraffs may be supposed to have been relieved, and the bride of the Tinghir-Oglu may have appropriated all she received as pin-money.

When all had made their present, and ex-

pressed their wish for the happiness of the new married couple, the men retired awhile with the bridegroom into the Salemlik, where a chibook was presented to each. The ladies remained with the bride, and such of them as chose, were helped to a kadeun-chibook, or "lady's pipe"—nearly all the old dames smoked as fervently as the men.

The fragrant coffee, in its tiny porcelain cups, was served round in both apartments; the vase of sweetmeats with its solitary spoon, performed the revolution of the extended circles; and then music and dancing were introduced, all the men returning to the female apartment. The musicians, who were the same as officiated at the Tecké of the dancing dervishes, sat cross-legged, on an Egyptian mat, in one corner of the room; the dancers were mostly people of inferior condition, who may be said

to have been hired, like the *Almés* and boys at Turkish weddings. Their performance however was by no means so indelicate and prurient as that of the infidel artists—on the contrary, it was guarded and modest as dancing could be. The two sexes did not stand up together. The young women danced by themselves: when they had ceased the men began; and a European waltz, a great novelty to most of them, that drew down “thunders of applause,” was performed by two strapping fellows in calpacks, whose enormous mustachoes frequently came in contact in the course of their rotary career.

The company, for Armenians, were passing gay; the men smoked their long chibooks round the saloon, and the ladies sat on the divan, and gossiped and laughed; always, however, in a subdued under-tone.

But she, the object of all this festivity—*she*, the principal personage there—the youthful bride, sat in the corner of the sofa, covered with her impervious, golden veil—motionless, silent, with her head inclined downward, like the statue of some saint, in the recess of a Roman church! And even thus she continued for three days, during which the fête was kept up, nor could she in all that time utter a word, save to her nurse, or an aged matron that had accompanied her from the paternal roof, to support her through the long and trying ceremonies, and to instruct her in her novel duties. (The dame, moreover, was to remain with her for about a month from the day of the marriage.)

It would be ungallant to omit remark on the personal charms of the ladies invited to this extraordinary scene of festivity; and more

particularly as, after a certain time, when all the parties remaining were relations, they shewed their faces.

In the midst of coarseness and *em-bon-point*—graceless figures, and long ears—traits that prevail among the Armenians but too generally—there were some handsome women present: there were eyes, long, black, languishing, and oriental, and in many of their pale countenances, there was an expression of modesty and affability truly charming. If the cut and disposition of their robes were awkward and inelegant, their *coëffure* was so eastern, poetical, and picturesque, that an artist would have studied it with increasing gratification. From the crown of their heads, which were ornamented by coronets of gold and diamonds, gracefully disposed, somewhat obliquely, their rich, coal-black hair flowed

down their backs, like a shining torrent of liquid jet, and with several of them, when they rose from the divan, it rolled its wavy luxuriance to their very ancles.

But, to return to the mute, motionless, melancholy bride, on the third day the principal Eutychean priest repaired to her, and having summoned the bridegroom, he removed the silken fillet from the head of each with great solemnity, and took away the tinsel veil that had hitherto so effectually concealed her face. The undoing the fillet, untied her tongue, and from that moment the bride might exercise that important member on whom she list, although *de rigueur* she ought not to open her lips for a whole year, dating from the marriage, in the presence of her mother-in-law, or her married sisters-in-law.⁽²³⁾ The ancient Armenian rescript is positive on this

head, and a whole year of silence is insisted on; the harsh rule is relaxed in practice, according to the good nature or good understanding of the parties; but downcast eyes, and all the outward tokens of respect and submission to her husband's relatives, are exacted from the bride.

The silken fillets were given as a precious deposit by the priest to the bride, and on the night of their removal, she became indeed a wife.

The morning that followed the consummation of the marriage, the young wife received the visits of her friends indiscriminately; this she continued to do for seven days, and there was nothing to distinguish the reception of guests or visitors from the observances of ordinary times, except that each on arriving, was incensed, and besprinkled with rose-water,

or other scents, as had been practised on the bride and the company on her first entrance in the house.

On the eighth day after the removal of the silken fillet and the tinsel veil, the wife went out to return her visits, and the Armenian domicile thenceforward resumed its usual and tranquil posture.

But, in concluding, we must not omit, that three days before this, or on the fifth day from the consummation, the bridegroom gave another grand dinner, the principal course of which, as established by ancient Armenian usage, was—a huge dish of sheep's trotters!

CHAPTER IV.

By reason of the Armenian marriage we have attempted to describe, we left our impatient Greek on the banks of the Bosphorus, and, not to interrupt the details of the strange ceremonies at Pera, we have avoided introducing our heroine, who went to the wedding.

But Veronica was present at the nuptial festivity till the third day after the entrance of the bride into the husband's house; and melancholy and reflective, formed a contrast

to the rest of the numerous party; of which the men were noisy, contented, and jolly, in their way, the women thoughtless, talkative (among themselves!), and happy—up to their standard or conception of happiness.

That mysterious recess, the human mind, calculated to be the receptacle of every variety of enjoyment and of pain; the source of all the passions in succession, can only find room for one enjoyment, one pain, one passion, at a time, supposing each of those modifications of feeling in its extreme degree. But none is more exclusive and absorbing than “first and passionate love.” Veronica experienced this, and felt how insipid was every thing compared to the pleasures—the raptures of the few stolen moments she had passed with Constantine. This would have caused her to move indifferently, and with an absent mind,

through the tedious ceremonials, and still more tedious amusements of her cousin's marriage; but Veronica felt beside, a contempt for what she saw. A natural superiority of mind, a vivacity of perception, the facility of comparing the usages of the different classes dwelling at Stamboul and its neighbourhood; the conversation of a female relative, who had set the prejudices of her whole race at defiance, and had married a European heretic; an intuitive taste and elegance:—all these advantages in the absence of books; for alas! our heroine was only acquainted with languages in which there are no books,⁽¹⁾ had taught her to appreciate aright many of the objects and practices of her nation's reverence or respect. Could she then observe the ridiculous ceremonials, the motley intermixture of ancient Armenian, Turkish, and Greek cus-

toms, of Pagan and Christian rites, at which she was now constrained to attend, with any other sentiment than that of contempt? Could she compare the coarseness of the Armenian men, and the subjection and utter submissiveness of the women, with the tone and usages of Europeans' society; could she feel that the Greeks were approaching that liberal mode of life—that she loved a Greek—that the united prejudices of her interminable family and of her whole caste would oppose their union, without feelings of a still deeper nature—grief approaching at times to despair!

The slightness and gracefulness of figure, the thinness, the transparency, and pallour, the general *immateriality* of the Armenian maiden, have been already described, and though among the ladies, with the golden coronets on their heads, there was more than one hand-

somer than she—those qualities distinguished her above them all. The fairest of them were beings of the earth, beauteous, yet still with the stamp of mere *materiality* strong upon them; but Veronica, in her paleness and her sorrow, looked ethereal or unearthly.

As at times she glided away from the youthful group, and passed under the lamps, that suspended in the corridor, in large vases of cream-coloured porcelain, and in globes of ground glass, cast a pale moon-light hue on the objects they illuminated; as her loose white robe floated, and the descending folds of her long black hair undulated, from the rapidity of her impatient motion; as the jewelled coronal glittered over her pallid brow; she might have well been taken for one of those creations of Magyar or Hungarian superstition—for one of the *Villis*, or fair spirits of maidens who have

died between their betrothal and the marriage day.⁽²⁾

Veronica, however, did not at all times give way to melancholy, and silent, and weak, regrets ; at times her feelings were less amiable and placid, for she would dash her little hand across her frowning brow, as the thought of ungenerous oppression or bigoted controul presented itself, or as she observed some gross trait of Armenian manners ; at other times she would give way to the passion that filled her young heart, and brace up that delicate frame with a resolution, to do and to dare for love's sake, that might have done honour to a hero ; and kind and generous as she naturally was, she would occasionally detach herself from the contemplation of her young soul's love, and from the torrent of hopes, and fears, and projects, with which it inundated her heart, to

speak in friendship and affection, to some unfortunate person present, or to see that those whom poverty condemned to the "seat below the salt," and whom menials neglected, were properly assisted.

But the captive bird, set free from its cage, and cheered by the voice of its mate, in the well known thicket, fled not with greater joy than Veronica, embarking in a caïk at Tophana, repaired homeward towards Emenergen-Oglu.

"I shall tread again that enchanted spot, where he first told me of his love, and created within me a new soul for enjoyment and rapture,—I shall see again my own Constantine!"

Thus mused the passionate girl, as impatient at its slow progress, she felt the bark under her, wafting her against the current towards

the village. Nor could she dream of the storm, and the disappointment that awaited her on her arrival there.

Both soon burst upon her. Following her sisters, her cousins, and her aunt, who had gone home with her, and looking stedfastly at the residence of the Princess Ghika, as long as she could see it, Veronica reached the family abode. She had occasion for her companion or attendant, and called for her. Her surprise was great when, instead of the complacent duenna, to whom she had been accustomed for years, and who, so far from betraying the secrets of her acquaintance with the Prince, had been induced by kindness of disposition, and laxity of discipline, assisted perhaps by bribes both from her mistress and her mistress' lover, even to plan several meetings for them; there appeared before her a stranger, a giant

of an Armenian woman, with a bay-coloured complexion, harsh features, and an expression of countenance that seemed to say, "Pity, and all ye kindlier feelings of humanity, I defy ye!"

"How! what! who is this?" cried Veronica, again wrapping herself up in the feridji which she was about to quit—"Where is Katine?" "Katine," said the gaunt personage, in a tone as masculine, as rude, as her appearance, "Katine is where she ought to be, and I Marter am here, to prevent your further intrigues with schismatic Greeks."

The blood of her whole body well-nigh rushed to the pale face, the neck and bosom of Veronica; she spoke not a word, but trembling all over for a moment, she recovered herself, cast a look of scorn on the ungentle stranger, and walked up to her apartment.

Such of her female relations as were with

her at the moment, gazed at Veronica and the woman with silent wonderment. The aunt at last asked the tall Armenian the meaning of what she saw—"Within, you will hear full explanation," said the female Argus, "even now holy men are congratulating your husband's brother, on the timely discovery of a horrid affair, and are suggesting fresh measures to save your niece Veronica!" The Seraff's wife was a woman slow to understand, but her curiosity was active; so desiring the younger female members of the family to retire, (they did,—to behind the door, and to hear all that passed) she bounced into the saloon we have already described, where she found her husband, her brother-in-law, and her eldest son, in deep consultation with the Armenian Catholic Priest, Padre Tiraborsa, and three friends—Armenians, distinguished by their

zeal for the Catholic church at Pera. The Italian Abbaté was speaking.

“ I knew it long ago---I saw the girl was in love with the heretic, when she nearly knocked out Ostref the Aleppine’s teeth, by treading on his pipe-bowl.”

“ Then why not tell us before, that so we might have taken precautions?” enquired Veronica’s father.

“ Because, though quite sure of the fact by reasoning, I wished to have the evidence of my senses in confirmation ; and to ascertain the degree and height of the perilous malady before I applied my remedy,” returned the Roman Priest.

“ And so you left my child,” said the Seraff rather querulously, “ exposed to the perilous contagion of the Greek—to that—but I must not speak ill of him, for ’twas but the other day he saved my life !”

“I will answer you in logic and in order,” replied Tiraborsa with infinite self-possession. “In the first place then as to exposing Veronica your daughter, I did not do it to the extent you may imagine—there were faithful eyes that watched their meetings—those meetings were short, and Katine, though corrupted by the Greek’s bribes, was not so—hem !”

“In the name of the blessed Virgin,” interrupted the matron, whose intrusion had only now been noticed, “tell me what my niece has been doing ; for as she is an Armenian, I cannot credit that she has been making love with a Greek.”

“*Baccalum—Libero nos Domine !*” said the native Armenian Priest, turning up his eyes to the painted roof of the saloon.

“And in the second place,” continued Padre Tiraborsa, with a tone of still greater import-

ance, and a look, as of suppressed anger at the matron, for her interruption of his peroration---“and in the second place, I say, that it was Providence, and not the Greek stripling that saved you from the drunken janissary ; the interference was owing to other impulses than his own, and this I have told you long ago---to offer up gratitude to the schismatic would be as ridiculous and more sinful than to pay that tribute (due to the blessed saint on high,) to a wall or tree, a stock or a stone, that should have intervened between you and the pistol ball.”

“Amen, Mashallah!” said the Armenian Priest.

“ Let us listen to the *Vertabiets*,”⁽³⁾ cried the pursy head of the Mint, “for they speak the words of religion and truth.”

“ But is it true that Veronica has been shaming her religion, and loving a Greek heretic?” again inquired the matron, “ I can

scarcely credit any thing so monstrous, and what are the proofs thereof?"

"The proofs--the proofs are my eyes; are secret meetings at the Hospodar's widow's here at hand; rendezvous behind your very garden wall, in the thicket there; sighs and tears! Aye! you may well start; but the evening before you left this house for the marriage of your relative at Pera, I saw all this--the grief at parting, and the long farewell! I heard too a vow--a sacrilegious vow, of mutual love and constancy. Are my proofs convincing?"

"Perfectly so," said the matron in confusion, "but the girl must be bewitched, and--and why did you not tell us of all this before, most reverend father?"

I had not seen the full height of the disorder until the eve of your departure; I had seen nothing with my own eyes, but only with

those of an agent, until then—and then I would not mar the pleasures of the family on such a happy occasion. On your departure I had time and opportunity to deal with the unfaithful Katine, I forced from her alarmed and guilty mind a confession of all that had passed. Yesterday, on your husband's and Veronica's father's return, I gently opened the melancholy affair to them, and, all in proper time, we have taken measures to secure the stray lamb of our flock."

In his statement, and his replies to the very natural questions of Veronica's father and aunt, Tiraborsa certainly told the truth, but not all the truth, for he did not avow, (what indeed was his principal motive for delaying a disclosure that so much interested the family;) he did not disclose that he had been anxious the intrigue should assume a serious form, and the evil appear of an alarming nature, in order to

justify his active interference, and to give to his counsels and services a superior value in the eyes of the devout Armenian Catholics.

A motive, more evil-spirited than this, the common one of his conduct—the raising of his own personal importance, or that of the body to which he appertained—might, perhaps, have contributed to influence the proceedings of the Abbaté. Constantine Ghika he hated not merely as the follower of a different creed, but as the sarcastic critic of his words, in the affair of the votive picture; and the lovely and lively Veronica was scarcely regarded with kindlier feelings, as in the natural superiority of her intellect, she had rejected many of his uncharitable dogmas, had resisted his influence in the family with all her might, and had frequently, in spite of her relatives' frowns, ridiculed his pomposity and strut, and his oracles

without a meaning. These feelings in a man differently circumstanced, might have found a vent, without great scandal to himself, and have worn themselves away, or evaporated their malignity; but bound up in the bosom of a Priest they could have no issue, and like the vapour in the engine, would become strong in proportion to their compression. Now, could there be a surer way of wounding the heart's core of those who had wounded him, than what presented itself on the present occasion? Had he interfered when first the discovery was made, the relations of Veronica would at once have secured her and prevented the developement of her passion for the Greek Prince—perhaps at so early a stage of the passion, have crushed it in the bosom of both, without the infliction of extraordinary and lasting anguish in either. But by permitting

them to meet time after time, to receive the dart deeper and deeper into their young hearts, to revel awhile in love's raptures, he would indeed give poignancy to the suffering, for with a rude hand he could, when he chose, snatch at the arrow, torment and separate them—and the present pain would then be in proportion to the past bliss. Other motives still might be found, for how many, various, and undefined, are the springs of all our actions?---good or evil. But it is time to observe the effect of Tiraborsa's conduct on others.

All the Tinghir-Oglu family learned the astonishing secret of one of their blood's stealing amorous interviews with a Greek, with equal displeasure and wrath. Their feelings, however, were differently modified. In the eyes of Veronica's father, religion, and an attachment

to caste and prejudices, stood foremost; the connexion of his Catholic daughter with a heretic, a rejecter of the *filioque*, seemed sacrilegious; the love of an Armenian for a Greek, something altogether unseemly; and though the heretic and Greek had saved his life, and though all the holy sophistry of the Italian Priest had not cured him of a feeling approaching to gratitude, he never could have been induced to think of his union with Veronica without horror.

In the eyes of his brother, the Seraff of the Porte, points of policy and impolicy stood prominent: he felt his situation under the Turkish Government was already precarious and insecure enough; that his whole family was already exposed to risks sufficient, without courting a portion of those incident to the perilous conditions of the hospodars or princes

of Wallachia or Moldavia. He knew, too, the jealousy with which they, as Catholic Armenians, were regarded by the more numerous body of the Eutychean Armenians, and the use the latter might make of such a fatal circumstance as the connexion, or even intimacy, of the Seraffs of the Porte with the son and agent of a Greek hospodar, in the intrigues they were incessantly prosecuting with the suspicious Turks. And then, would not even their own sect, their own friends, the Catholics, flee from their side, if so scandalous a spectacle should be presented by their family as a union with a schismatic Greek? He trembled at the consequences which rushed on him after Tiraborsa had told his story, and insisted with his brother, who was withheld from making any rash determination by an affection for his child, and a respect---almost

a fear, that Veronica had inspired him with, that proper measures should be taken to terminate for ever the intercourse which so fatally had taken place.

The stupid, brawny brothers and cousins of our heroine, regarded the affair with the mixed perceptions, and feelings, and alarm, of the two heads of the family, Agop and Yussuf; but in the minds of some of them an asperity existed, resulting from their personal dislike of the young Prince, whom they had often met at the Porte when they were attending their father or uncle, and he was transacting the business of the Hospodar. A superiority, real, but asserted in a manner consonant rather to Fanariote vanity, than to good feeling, had irritated the younger Armenians; but besides the Porte, some few Frank houses at Pera had seen Ghika and

the Tinghir-Oglus meet, for these wealthy young men, though unwilling that the severity of their nation should be relaxed in favour of their women, were fain themselves to resort to societies on European models, and to go and play at cards, and to see the faces of other men's wives, daughters, or sisters, though they *did* continue to wrap up their own fair dames and damsels in yashmacks and feridjis.

Now, if Constantine felt his superiority even at the Porte, where all are nearly alike the trembling slaves of one tyrant, who despises them all alike, he could not be insensible to it in the saloons of Pera, in the presence of ladies, and in the midst of people who prized, and practised at least *some* of the amenities of civilized society. And if, good-natured, in proportion to the enjoyment he found in his way, if too much occupied to give a thought

to a comparison with "the camels," Ghika was on these occasions complacent, obliging to all, the Tinghir-Oglu fraternity could not help seeing his success, and hating him accordingly.

Except on very rare occasions, when some couple of Franks are valiant—and it is rarer still, that even they can be brought and kept to the ground—the practice of challenging to a trial at arms, or the contingencies of pistol-balls, is never resorted to in Turkey.⁽⁴⁾ The Tinghir-Oglus could not then, like affectionate brothers or cousins, "call out" the man, who had dared to love Veronica, and kill the man she loved. And beside the desuetude of duelling at Stamboul, the Armenians generally have a most particular and marked antipathy to every thing that imports peril to life or limb. What the scions of the family, and the guardians of the honour of the house of the

Tinghir-Oglus did, was to insist with the head of the family that decisive measures should be taken; and, as a portion of their own endeavours in the laudable cause, they had manfully kicked the old waiting-woman Katine out of doors, for her heinous offences in letting a Greek make love to her Roman Catholic mistress.

As to the female part of the Tinghir-Oglus, what influence they possessed must be adverse to Constantine Ghika; for they were all the passive recipients of whatever dogma or species of intolerance Tiraborsa, or their other priests, chose to suggest. Indeed to such a height had fanaticism attained among them, that two (one an elder sister, the other a cousin of Veronica) had adopted the life and habit of what in Italy is called a *Bizocca*, or *Monaca di casa*, and they positively observed

all the discipline of the Benedictine Order of nuns under the domestic roof, whence they rarely issued but in cases of imperative necessity. These devotees, who were among the first to be informed of the events that had taken place, could scarcely have been more horrified had the wicked one himself passed through the house with fire and brimstone—they did double duty at prayers in consequence.

Veronica's aunt, who had returned with her from the marriage festivities, and who had been so suddenly acquainted with her delinquencies, had nothing to oppose to the council that was sitting. But when she had time to attend to things so inferior in consequence, and saw that all the chibooks of the house, (a rich collection as became a family of the wealth and importance of the Seraffs), saving those in actual service, were carefully

tied together, that the sofa-cushions were all packed, she understood a rapid movement of the family must have been decided on, and retired to deposit her valuables in one of those large painted chests⁽⁵⁾ or coffers, so often alluded to in old Eastern stories, and always found to this day in the houses of Armenians, as well as Turks.

CHAPTER V.

CONSTANTINE, who had impatiently longed for the termination of, what appeared to him, the interminable marriage ceremonies that detained Veronica at Pera, saw with extreme delight the return of her caïk in the morning.

His surprise was, however, as great, when a few hours afterwards he saw three large boats drawn up to the quay, and the family of the Tinghir-Oglus embark in two of them, whilst the servants, and pipes, and other fur-

niture, brought up the rear in the third. "What can this mean?" thought he; "surely they are not going to another wedding-feast—to keep Veronica from me another week!"

The boats shot rapidly from the bank, and descended the Bosphorus. As the last caïk passed, Ghika saw the whole pile of the Seraff's pipes, and understood that this must be an enduring emigration.

"Ho! ho! then, they are all back to Pera! but what can this mean? 'tis but July, and the banks of the Bosphorus are pleasant for full three months to come. Has our gentle, generous Government inflicted an *avaniah*⁽¹⁾ on the pursy bankers, or has the Porte shewn to the Tinghir-Oglus any of the symptoms of honour and affection they testified to the Dooz-Oglus, before they hanged them?⁽²⁾

Be the causes what they might, the con-

sequences were disagreeable and irritating in the extreme, for Constantine could scarcely hope elsewhere for such facilities of communication as had been established at Emenergenoglu; and then, he had relied with a lover's earnestness, on seeing Veronica that evening—and even one casual disappointment was not to be borne calmly by an impetuous nature like his—and in such circumstances.

Long, however, he might have continued to distract his mind with awkward guesses, and to destroy the symmetry of his elegant mustachoes by pulling them awry, and biting them, had it not been that about a quarter of an hour after the boats had taken their departure, and when he was just as near the truth as at the first moment he began his surmises, a secret messenger, love's courier, in the shape of an old acquaintance, a little, old,

humpbacked Armenian suridji, ⁽³⁾ twitched him by the sleeve of his inner robe, and drew his eyes from the deep, rambling waters of the Bosphorus, on which he was gazing (certainly without seeing the fish that were glancing through them), to a small scrawl of glazed Turkish paper, ⁽⁴⁾ he, the wingless Mercury, held in his hand.

“Blessed be the Lord, who has taught us the use of the pen, ⁽⁵⁾ as our friends the Moslemin have it; but, Sir Prince, here’s a line to you!” said the courier, grinning to the utmost latitude and longitude of his capacious mouth.

“And cursed be the inventor of such characters as these,” cried Constantine, who had eagerly seized the paper; “they are Armenian, and I cannot make out a letter.”

“Curse them not, for they were saints!

and true Armenians," muttered the messenger somewhat angrily, "who miraculously invented the Armenian alphabet."⁽⁶⁾

"I wish they would now miraculously enable me to read it."

"I am sure they will not," said the droll fellow; "but brisk and clever as you may be, there are other eyes and other talents than yours in the world—I say there are others who can read it for you between Emenergenoglu and Stamboul."

"If your eyes can do so much for me, I will give you the price of a pair of cars!⁽⁷⁾—here! take the paper, and read!"

The suridji shook his head, "Would that I were such a doctor," said he, "but the business of my life has been rather with horses than with books; rather to carry letters, than to read them; this bit of paper," and he

turned it round in his fingers with a curious look, "says nothing to me, but that I am a dunce!"

"But you can tell me who wrote what you cannot read."

"Full well, and I can even interpret in a certain manner the contents of the billet which she"——

"Then it is indeed Veronica's," cried the Prince, taking the scrawl from the bony sun-burnt hands of the groom, and pressing it to his lips and bosom.

"Why, of whom else could it be? Did you think it was the banker's account?"

Constantine waxed impatient—"Listen, Melkon, you say you can interpret the contents of this billet;—if you can, do it forthwith; if you cannot, point me out somebody who can, and whose secresy can be relied on—an

Emir-beshlik ⁽⁸⁾ shall be yours in either case."

"I can rely on my own secrecy, and I can even perform all that I have spoken of," said the suridji, pulling up his wide, sheepskin boots.

"You must know the Seraff's maiden there, who found me out in the kitchen, where I had been assisting the servants to pack up the things, in giving me this letter, acted as an old master of mine, Suleiman the pipe-merchant, and Agha of five hamlets, was wont to do, which was in this wise: Whenever he dispatched me with a letter to his tenants or peasants, he taught me the contents of the same—firstly, because there was only one chodgea in the district that could read; and, secondly, because should the paper be lost by accident in the way, my tongue was pretty

sure to arrive with me. And besides these, I have often suspected a third reason—that the old pipe-merchant's Turkish was not so good as Sultan Mahmood's, ⁽⁹⁾ and might stand in need of an interpreter."

"Melkon," said Ghika, "it is not to-day that I have to estimate your talents. I have long known that you possess the wit of *Karaghuse*, ⁽¹⁰⁾ whom you so nearly resemble in person, (the suridji twitched up his hump,) but what I want to know is, what you have to say for this bit of paper, or from Veronica."

"I was riding with loose bridle to that point," replied the groom; "when the lady Veronica hurriedly put this paper, and a piece of money into my hand, (May mahmoodiers grow under her papooshes!) she said, "Melkon, you know Constantine, the Wallachian Hospodar's son—fly, give him these lines; he

is here, even hard by at his grandmother's; and see that nobody observe you, and that you keep my secret! But stay, he surely cannot read the Armenian character, and I can write no other; tell him—tell him these written words impart, that our secret is discovered; that my family, to avoid his neighbourhood, is hurrying off thus suddenly to our other house on the Bosphorus at Kandilly; that I am a prisoner, but one not to be shaken, by threats or violence; and that as surely as the stream runs downward from the *Kara-deniz*,⁽¹¹⁾ I will meet him again, and oft again!"

"You speaking epistle of love," said Constantine, who, disappointed and agitated as he was, could still use his Greek tact, and feel the value of insuring the good-will and services of the suridji, who had free access to the Seraffs' habitation, "Why, you ought to be

cut up into letters of gold, and placed with the stars in heaven!"

"I'd rather you gave me another body, and left me to spend my golden *self* on earth," replied Melkon.

"But will you further assist me, my honest fellow?" inquired the Prince.

"Would it be *honest* so to do?" said the hunchback, with a glance that spoke more inquiringly than his words.

"By my hopes of salvation, perfectly so, inasmuch as regards my views and intentions," replied the Prince, with warmth and sincerity.

"But has a Hospodar's son ever married a Seraff's daughter—a Greek, an Armenian?"

"But what has not been, may be, unopposed as it is by any natural—by any earthly, or heavenly law. When we say, marriages are made in heaven, we mean, that they begin,

or *ought to begin*, in love ; now is it impossible that a Greek should love an Armenian ?”

“ I have felt in my own breast, that there is no such impossibility in an Armenian’s loving a Greek, for the last time I and my horses went to Smyrna with a Milordos, my heart was melted to water by the sparkling eyes of a damsel of your nation that sold *katamerias*.”⁽¹²⁾

The amorous suridji here heaved a sigh, which agitated his hump more visibly than his breast ; the expression of his countenance, too, and the motion of his ponderous head, which was deeply stuck between his two broad shoulders, as in a valley, were sufficient to provoke the laughter, which the Prince had with difficulty restrained, at the mere mention of love by such a personage. Constantine, however, managed to throw off the explosion in speech, and by persuasion, and fair promises,

and assurances, and the exercise of patience, succeeded in enlisting the susceptible Melkon in his service.

The reasonings of the latter, or the points that induced him to assist the lovers, were rather characteristic. "For once that the Seraffs and any of their burly sons have taken me and my horses to go out on pleasure parties, the young Hospodar here and his friends, have employed me a dozen times, and have paid me twelve piastres a-horse, instead of ten—money is money—and Sultan Mahmood's gold is just as pure from the hands of a Greek, as from those of an Armenian. This generous youth now offers me more to carry a message across the channel, than I should get by hard riding with my two best *chapkins* from Stamboul to Selivria.⁽¹³⁾ On the other side, there is the maiden who has always been

so kind to me: why it is but lately that she bought me a new *ketchmé*, and a handsome amber mouth-piece, to supply the chibook a bostandji broke over my head when going in her father's service. Then she has such persuasive ways, and is so beautiful withal, that there is no refusing to do what she asks, though it may be wrong. But is there any thing so very wrong?—The Prince is a Greek, but she, though an Armenian, is a *Catholic*. Had she and her family been of our own infallible Church, the case would have been different, and attended with peril to me, in case of discovery, for our priests' prison is almost as difficult to break as the Seven Towers; ⁽¹⁴⁾ and they bastinado, and fine, almost as severely and as freely as the Bostandji-bashi, or the Caimacam of a Vizir just gone to the wars. ⁽¹⁵⁾ But in the present case, our

compassionate orthodoxy, can in no wise enter. Are not the Tinghir-Oglus all stray sheep? Do they not all go with the Franks to the churches at Pera, where they impiously withdraw the veil from before the host at the moment of its elevation, kneel down at their prayers,⁽¹⁶⁾ and do a thousand other things, too horrible to mention? Is there one among them that cares a straw for the blessed Patriarch? Are they not all gone after the black ram of Rome? Is there a drop of the sacred Myron⁽¹⁷⁾ within their house? No! nor would they give a bottle of wine, for all the oil the Patriarch ever sanctified at Eckmiasin! I am quite safe; our priests have other matters to trouble their heads with than to interfere with such lost creatures. Yes! though Armenians, they are lost—Veronica is in as deep perdition as the Greek her lover! It is a pity that either

of them should go to so ill a place, but if they are thitherward directed, it is but fair they should have a little enjoyment in this life while it lasts. And it shall not be my fault if they do not, for I will assist them!"

There were some other trifling circumstances which the suridji did not state to himself, but they had had their effect, in giving him a good opinion of Constantine, and they probably now contributed to the decision he made, and to the zeal he really exercised in the Greek's cause.

Once, when in a frolicsome humour, and returning with a party from the forest of Belgrade, Ghika invited the Armenian "to take *a stick*" at the game of the djerid, which he had heard he prided himself on. If Melkon was not over expert in hitting his antagonists, still it must be said his antagonists could *never* hit him. It would have been difficult they should, for all

his length was in his legs, and so short was he from the fork to the crown of his head that when he wore no calpack (which he did not in riding) he could by cringing dispose of all his *upper* man in the deep hollow of his Turkish saddle. In vain the short white wands flew about like snow on the wind—not one of them could deliver its message, on skull or hump ; it was like firing at a man who had neither head nor body ! The young Prince, amidst shouts of laughter, applauded the suridji, whom he declared to be superior to all black eunuchs ⁽¹⁸⁾ and practised pages that ever played the djerid in the presence of the Sultan at Dolma-Backchi.

Another conciliating trait, was, when with another party returning from a shooting expedition, Melkon was mounted on the horse that carried the baggage, and rode full gallop with

the rest, on the summit of two large port-manteaux, and mattresses, and carpets, all lashed to a sort of pack-saddle, and shaking, and rolling from side to side.⁽¹⁹⁾ It seemed incredible that he could keep the horse on his feet, or the whole accumulation, with himself on the top of it, from breaking or loosening the girths, and rolling to the ground. And yet he did; but, conscious of the difficulty of the feat, he boasted of it.

Constantine, who was proud of his horsemanship, said he could do as much—he attempted it, and was presently laying with a broken head at the root of a tree, with pack-saddle, port-manteaux, carpets and all. That broken head was a trophy for Melkon, but every drop of blood that flowed from it increased his good will and affection for the young Greek!

From all these considerations, Caprile set off

with great good humour on his first mission, which could scarcely be said to have any other object than that of seeing Veronica, of speaking to her if possible, and giving her those assurances of affection and constancy of which she stood in need. But in dismissing him, Constantine relied on the ingenuity of his envoy, nor was he disappointed.

With the idea that he could better arrange his plans at the Fanar, and to avoid a feeling of uneasiness in the presence of the Princess, who though still unconscious of all that had taken place, had seen the departure of the Armenian family and a consequent gloom and restlessness in her grandson—to save himself from a sense of ridicule he felt in looking at the nest when the bird was flown—Ghika ordered his caïk, and descended the Bosphorus.

The Greeks in some parts of the Turkish

empire have forgotten the language of their ancestors in the use of that of their masters, and in most parts, and at the capital in particular, they speak Turkish with as much facility as Romaïc : the Armenian language is a very rare acquirement among them, but still Constantine had little difficulty in discovering in the Fanar, a friend acquainted with that idiom and its character.

When Veronica's note, after due promises of secrecy, was produced, a fresh difficulty occurred ; the linguist read and read, but gave no interpretation ; it was evident he was puzzled.

" Learned and Armenian as you are, can't you interpret these few lines," said Constantine.

" My eye takes in the characters intelligibly," replied the friend, " but I can make out no sense in Armenian ; they do not form

Armenian words." But patience, said he, after another pause, I have it—the epistle is in good Turkish, written in Armenian letters, and silly have we been not to suspect that a young lady like yours should be ignorant of the disused language of the Haï.⁽²⁰⁾

The epistle, with this key to it, was presently read in modern Greek. It contained indeed, save a few expressions indicative of the strength of her passion and the resoluteness of her character, very little but what the hump-backed suridji had already imparted. It however suggested an idea of which Constantine thought he could not do better than avail himself during the season of separation that threatened him. He determined to learn the Armenian character, and then, being sufficiently acquainted with the Turkish language, he could at least correspond with Veronica by means of Melkon.

He determined to begin immediately under the auspices of his friend, but his first lesson was interrupted by the entrance of his servant, who came to tell him there was one waiting for him on business of importance at his house.

He knew it must be the suridji whom he had instructed to repair thither, and leaving the first fair Armenian letter suspended on his pen, he ran to see what news was brought from the Seraffs'.

"Well, Melkon, how have you sped, have you seen Veronica, have you brought another letter in your hand with the interpretation in your mouth?"

"I have done wonders," said the suridji, "considering I am but new at this business. I have seen the lady you name, and have another message, but it is so much like the first as to be scarcely worth repeating."

As in love, however, repetitions are not tedious, and it is well they are not so, Constantine insisted on his repeating all that had been said to him.

It was not much in matter, but the manner was satisfactory, for it was tuned chiefly to the strain, that persecution, which she expected from the beginning, should not influence her passion, and that since her family had actually resorted to force or constraint, she would take refuge in the ingenuity of her own mind—that she felt convinced, by the exercise of caution and skill, the many meetings she had promised him that morning, might really have place.

“Your mouth ought to be filled with gold like that of the Persian poets,”⁽²¹⁾ said Constantine.

“If you let me fill it with good tobacco smoke, for I am wearied and hungry,”⁽²²⁾ said

the Armenian, "I may perhaps speak something still more to the purpose."

"If you could smoke an okka of Latakia ⁽²³⁾ to every bowl, and finish a bowl at every puff, you should have it, when the bearer of such good news."

"I am not so ambitious," said the suridji, filling his chibook from the bag which Constantine held to him; "I am by no means so insatiate;" and he put the lighted cinder the servant brought him into his well smoked bowl.

"But *Baccalum*," quoth he, after he had taken three incredibly long whiffs of the fragrant pipe, the smoke of which curling round his head and his calpack, gave them the appearance of a besieged bee-hive; "we shall see—I think I have done something—I deserve something for such a discovery as I have

made. But Effendi, this Fanar is but a melancholy place as things are now—damp and unhealthy always; you must go back to the banks of the Bosphorus!”

“To your discovery,” said Constantine.

“It is merely this,” replied the suridji, blowing out a rolling and diverging cloud of smoke over his mustachoes, from each of his elevated nostrils, and inhaling another supply before he continued, “it is merely this: in the rear of the house to which the Tinghir-Oglus are flown, and separated from it only by a pleasant little garden, there stands a quiet little habitation that has long been deserted, it belongs to a Greek gardener who would let it to any body for a few piastres. From a window of that solitary habitation, which is scarcely observed from the back part of the Seraffs’ house, a quick eye might perceive all that passes in

the garden, and a gentle voice hold converse over the garden wall. Now what hinders you from taking immediate possession of that tenement, which seems to have been made on purpose for you. At Emenergen-Oglu you were a cable's length asunder, but here you will scarcely be wider apart than the breadth of a caïk, and with proper caution, and by avoiding exciting remark at first, you may long lie there undiscovered."

"You have hit it," said Constantine, joyfully tapping the suridji on the apex of his hump; "you have it! you must inform Veronica I will take that snug tenement to-morrow morning; and were you rewarded according to your talents, you would be head of the divan before to-morrow evening."

Long before the sun rose over the Asiatic hills, and beamed with life and joy on the

waters and the shores of the Bosphorus, and while yet the Armenian family, early as were some of its members, were wrapped in sleep, the young Hospodar reached the well-described door.

The bargain was soon made. The house indeed was worth little, but the silence, the prudence, and connivance of the poor Greek gardener, merited a higher price; a handsome sum of money was given, another was promised, and the gardener, much to his own convenience, was to remain in a small outer apartment he had occupied, to shew that the house had not been let to any new tenant, but remained in *statu quo*. The arrangements being made, Constantine took his post at the window which had merited the attention of the quick-sighted suridji. It was a projecting shah-nishin, or gazebo, furnished by its late occupant with

lattices and cushions, which, though not in the best repair, still remained ; the lower part of the recess was on a level with the Seraffs' wall, and from its superior apertures the whole of the garden was visible, save a part that was laid out in a double avenue of acacias. " The starry Galileo," or a greater enthusiast for the science of the heavens than he, if such ever existed, could not have taken possession of his lonely tower with more earnestness, than Ghika lodged himself in this narrow observatory ; nor could the astronomer have watched the opening clouds and the twinkling stars with more impatience, than he bestowed on the opening doors and windows of the Seraffs' house, and the dingy planets that shot through them.

The first day he watched in vain. He saw in succession uncle Yussuf smoking his morning narghilé, Padre Tiraborsa, walking up and

down a gravelled walk, with his breviary in his hand, the Armenian priest, with a chibook in his mouth, a gardener pulling onions, a servant-maid beating carpets—but nothing more interesting.

The next day he returned at the same early hour, and having determined to convert his operations into a regular blockade, he brought one of his Turks, a confidential Greek servant, a cook, a bed, and some few other necessities with him. The Osmanli, whom we have already described at Arnaut Keui, was devoted to the young Prince; he could be depended upon in every thing; but so thoroughly engaged was he from morning to night, with his pipe, and a mountain of tobacco that Constantine furnished him with; so incurious was he, that it may be doubted, whether during the many days he passed in that agreeable solitude, he

once gave a thought to what was going on in the rest of the house. The Greek lad relieved watch with the Prince, who occasionally so-laced his impatience, by learning the Armenian a, b, c, for he had composed in the choicest Turkish, one of the most touching epistles that ever came from a "banished lover" to a "captive maid," and only wanted characters intelligible to her, to write it in.

He was engaged within the house on the stiff angular forms that Mesrop invented to illuminate his countrymen, when the lad came running from the observatory with the joyful sounds, "Here she is in the garden, and approaching the wall!" Constantine took the steps that led to the shah-nishin, at a jump—an unveiled female figure indeed stood close under the window, but it was not Veronica—it was a sister or a cousin—he cared not which,

but he felt the disappointment so severely, that he very unreasonably pulled the youth's ears for not knowing a person whom he had never seen.

At length, however, at the approach of night, and as the last, the glorious but evanescent rays of the sun, cast their beautiful ruddy hues on the high Asiatic hills behind Scutari, rendering conspicuous, on their otherwise verdant sides, large masses of grey rock, which assumed the aspect of houses or distant villages, the persevering lover saw his mistress walk down the garden path, with her face towards him.

Veronica, however, was not alone. Two middle-aged females walked with her, and were evidently engaged in advice and admonition—things differing essentially from the “quality of mercy,” which blesses both giver and receiver,

whereas the articles our Armenian monitresses were dealing out, are found to be exclusively pleasant to those who give, and peculiarly disagreeable to those who take—or rather—listen to them by force.

The Armenian trio, when close under Constantine's window, stopped, as if to give him the benefit of their eloquence. From the closely trellised window he could see distinctly without being seen, and hear almost every word that passed. Turkish, the domestic language of the Armenians, was as familiar to Constantine as to them. He presently caught his own name, pronounced, as it was, in tones of anger, by one of the elder ladies.

Rarely, if ever, was the proverb of "listeners never hearing any good of themselves" more completely verified, than by our hero, for connected with his name, the gossip went on, in

a high style of vituperation. "Schismatic," "heretic," "extravagant rake," were among the gentlest of the epithets she applied to him, and she sustained the correctness and justice of her terms, by details of sundry little stories of Constantine, which he never could have expected to hear repeated in such a place and by such persons. He did not know that the industrious Tiraborsa had been gleaning among the gossips and milksops of Pera.

After sundry details, which he could very well have spared, the fair reviewer, or censor of his misdeeds, wound up her account, by a long story, which related to just that sort of juvenile adventure, which a friendly eye may consider as imprudence, or thoughtlessness, but which an inimical organ, even without exactly departing from facts, may convert into dark and disgraceful crime. It was of such a nature

moreover, as to impress itself, most unfavourably to the hero of it, on the heart of a young and inexperienced female. Constantine bit his lips with rage; he had long since bitterly repented of the misdeeds the gossip was raking up; yet, could he deny them? She related circumstance by circumstance, just as they had occurred, and he might blush at each. But when in the winding up of her narrative, she entirely misrepresented one important fact, to fix an odious colouring on the whole, he could scarcely avoid crying out, "that at least is false!"—he could scarcely restrain himself from throwing open the blinds, and justifying his character to Veronica, who was now weeping at his imputed iniquities.

The good sense, the good feeling, and spirit of his mistress, soon, however, vindicated him, for on reflexion, she detected the discrepancies

of the story, which she represented to her tormentors with that energy youth must feel, when defending at once the absent object of its affections, and the object of persecution or calumny. When she had finished her eloquent and generous defence, she turned indignantly from her companions, and walked towards the house.

The heart of Constantine was blessed and softened, and he did not even once curse the two "evil tongues" that remained for some minutes within his hearing, repeating paternosters, and their firm opinion, that Veronica was pestilently bewitched, and must be exorcised, and inwardly purified ere ought good could come from her.

The following day, master and man renewed their watch in the shah-nishin, and with better fortune to our hero, for at about the

same time, as on the preceding evening, Veronica came out to walk in the garden—and she was alone !

Instead, however, of advancing by the path which led to the garden wall, she turned to her left, and entered the avenue of acacias, where Constantine could only now and then catch a glimpse of her white drapery through the trees, as she glided up and down with hurried and unequal steps that betrayed the uneasiness of her mind. She was too distant for a whisper to reach her ear, and he durst not call aloud, lest he should alarm the watchful family.

Meanwhile the sun-set glow grew pale upon the mountain tops ; the mild silvery grey shades of evening stole gently on like the advances of sleep, and the star of love beamed over the acacia-grove where Veronica was walking—but she must soon retire.

Constantine felt anguish at the thought that she would go, without his having the opportunity of speaking to her.

At that moment the softened sounds of united voices, harmonized in prayer, were heard from the Armenian house—its inmates were offering up the “Ave Maria”—the most touching of prayers, at the most touching of times. Veronica issued from the avenue, and with her arms crossed on her breast, and her lips murmuring the short evening petition to the Virgin, advanced with slow steps down the desired path.

“Veronica! Veronica!” said the Prince, when she had approached sufficiently near, “Veronica! look up, I am here!”

“I should know that voice,” said the Armenian maiden, trembling all over.

“It is mine! it is the voice of love!” said

the Prince, opening a part of the lattice to shew himself.

She gazed with a mixed expression of transport and incredulity, but seeing through the twilight that it was indeed her lover—that Constantine was so near to her, she staggered, and would have fallen to the ground but for the wall against which she leaned.

“Veronica, I have been here, shut up in solitude for days, but I am now satisfied, for I have seen you again, and have again heard the sound of your voice,” said the Prince; “but why do you tremble thus? can a meeting, constrained even as it is, be painful to you?”

“Prince! joy hath its weakness as well as grief,” replied the impassioned girl; “but have you indeed been here and for *days*—so near, and in melancholy loneliness?”

Constantine related the manner in which he

had taken the house—information that ought to have been conveyed by Melkon, but, as it afterwards appeared, the suridji had gone off to Brusa and Mount Olympus, with some European travellers—he mentioned having seen her on the preceding evening, but in delicacy to her feelings avoided any allusion to the conversation he had overheard. He expressed his hopes that now she was aware of his retreat, she could *often* bless his eyes with the sight of her person—*sometimes* come and converse with him as now.

In the hurried reply, Veronica described the treatment she received from her family as one incessant persecution. She was a prisoner—but nothing should change her feelings for him, or influence her resolves. She must now retire, or her absence might attract notice, but she would return on the morrow, to renew the conversation.

“ I shall not live till then,” said Constantine,
“ but when will you come ?”

“ I can fix no hour---that will depend on the motions of others,” replied Veronica, with a sigh.

“ But, say, shall it be to-morrow morning before dawn---before the family is stirring.”

“ Alas ! I can fix no time, as there are eyes that watch all my motions.”

“ Shall it be at noon, or afternoon, when your people are as usual reposing, or shall it be at this hour---in the evening.”

“ It shall be when I can. Doubt me not, my desire is as impatient as yours---but if you are not here ? The time of my liberty may be short---what shall I do then, or who will tell you that I have been waiting for you ?”

“ Entertain no apprehension on that head ; for I will not leave the place where I now am, from

the first glimmering of dawn, until the shadows of night tell me that I have nothing to hope."

I am scarcely worthy of so much pain—I, a poor enthralled Armenian—a slave—but silence—I hear my name called within the house."

Constantine listened, and heard a shrill female voice repeating, "Veronica, Veronica, where are you?" The affrighted girl added in a very low voice, "Let us not lose the chance of future happiness by present imprudence—farewell until to-morrow."

"Farewell and again until to-morrow," sighed Constantine, and Veronica took the path leading to the house-door.

The Prince was as good as his word, for long before the veil of obscurity was drawn from "the uncertain face of things," he was at his post at the shah-nishin, looking with

as much interest over the paths and parterres, and the vines of the banker's garden, as ever the fallen angel had bestowed on the golden pavement of heaven. And he met the reward which some will say he merited, for he had not been there many minutes, when an elegant light figure glided down the pathway, and presently stood at the foot of the wall, beneath his window.

We shall not describe the conversation that took place. It was of a nature to increase the passion they had imprudently nourished, and which was to cause the misery of both.

An older and a wiser heart, and a cooler temperament, than our Greek possessed, might have been thrilled by the appearance of Veronica, as she was disclosed by the rapidly blushing morning. Her small oval face, as upturned to him she was speaking to, was

pale beyond even Eastern example ; her large black straining eyes, though now vivid, bore the mark of recent tears ; her black hair was unbound ; her hands were clasped ; and her whole person bore that touching aspect which violent excitement always produces on a delicate frame.

She several times attempted to tear herself away, but her own inclinations, as much as her lover's intreaties, chained her to the spot, until the noise of an opening window of the Seraffs' house necessitated another hasty farewell ; and running to the avenue of acacias, she disappeared.

In this manner, for a few stolen moments, Constantine at his window, and Veronica at the foot of the garden-wall, they met again and again ; and slight, or nothing, as was the progress made by thus meeting, still so de-

lightful were those short instants, that the amorous Greek could not regret the seclusion to which he had condemned himself for the chance of obtaining them, nor the total neglect of his other affairs or pleasures. He blessed the hump-backed suridji, who had suggested the plan.

But these proceedings could not last, a thousand accidents might interrupt them. They *were* interrupted in the most natural manner possible. The prying and indefatigable Italian priest met Constantine late one evening, as he was returning from Constantinople, where he had been on some long-delayed business of importance, and following him without being perceived, traced him to the uninhabited house that overlooked the Armenian garden.

The next morning Veronica did not appear.

In this there was nothing alarming, as circumstances often prevented her; but things wore a more ominous appearance, when as the day advanced a swarm of Armenian builders occupied the garden, and began to erect a scaffolding under his very nose. A little later in the day materials for building arrived, and he saw them commence an elevation of the wall with such rapidity as must very soon intercept his views.

“We are discovered,” said Constantine, as he pointed out the labours of the Eastern architects to his Greek servant; “my shahnishin will be blinded in no time—what is to be done now?”

“I know nothing that we can do,” said the lad, “unless it be to play the part of the devil in the old stories, and knock down by night what they put up by day.”

“And so bring a lawsuit, and the Turks, and an *avaniah* about our ears—no, that will never do, Sterio; we must think of a better plan.”

The rest of the day the Armenian artisans proceeded vigorously; and if Constantine could not enjoy from his secret bow-window the society he wished, he could not complain of solitude, for a score of the sons of Hai were there close to him, plastering, sawing, and hammering, at the motley composed wall which was to be his blind, or smoking their pipes, or eating their bread and garlic.

He left the rural retirement, which had had so many charms for him, in utter disgust. He would not, however, thus quietly relinquish the field to the enemy. He returned the next morning with a reinforcement of Greek carpenters and masons, every whit as active and as steady as the Armenians on the other side of the wall. The

shah-nishin which had given him such glimpses of paradise, now afforded no other prospect than the bare wall, that like the broad shoulders and thick head of some giant of a fellow in the pit of a theatre, extended just high enough, and wide enough, to exclude the view of every thing beyond it.

“ I know of no Turkish law,” said Constantine to the gardener, “ that prevents our raising our house a *little*, when our neighbours are so uncivil as to interfere with our prospects.”

The gardener, who had received in pay and in promises more than the tenement was worth, saw no difficulty either, and the Greeks set to work to erect another shah-nishin above the unfortunate one that had lost its sight.

The Armenians were soon warned by the noise and bustle that something extraordinary was going on ; and the Seraffs, on their return

at evening from the Porte, saw to their infinite mortification an odious excrescence on the roof of the Greek house, that fairly overpeered their garden-wall, with all its recent addition. The next day they saw the enemy's work finished, in the shape of a comfortable little room commanding their garden as before. What was to be done now? This son of the Hospodar or of Satan had already driven them from one house—they could not retreat from this—they could not interdict the use of the garden to their women, particularly to Veronica, whom they kept a prisoner, and did not allow to walk elsewhere. There was nothing to be done, but to build the wall still higher !

The Armenian artisans were accordingly again sent for, and set to work, with injunctions to be expeditious ; and while Constantine was still chuckling over the idea of having defeated the

Seraffs with their own arms, he saw the grim looking builders again on the wall, and a fresh supply of poles and rafters in the garden. His rage was so great, that it well-nigh determined him to defend his position by sweeping the wall of its invaders, using his long pipe-stick as his spear; and though reflexion came to his aid, he could not help thrusting the fresh-lit bowl of his chibook into the wide mouth of a fellow, who was bawling out that the super-addition should be finished before night.

The fellow's tongue was blistered by the burning tobacco and clay, but not by a lie, for at sunset the works again covered those of the Prince, and his second shah-nishin was even as blind as the first.

"Sterio," said Constantine, as he was eating his pilaff in a most spiteful humour, "you

must go and recall our builders, for curse me if these men-camels shall beat me in perseverance—if they pile their wall as high as the tower of Babel, I will still build higher !”

Early the next morning the Greek workmen came to the siege, and by unremitting labour had given breadth and strength to the addition they had already made to the house, and built another gazebo above it, by the evening of the following day. Constantine could again command the Armenian garden.

The brothers Agop and Yussuf, baffled anew, determined after consultation with Tira-borsa and the Armenian priest, to have once more recourse to masons and carpenters; and these artisans were really called, and were on the point of renewing their labours, when a tumultuous movement of the Turks of the neighbourhood interfered with them.

“By the sleeve⁽²⁴⁾ of the Prophet,” said one, “these Ghiaours are laughing at our beads?”

“Why, what are these dwellers in Edephkhanas⁽²⁵⁾ about! Are they gone mad, that they are thus raising their houses up to the skies?” said another.

“The children of dirt,” cried one, “are building their walls and houses as high as the Padishah’s!”

“As high as a mosque,” roared another, “but let us not eat their dirt, but go and knock them down about their ears!”

“Mashallah! and we will teach the *peza-venks* humility,” cried the Turkish villagers in chorus, and ran to put their threats in execution.

Fortunately for the young Greek and the Armenians, the mob was met on its way by

the Mimar-Agha, ⁽²⁶⁾ or *Intendant* of the buildings, whose eye had been attracted by the novel and ambitious elevation of Constantine's kiosk, and of the wall, as he was passing up the Bosphorus.

He came to settle the matter in a gentle, business-like manner, and restrained the violence of the people. At his approach, the bankers, who knew him well, were seized with a trepidation, accompanied with strong symptoms of *money-losing*—they knew his visit would end in a fine, and the farewell glance of departing piastres already gleamed in their eyes.

“These are strange doings in a Mahometan country,” said the dignified personage; “we, the faithful, are ordered by the blessed Prophet to be humble in our dwellings, as in our dresses, (the Effendi's turban was worth six

thousand piastres!) to employ no marbles or stones, to raise no lofty and sumptuous edifices, save temples for the worship of the one God; and here are you, erecting walls as high as the *Alti-minarély*,⁽²⁷⁾ and before our eyes; and you are only Nazarenes and Rayahs!"

"Effendi!" said the Seraff Agop, "we have been betrayed into an inadvertency by the impertinent curiosity of our neighbour here, who was constantly peering into our garden, and seeing our women without their veils!"

"That was very wrong in him," replied the Mimar-Agha, "and he shall be looked to—but in the mean time just reduce that wall to its proper height, and (he took the banker aside) if you wish to hear no more said about it, let the purse you intend to give me for my trouble contain five hundred piastres—not a para less—I cannot in conscience

take a para less for my justice and mercy !”

The avaniah was paid, the Mimar-Agha smoked a chibook, and then proceeded to deal with the impertinent gazer on the other side of the wall, whom he learned with delight was a Greek. His introductory oration, his command to reduce the superstructure, were the same to Constantine as to the Seraffs, but he doubled the sum of the mulct, and insisted that the window which would command the garden as before, as soon as the Armenians had lowered the wall—that the dear, delightful shah-nishin, should be blocked up.

The house had already cost the Prince a pretty sum; he paid this additional fine, with many an inward curse, and, not to witness the demolition of his own architecture, went his way with the consoling certainty, that as

far as regarded his future enjoyment, all that money had been thrown away. On recovering his composure, he could, however, enjoy a laugh at the recollection of his *debut* in building, and at the thoughts of what an extraordinary house and wall he and the Armenians would have made between them, had it not been for the Turks' prejudices and interference.

CHAPTER VI.

ALTHOUGH it was the desire of both parties to avoid attracting public attention to what had passed at Emenergen-Oglu and Kandilly ; although the Seraffs were quite as much interested as Constantine in keeping the secret for the present, still it could not happen otherwise than that it should transpire, when so many persons were in possession of it, or of parts of it,—which only allowed them the greater liberty to guess at the rest.

Tiraborsa's inquiries on account of the Greek, and sundry hints and reflexions he let drop on the quick soil of the inquisitive Perotes' minds, might have warned the gossips that something extraordinary had occurred in the Armenian family, in which Constantine was implicated, and have set them on the watch; but it was Katine, the old Armenian attendant of Veronica, who made more ample disclosure.

The Catholic priests of Pera had thought proper to persecute the relax duenna, and prevent her getting service elsewhere among the Catholics. To deliver herself from them, and part, perhaps, in spite, she determined to return a penitent to the bosom of the Eutychean or Armenian church, which she had abandoned some years before—only for an advantageous situation. She was triumphantly

claimed by the rival priesthood, and given up by the weaker, or Catholic party ; and on her return to society, Katine whispered the story of the loves of Constantine and Veronica wherever she went, taking care to colour or justify her own participation.

In that way she knew she could inflict a wound in the breast of the Armenian family ; and vile and mercenary as she was, she cared not if it reached the bosom of her young mistress.

Some of the Seraffs' household, moreover, might just have related the awful events they had witnessed to a friend or two, under promise of secrecy ; nor was it altogether impossible, that the Prince's servant, Sterio, might, in moments of confiding love, have given a hint or two of what was passing, and what kept his master so much from society, to a certain

pretty little island-Greek girl, who would naturally tell her young mistress, the Signora —, daughter of the Minister of —, who would naturally tell her sister and friends.

The story, in short, was known throughout Pera, on one side of the Golden Horn, and throughout the Fanar, on the other, when the coup-d'éclat of the building scenes, which gave point and interest to the whole, and afforded matter to laughter and epigram, occurred, and drove the Prince back to his usual haunts.

Constantine, with ready Greek wit or impudence, and lightness of tongue and demeanour, could meet the rallies of his friends, and the scoff of those who bore him ill-will; but the efforts it cost him to do so, proved how deeply his heart was engaged; and after having turned away from his tormentors with a laugh heartier

than theirs, and with an acknowledgment that he had merited the title of a modern Belus, he would sigh to think on Veronica, and the prejudices that divided them.

As to the obstacles that were presented on his side, or by his family and friends, he could resolve (most dutifully) to set them at nought; and he almost determined to address the relations of Veronica; to prove to them that there was no such horrible inconsistency in their union; and, in fine, to make a formal offer of his hand. But his pride rose up in arms to repel this straightforward and honourable procedure, which, however, we may say, would have been utterly inefficacious, and defeated by the fears of the Porte, the Catholic fanaticism, and a host of unamiable, but potent antipathies, that reigned in the bosoms of the Armenians.

Meanwhile resolved only on one thing, which was, though he despised her whole caste beside, never to renounce or injure the Armenian maiden, he knew not what course to pursue, or how he should ever again get sight of her. Melkon, the suridji, the only person on whom he could depend, that had access to the Seraffs' house, was ambling with the northern travellers over the deserted kingdom of Bithynia; day after day passed, and he returned not; but in that time, instead of his hunch-back, which would have been welcome as an angel's wing, Constantine had to encounter his grandmother, who, secluded as she lived, had been informed somewhat tardily of the unseemly scrape her darling boy had engaged in; and he had scarcely freed himself from her admonitions, when a friend—a correspondent and confident of his father—the

Hospodar, who had also been informed by letter of his son's errors, presented himself with much well-prepared advice, and the paternal rescript, that as he valued the honour of his family, and its tranquillity, (for though blind to the perils that environed his mock throne, the old Prince's eyes were open to those that ever beset the post of Seraff to the Porte,) that as he respected the faith of his ancestors, and as he was a Greek—he should at once cease all communication with the Armenians.

To prevent any more active interference, which might have been resorted to, Constantine laboured, and successfully, to convince his father's friend, that the affair did not merit the importance that had been given to it—that it had been a youthful fit of admiration—a freak to teaze the jealous Armenians, who ought

at least to have been more courteous to a gentleman, who in all probability had saved the life of one of the heads of their family. The epistle Constantine addressed in answer to his father, was in the same sense; but when he had acquitted himself of the specious argumentation, and sent it off, he blushed at the falsehoods it contained, and felt that the force to tear Veronica from his heart, and to obey indeed his father's orders, was *his* no longer.

“As usual in these cases,” mused he to himself, “interference is too late—the remedy is offered when the disease has attained a vital part—and then it comes as a mockery!” His mood changed. “However I dispose of myself, I must build no more shah-nishins—henceforward I *will* work in becoming secrecy!”

As if to aid his good resolutions, Melkon, the fittest of all instruments, stood suddenly

before him. He had just returned with his tourists, and one of the amplest collections of stones, plants, coins, and notes, ever made on the journey; and that moment he came to inquire after the Prince.

“What! here!—so soon tired of solitude, and the prospect over the Armenian wall?—Ay! ay! I thought how it would be!” said the hunch-back, after making his salutation in due Oriental form.

“Karaguse! you are wrong for once,” said Constantine.

“How are you here, then?—surely you have not brought the maiden with you?” inquired the suridji.

Constantine felt some awkward sensations in beginning the story, but it was necessary to go through it; and when at the mention of his expulsion by the Mimar-Agha, the suridji

burst into an immoderate fit of laughter, he could join also in that, despite his recent motives for fear and sorrow, and of his having laughed at the scene so often already.

The hunch-back readily consented to renew his observations; he was then going to Kandilly, having been entrusted by one of their cousins, at Brusa, with a letter for the Seraffs; nothing was so easy as to carry another little letter for Veronica—he would deliver it if he could—and off he set, before he had shaken the dust of the journey from his boots, with Constantine's first attempt at Turkish in Armenian characters.

The adroit suridji succeeded in his mission, at least in as much as regarded Constantine, for as to the letter which he brought from Brusa—an application from poor cousins for money from the rich Seraffs—we are not in-

formed of its success. Veronica's note, which he brought in answer, was necessarily short, for it had been written hurriedly, and of course by stealth. There was a sentence in it which moved the Prince.

She related the continual persecution to which she was exposed—that the liberty of open air and motion were almost denied to her, unless she consented to be accompanied by some of her aunts or cousins, under the guidance of the unrelaxing Padre Tiraborsa, or of the Armenian priest, for fear he (Constantine) should start up from the earth at her feet. She would not submit to this odious *surveillance*—her health might suffer, but for fourteen days she had not even gone out to walk under the acacias of their own garden.

Constantine felt what he wrote, and was sincere as truth while he was writing. In a

letter, dispatched a few days after, he lamented the privation and suffering she was exposed to on his account—there seemed at the present but one mode of terminating them, which was, to accede to the wishes of her family, and to discard him in reality from her heart's affections. Her sorrows had begun, and would end, with his acquaintance, and when the schismatic Greek was forgotten, Veronica would be again what she had been, the darling of her house.

It will create no surprise that Veronica's answer to this portion of the letter should be passionate, and repulsive of the proposal of Constantine. He at least who had just virtue enough, and prudence enough, to see what would tend to her immediate comfort—but had not strength enough to contemplate the fulfilment of the measure he proposed—and he would not have proposed it, had he thought

Veronica could have adopted it—did not expect the reply to be other than it was.

“ Did he still doubt,” wrote the impassioned girl, “ of what she had so frequently assured him, that her heart was for ever his,—that the violence of her bigoted family should act in a sense directly opposed to their wishes, and bind her closer and closer to Constantine? No! it could not be this, but *he* might wish to break the ties that bound them—he must have felt within himself the faculty, the facility of doing so, or he never could have proposed to her so dreadful an idea. Alas! secluded, half devoted, every way imprisoned, as she was, he might be sure of her, but with society and its charms opened before him, could *she* be equally confident of the affections, of the faith, of Constantine. He must write immediately.—Melkon, the suridji, had free access,—he could come and

go, and loiter about the house without exciting suspicion."

Melkon went and came, and carried with him the burning epistles of the two Eastern lovers very many times, and had it not been that the rogue (himself an epitome of all that was ridiculous) entertained a great love of a joke and a lively feeling of the ridiculous in others, he might much longer have continued to do so, to the great benefit of his purse.

But one day—one unlucky day, on which he must have forgotten to invoke his saints, he was suspended in his office of love's courier. The accident fell out thus :—

He was returning from Kandilly, he had landed at one of the rotten wooden scales or wharfs at Galata, he had passed through the mob of sailors of various nations, of Jews, Turkish custom-house officers, and of trucksters

that infest the lower part of that Eastern Wapping; he had ascended the steep, roughly-paved hill, the superior regions of Galata, where the Frank merchants, in amiable unison with Jewish and Armenian brokers, dispose of what ought to be the vast commerce of the Turkish capital; he had wound under the high round tower of Galata, at whose foot a party of bare-legged, and bare-armed janissaries were eating their pilaff with as much pride and security as if their order were glorified, and safe as the saint who founded it; he had passed the Genoese walls of the lower suburbs, and had entered on the purer, and in every sense, more elevated air of Pera, and was trudging through the narrow crooked street that leads by part of the minor Turkish burying ground, and the Tecké or monastery of the dancing dervishes.

His thoughts were serious at the time, for

when they dwelt not on the handsome present he had that morning received from Veronica, they reverted to Veronica's mournful gesture and tearful eye which had really penetrated him. And then he wondered how long this love affair would last, and wished it might not end, so long as it brought him such handsome additions to his casual income, from either side of the Bosphorus.

In that narrow street stands a sherbet shop. The Turk who keeps it, if he be the original founder, which is doubtful, has certainly an eye for locality, for after toiling up the steep rough hill between the banks of the Golden Horn and Pera, even an Armenian porter may be winded,⁽¹⁾ and if the day be sultry, the temptation to drink will be irresistible. There then, on the first flat of the hill, the first breathing place, and immediately facing the

Pera-bound traveller, stands the little shop, in size not larger than a village cobbler's stall—but the bush that waved in the wind to Sterne's muleteer, and invited him to enter and drink, was ineloquent and unpersuasive (though Burgundy was the wine to which that bush was the index) compared to the arrayed attractions of the Sherbetji's. On a marble slab—the front of the shop—was a miniature fountain, ingeniously made to agitate a little tin wheel, the very tinkling of which was cool and refreshing; and then on the flanks and in the front of this fountain, were lines of glass cups, brim-full of various and brightly coloured liquids—iced, and with little islands of ice frequently floating within them. The charms of these latter are not to be withstood, and so felt our hunch-backed suridji when taking out a small pinch of paras, he stopped now, where he had so often

stopped before, to take up one of those vessels capacious of a pint.

He had taken off at a draught half of its contents, and had put the glass to his mouth to finish the other, when his hand was arrested by a glance of his eye, which fell on a thirsty son of Israel who was refreshing himself in a similar manner by the shop door.

The long, pinched, sallow-face, common to his race at Stamboul, was seen in this Jew carried to its utmost excess, as if by caricature, and his cautious, wily and suspicious eye, was fixed on some object up the street with an expression of horror and dread.

“Yaudé, Yaudé,”⁽²⁾ said Melkon, putting down his glass, “what in the devil’s name ails thee, dost thou see a man walking with his toes behind him or a Djin,⁽³⁾ or——

“As Moses was a prophet, the Kharatch-

gatherer," said the Jew in a suffocated voice, and putting down his glass of sherbet and the pinch of Paras to pay for it, he turned round to take to his heels.

The hounds threw off close behind their game, for by this time the counter of men's polls, with three of his myrmidons, was opposite to the shop, and bawled out, "Stop there---stop there, thou Yaudé---stop, thou unclean infidel, or, by the beard of the Prophet, I will have your run-away feet so beaten to a mummy, that they shall never carry thee again---stop there, kiopeck!"⁽⁴⁾

But the growls of a tiger were as likely to make the fugitive stop and give himself up at once to his mercy---the louder the Kharatch-gatherer bawled, the faster the Jew ran. The man of taxes and his suite ran after him, but fat Turks as they were, and encumbered with

loose robes, and checked by slippers that were never meant for racing, they had little chance against the meagre Israelite.

The ground between the sherbet shop and the Tecké of the dervishes, or the first part of the course, was still up a steep and winding hill, the principal, who, as became him, was the fattest of the four, gave up the chase after a very few steps—a few more steps and another pursy Turk was obliged to stay, (in sporting language) to mend his bellows; a few more steps and another was fain to follow his example; he had scarcely stopped, when another trod on a piece of melon skin, and sliding, soiled his yellow beneesh in the dust of the infidel suburb. One only was left, but he seemed of good metal, and continued to run in view, and for a moment to gain upon the Jew.

The whole street gazed on this toilsome uphill race with excessive enjoyment, and the Jew, again to return to sporting phraseology, was the favourite racer.

It may be asked with surprise, whether there were no Turks there, to intercept the man who was running away from the Sultan's tax-gatherers. Yes! there were Turks, and many in the street, who might have laid hold of the timid Jew; but, from some feeling or other, even the Osmanlis, who are exempted from the kharatch themselves, do not think fit to interfere with the rayahs, who are obliged to pay it: the kharatch gatherers too, who are not men in authority under the Padishah, but merely farmers of the oppressive and invidious tax, may be regarded rather as publicans and sinners, than upright men, whom the faithful are bound to protect in the discharge of their duties.

We may have omitted some of the motives or feelings, but the fact, which has been often observed, is, that the Osmanlis, on occasions like the present, always stands by inactively, and enjoy the scene as a good joke.

Away then, and on a fair field, ran the Jew, with his obstinate pursuer after him. At an early part of the chase, he had lost his loose papooshes, which he left behind him, as Empedocles, his brazen slippers, on the verge of the volcano; and when he felt the Turk gaining upon him, he was glad to relinquish his tattered; blue cloth beneesh, ⁽⁵⁾ that fell, (so closely was he behind him,) at his pursuer's feet, and caused him to trip. The profane might compare the relinquished cloak, to the descending mantle of Elijah, for the Jew, like the prophet, was mounting upwards; but, alas! instead of prophecy, the torn and patched

beneesh only testified to past poverty ; it contained, however, vermin enough to make a Turkish saint. ⁽⁶⁾

At this part of the race, the adytum, to Pera's proud street, was convulsed with shouts ; its crazy, wooden tenements, shook with peals of laughter, and the solemn Turks, so rarely seen to laugh, who never laugh, save at the exhibition of something extremely farcical, ⁽⁷⁾ but who then laugh with a vigour, commensurate to the long compression of their hilarity, with all their soul, and with all their strength, joined the universal roar.

“ Well done, Yaudé, well done, Yaudé, the pezavenk runs like an Angora greyhound, the Jew will pay no kharatch to-day,” was echoed on every side, as the son of Israel, reduced to his natural lank proportions, by the surrender of his cloak, ran on in his close

cotton jacket and scanty drawers, that only descended to his knees.

He was now evidently giving his pursuer the slip: five to one on the Jew, would have been fair odds, had the Turk continued the race. He did not—for breathless, and exhausted, he stopped at the grated fountain, with a copper cup of pure fresh water between each of the interstices of the grating, that forms part of the facade of the dancing dervishes' convent, and let the Jew run on like the dwarf or the ball ⁽⁸⁾ in Vathek, to the hall of Eblis if he chose.

Among the laughers, Melkon, the suridji, had been distinguished by the heartiness and shrillness of his peal. He had stood by the sherbet-shop from the moment the Jew started, waving his long arms, and distending his wide mouth. The kharatch-gatherer may

well be imagined to have been in a great passion, particularly at the termination of the chase, which was so unfavourable to him. On whom could he vent his rage? the Osmanlis were safe, they could set him and his kharatch at defiance; he turned round his angry eye, and it fell upon Melkon, who was taking his last hearty farewell grin.

“Laughter belongeth to Franks and to monkeys,”⁽⁹⁾ said the tax-gatherer, whose general Turkish antipathy to laughter, might have been heightened by the reflection, that this time, the laugh was all against himself.

“Seize me that hunch-backed son of Shaitan,” cried he to his attendant Turks, “and we will see whether he has got his own kharatch-ticket in order.”

“Inshallah, and if he has not, his heels

shall pay for it, and for the Jew's as well."

It was a violent thump struck on his dorsal excrescence, the pinioning of his arms by the tax-gatherer's satellites, rather than any fear of consequences as to the kharatch, that caused the suridji's features to subside from their grin, into an expression of odd seriousness and solemnity. Continually on the road, as it was his wont to be, where every petty tyrant might annoy him, if wanting the necessary voucher; too prudent not to feel, that the first expense was the least, and relieved, indeed, by the comparative prosperousness of his calling, from caring much about the paltry sum which he, as a rayah, was to pay the Sultan, for the privilege of keeping his head on his shoulders—or, rather, we should say, from its depressed position, between them—Melkon had always

paid the poll-tax regularly, and never stirred abroad, without the little bit of glazed paper, with a crooked cypher in one corner of it—the kharatch receipt.

“Effendi,” said he, “as God is just, and as Mahmood is Sultan, I have paid for this valuable head of mine, and if you will bid these tall men unloose my arms, your eyes shall testify to the fact.”

At a motion made by their superior, the Turks let go their hold. Melkon thrust his hand within the breast of his inner robe: in his hurry, he thought not of Veronica’s note to the Prince; it was, however, the first piece of paper that came between his fingers, and he brought it into day-light. The kharatch-gatherer snatched it instantly. “What’s this?” cried he, and he already saw the hunch-back’s feet inverted in the air, to receive his spite,

that was fairly running over. "Are you spitting on my beard; do you call this your kharatch-ticket?"

"Oh, no, Effendi, No! that is quite another thing," said Melkon, who at once saw his mistake, and strove, but with too much eagerness, to get the love-letter out of such improper hands. The Turk crumpled the gentle missive, that had been written with tears and sighs, in his broad horny fist.

"Baccalum! and we shall see what this is you are so anxious about, presently, but where is your receipt, you boktandji?"

Melkon dived his hand again, and shortly from his innermost recess, brought out the soiled and well-known Turkish paper.

"Here it is," said he, presenting it with triumph, "here it is, all in order, and you have nothing more to do with me, so give me

that letter which is destined for other hands, and let me go my way, and may Allah go with both, though our paths are different!"

The farmer of men's heads saw, indeed, that the kharatch-ticket was perfectly correct. Was there then no outlet for his malice? He withdrew his hand, which he was extending, to return poor Veronica's letter. "And pray what is this prized scrawl about," cried he, gazing first inquisitively in the suridji's face, and then casting his eye over the letter, which was neither sealed nor directed.

To answer this direct question, certainly implied a difficulty, and even the ready-witted Melkon stammered, "Cannot a poor subject of the Padishah, who gains his bread and salt by doing the behest of others, on horseback and on foot, be supposed to bear a letter, without being acquainted with its contents?"

“Mashallah! and these are not the letters of the Khoran,” cried the tax-gatherer, “who knows but we have treason here? these are treacherous times:” the ghiaours beset us on every side---this letter may be part of a Greek conspiracy. Slave! for this, your head may lie before the Seraglio gate.”

“I am a faithful subject, an Armenian, and those are Armenian characters, if you will but look,” answered Melkon.

The tax-gatherer knew no letters, but the Turkish or Arabic, nor could he be said to know much of them. The paper was handed round.

Several men in the crowd ventured to assert, that Veronica's letters looked very much like those engraved on the Armenian tombstones above Pera;⁽¹⁰⁾ and one Armenian, who, bolder than several of his brethren present,

stood foremost in the circle, averred solemnly, that Armenian characters they were. His science, however, did not go far, for he could not read them.

“To whom are you carrying this letter,” cried the tax-gatherer?

The suridji could not answer, to Constantine, the son of the Greek Hospodar, and he felt, and looked very sheepish.

“Is there no one here that can read Armenian,” said a white bearded Turk, one of the by-standers.

“Allah Keirim! and there is,” cried another Turk, “for here comes Agop, the nephew of the great Seraff!”

And, sure enough, who should be seen passing the sherbet shop, and coming up to the crowd, but Agop, one of Veronica’s burly brothers.

“ Aye, he can read it, were it as long as the list of Halet-Effendi’s wealth,” ⁽¹¹⁾ cried an Armenian.

“ Blessed be the Almighty and Eternal, the infinitely wise and merciful Allah, who has taught us the use of the pen,” ⁽¹²⁾ cried another.

“ He is a rich man, and the Padishah’s shadow falls upon some of his race,” said another Turk, making way for the scion of the Seraffs, with a sort of deference, which he could not avoid feeling for one connected with wealth and consequence, though he was only a Christian rayah. The broad and opaque-visaged Agop, junior, stood in the midst before the Effendi, and then Melkon, who would as soon have seen the devil there, could not help thinking, as his teeth chattered together, “ May St. Gregory and St. Mesrop send me well through

it, for Jannabet ⁽¹³⁾ that I am, I am in a pretty mess."

Veronica's letter was put into the fraternal hands of Agop, who was about to begin reading it aloud. Melkon partially recovered—whatever might be the ulterior consequences, this was the moment to save himself from great confusion; to save the honour of his benefactress; the feelings of Constantine; nay, even of the blustering blockhead before him, who was just going to expound his own shame.

"My master," said Melkon, in a mixed jargon of Armenian and Turkish, which was not intelligible to the Turks, "do not eat your own abomination, and before so many witnesses, pray do not!"

Agop, who had just found out the cue to the letter, and had made out in the Armenian

characters some Turkish words of endearment and passion, turned round at the solemn adjuration of the suridji: he had seen the hunch-back in their house at Kandilly that very morning, he comprehended the whole of the business, and felt the expediency of concealing what he considered his sister's shame---for his own sake. "The letter, Effendi," said he, turning to the kharatch-gatherer, "is indeed in Armenian, and relates to subjects too unimportant to entertain your ears."

The surly Turk, who saw himself again disappointed, concluded there was no business to be done in that part of the town, and making a sign with his hand to tell the suridji he might go his way, he shuffled down towards Galata, all the Turks crying after him *Aivala!*

Melkon, in the calculations which he had made, on first undertaking the office of amorous

ambassador extraordinary, had not overrated the importance of the circumstance in his favour, of the Tinghir-Oglus being of another church than his own. Well indeed was it for him at this moment, for in the contrary case, young Agop might at once have denounced him to the Eutychean priesthood, who exercise an authority over their flock extraordinary, but recognized by the Turkish Government.⁽¹⁴⁾ The suridji felt the advantage of his position, and knowing that he had for ever forfeited the right of entrance, and all hopes of employment in the Seraffs' house, he even dared to be pert and jocose; and, following the young banker, asked him if he would not give him the letter, to be taken to its proper address.

Agop thrust the letter within the breast of his own enterré, and lengthened his strides up the hill.

Had it not been that squabbles are perilous things, the chiaoushes⁽¹⁵⁾ being sure to belay both contending parties indiscriminately with their sticks, and the judicial authorities to levy a fine on both the disturbers of the peace, it is probable that the suridji would have attempted to take the letter by force ; and, hunch-backed as he was, his extraordinary agility, and the strength of his arms, might have been more than a match for the man of superior condition.

While the events we have narrated were passing, the Prince was anxiously expecting the return of his messenger ; “ He tarries long this morning,” thought he, as he paced up and down his low dark room, looking every minute out of window, to see whether he approached.

“ Veronica will have had time enough to write me a full and delightful letter”—“ but,”

continued he, as the day wore away, "the sun is sinking; will the ugly fellow never come?" At last, he saw him turn the corner, he ran down to the door to meet him, and at the first glance, saw that all was not right.

The suridji calling himself a jannabet at every instant, and cursing the Jew, who was the cause of all his misadventures, gave to the astounded Constantine, instead of the letter received, a full account of the manner in which he had lost it, which implied nothing more nor less, than that all further communication with Veronica, through his, the only means, was interrupted---and in short, that his occupation was gone.

Among the commendable qualities of our hero, that of patience certainly found no place; he swore at the young Agop, whose throat he talked of cutting, and rated the ingenious

hunch-back, who had served him so often and so well, as an idle gossip, — an idiot, to stand at sherbet shops, to laugh at run-away Jews; when he was the bearer of a letter, the least syllable of which, was worth the fee simple of his dirty soul.

“ This may be all very true,” said Melkon in reply, “ but what is to be done for the future, the Seraffs’ custom I have lost. I shall let them no more horses. I shall carry no more bags of sequins; no more letters for them. I have neglected all my business for you, and the lady over the water—I wish she had never learned to write!—and now, what shall I do?”

“ You may go hang yourself,” said the Prince, “ as, probably, I shall!”

The suridji bowed his leave, and went away, twitching his hump, and rubbing his mustachoes. He knew Constantine’s generosity; he had

often witnessed his elasticity of temper ; he felt this ill-humour would not last. “ He is unjust to me now, “ thought he,” but I may find the means of being serviceable, and he will then again be kind and bountiful ; these are ugly moments in a man’s life : did not I myself, when love went cross ways, and I left Smyrna, beat Manuk over the head with my despatches, and gallop all the way from the Fasular fountain, ⁽¹⁶⁾ to the stream by Hadjilar, ⁽¹⁷⁾ galling my best mare with the stirrups all the way ?”

CHAPTER VII.

THE effects which Constantine foresaw on the suridji's miscarriage, proved to be in reality quite as serious as he had expected. He racked his brains in vain, to discover some mode of renewing his correspondence with Veronica ; he could not even learn how the discovery made by her brother Agop had affected her, but he could not but dread, that the persecution she had before suffered on his account, would be redoubled by the affair of the letter,

particularly as that epistle contained some severe strictures on the spiritual "pastors and masters"—the directors of the bigoted family.

While his attempts, ingenious, but too numerous to describe, were in operation, the Prince shut himself up in his lodging at Pera. Except on rare occasions that his father's business required his attendance at the Porte, or at the palace of the Russian Envoy, he never stirred abroad until towards sun-set, when he would mount his fleetest horse, and followed by one of his Turks, escape to the wild heaths which reach to the very edge of Constantinople.

His passion for rapid motion had returned with more force than ever, and he would scour over those dusky solitudes, or plunge into the deep narrow valleys that have their mouth in

the Bosphorus, like the hero of an immortal tale.

Anastasius did this on an Armenian's horses—Constantine on his own, for an Armenian maiden, but happier than his predecessor, no murdered Anagnostes mounted behind him!⁽¹⁾ His conscience, indeed, might have recorded several acts of inferior guilt, but its voice was stifled—he only thought of Veronica and love.

The retirement to which he condemned himself had one good effect, for after a few days it drove him to the resource of books, and to long-neglected studies. In the pages of his classic ancestors, whose soul-stirring language was familiar to him, he sought, and occasionally found, forgetfulness of the present day, and its evils. They taught him, indeed, to compare his condition and the condition of his family, his

friends, his countrymen in general, with what it might have been had they been born in the days of Grecian liberty and civilization, and the comparison could hardly contribute to his comfort.

His studies, however, detached him from grovelling inclinations, and the improvement of his intellect and feeling, was aided by this passion—the first passion he had felt—which might merit the name of virtuous. For if the mind of a young man be debased and effeminized by the pursuits of promiscuous gallantry, it assuredly ennobles itself, and derives vigour from the entertainment of one pure and devoted passion. The voluptuary issuing from the purchased embraces of an harem, will be inclined, despite the example of Sardanapalus, to tremble before his foe ; but the youth with the innocent tear of his beloved *one* upon his cheek, may

rush to the thickest of the battle for his country and his fame!

Several weeks had passed since the misadventure of the letter, during which Melkon's ingenuity had been able to render no service to the Prince, when one evening he presented himself to his employer at Emenergen-Oglu, whither Constantine had repaired to pay a long delayed visit to his relative.

He came to say, he had ascertained, that on the following morning the whole of the bankers' family, male and female, were to ascend the Bosphorus to Buyukderé, on a visit to a great drogoman who resided in that diplomatic village—that he had heard a fishing party and a moonlight supper in the valley of the Grand Signor spoken of, as part of the amusements of the excursion.

“This is fortunate,” said the Prince, “I was

going to-morrow to hunt the wild boar in the forest of Belgrade,⁽²⁾ but as it is, I will fish, and sup with the Seraffs!"

"How will you do that," asked Melkon, "methinks you would be but an unwelcome guest—they have built up a wall already to separate acquaintance."

"I will go—I must," said the Prince, "if it be but to see Veronica's yashmack, or the back of her feridji—start no difficulties, Karaguse, but set your wits to work as to how it can be done."

"One of the waiting maids in the drogoman's family is my cousin," said Melkon, musing.

"Admirable," cried the Prince, "promise her money enough to be her dower, and half the difficulty is overcome."

"The two fishing caïks engaged," continued Melkon, still musing, "are manned by

pallikari of your own people, and there is no Greek on the channel bolder, and more cunning, than Panayotti, the master of both the boats."

"Panayotti," cried the Prince joyfully, "I know him well—from the experience he has had of my piastres, and I of his spirit, I nothing doubt that he would go out in a storm to the Karadeniz to serve me—Melkon, may your face be whitened—all the difficulty is overcome!"

"I don't see that," said hunch-back.

"Why, won't Panayotti give me a passage in either of his boats?"

"He might: but would your friends, the Seraffs, go fellow-passengers with you?"

"Melkon, you are a man with eyes in your head—a traveller; did you never see among the Franks at Smyrna, the pastimes they call a carnival, when they so disguise themselves with

dress, paint, and false hair, that a mother shall not know among them, the son she brought into the world."

"Alla Keirim, but you know the difference between white bread and brown,"⁽³⁾ said the suridji, delighted with the droll idea; "I see how it is. What can hinder you from stepping into the boat with the maiden as perfect a pallikari as any of the crew, and more particularly as the light of the moon and of torches is less likely to betray you than day-light?"

The plan once fixed upon, the arrangements were soon made. Melkon went in all secrecy, at the dusk of evening, to the village of Buyukderé, where he gained over his fair cousin—in the usual manner, by giving one sum of money in hand, and another and a larger one in promise. The intriguer next found out Panayotti, the boatman, and opening the pro-

ject to him in a plausible manner, accompanied him to a solitary road beyond the valley of Buyukderé, where the Prince had given him rendezvous. Once there, and in presence with the Prince, Panayotti acceded, and the trio, or rather the quartetto, for Sterio, the valet, of whom honourable mention has been already made was there on horseback with his master, arranged the whole mode of proceeding in the most ingenious manner.

The Prince, desirous of having all the advantage of his masquerade, and of enjoying the full effect of her surprise, instructed Melkon to insist on his cousin, the drogoman's servant, not mentioning a word of the matter to Veronica. She was only to inform him and the boatmen when the Seraffs' family arrived—to do nothing more for the present! On a future occasion she might be expected to deliver a

letter or so, into the hands of the fair maiden, should her visit to Buyukderé be repeated.

He then enjoined Melkon, as he valued his life, not to shew his hump at the village, lest his presence should excite some suspicion in the Armenian visitors: and turning his horse's head, he took the dark and lonely road that led to Constantinople.

A disguise, such as Constantine desired, was easy to arrange, the white linen drawers, the open shirt, and jacket, worn by the boatmen on the Bosphorus, were purchased at the first bazaar, and a skilful artist, a travelled Greek, whose employment then was to paint Panagias, and decorate churches, but who had formerly been assistant to the principal peruquier of an Italian opera company at Leghorn, undertook to furnish him with additional eyebrows and

mustachoes, and with such wrinkles, that he should not know his own face.

The period we so anxiously desire—between which, and the present moment, life seems but a blank—comes slowly on, but like the period we wish not for, its coming is sure. The morning of the happy day arrived. Melkon, and the Greek, who was doubly an artist, as peruquier and painter, were dispatched, before day-light, overland to Buyukderé, and Constantine, as day was breaking, reached the scala of Tophana, and embarked in a common two-oared caïk. Wrapt up in his mantle, and in such a hack conveyance, he could not be observed on his passage by any of the Armenians.

He landed at Kheretch-Bournou, a lovely spot between Therapia and Buyukderé, and then by a secluded path that led round the

edge of the valley, he reached the latter village, and a deserted house selected as his attiring room, where he found his coadjutors. There was beside a good breakfast provided by the boatman, and the keen morning air of the Bosphorus at that season (for autumn had now advanced) must excuse Constantine—lover as he was—for partaking heartily of it.

The agreeable meal was scarcely discussed, when terrible confusion was seen upon the channel. Three large caïks, each with six pair of oars, were seen rowing up from Stamboul, and at their approach the batteries on either bank seemed strangely agitated. The long brass guns, the earthen walls and epaulments, that usually looked so deserted—that seldom presented to the eye more of a garrison than two or three half naked fellows smoking their pipes, were now crowded with men, who all

seemed to have their heads turned towards the six-oared barges.

“This stir among the Turks,” said Constantine, “must mean something—what can it be, Melkon?”

“A new Azem-Vizir⁽⁴⁾ took the caouk and the way to the grave but shortly since, and the present stir can be occasioned by nothing less than his visiting in person the castles of the Bosphorus.”

“You are right again,” said the Prince; “it is the Grand Vizir! Would he had chosen his time better, for he will make a bad day of it for us.”

“And a worse day of it for the Yam-macks.⁽⁵⁾ I wonder how many lives will satisfy this new Vizir’s appetite?” said the suridji, gazing on the boats that had now stopped at the battery on the Asiatic side, opposite to Therapia.

"I fear there will be no fishing, and no supper to-night," said Panayotti.

"I am sure there are some will sup with the fish to-night," said Melkon.

"What do you mean?" enquired the Prince impatiently.

"I mean," said Panayotti, "that the Armenians are but timid people, and that the drogomans are not much better; that they will be afraid to go out on the Bosphorus on the night of a day like this, when deeds of violence are sure to be done, and the Turks are likely to be put in a special bad humour."

"And I mean," said the suridji, "that before nightfall, several of those Yammacks, that you see yonder in their best turbans and gilt jackets, will be floating with the fish towards the sea of Marmora."

The words recalled to the preoccupied mind

of Constantine, a Turkish custom replete with horror and atrocity. On the election of a new Vizir, it was one of his duties to inspect the condition of those works which guard the approach to the Capital, and to assure himself of the fidelity and good conduct of the troops that garrisoned them.

The Yammacks who then occupied those posts, as they had long done, were a vile, tumultuous set of fellows, mainly composed of Lazes⁽⁶⁾ from the provinces on the Asiatic shore of the Black Sea. In all commotions they distinguished themselves by their evil deeds, and their every day life was one of sloth, or of rapine and violence. They were not janisseries strictly speaking, but affiliated to them, and a compact—a league, offensive and defensive, united the two associations.

The hand of Government had not power

to reach, or courage to punish, the crimes which were of frequent recurrence among these Yammacks; but on the visit paid by the new Vizir, who always took them sums of money as presents, the chiefs of the troops would select, at their caprice, a certain number of fellows, to be given up in courtesy to the vicegerent of the Sultan, who might punish in them the sins of the whole body.

It was strangely to change the nature of his excitement, but Constantine felt inclined, as there was little probability of seeing Veronica, to follow the Grand Vizir, in his visits to the Yammacks. He was determined so to do, by intelligence gleaned by Panayotti and Melkon, that the drogoman's family had sent to countermand the order for the boats, as their nocturnal party was postponed.

All the population of Buyukderé, that was

not attending business at Pera or elsewhere, had gathered on the long and beautiful quay, to watch the approach of the Azem-Vizir, who came with gold in one hand, and death in the other. The Prince walked down to the battery by Kheretch-Bournou, where he had that morning landed; and, on arriving at the group of pleasant trees that stand near the works, and almost on the water's edge, he saw the Vizir, who had crossed over from the Asiatic battery, on the point of landing. The Bosphorus flows in a bed, like that of an artificial canal, and in nearly all its extent, a ship may lay close alongside its banks. The sharp stern of the caïk was brought to project over the land; twelve robust boatmen, with arms bare from the shoulder, scarlet skull-caps on the crown of their heads, and fiercely moustachoed, steadied the boat with their long oars.

A broad plank, held by his attendants, formed the pathway by which the Vizir descended.

As soon as his august feet touched the earth, two officers of his household, richly dressed, advanced to his support, and taking hold of him under the arm-pits, and almost carrying him along, as is the custom when he advances into the hall of audience at the Porte, to receive some Christian envoy, they entered the gate of the diminutive and miserable fortification, where the captain of the station, and two or three superior Yammacks, stood ready to receive him.

The interior of the battery, an open parallelogram running lengthways with the channel, was occupied by the Yammacks, who stood side by side, against the walls, and between the embrasures of the guns, silent and motionless as statues, with their eyes fixed on the ground.

The Vizir was followed by his Haznadar, or treasurer, and two sturdy fellows carrying a sack, which contained the presents of his accession.

A few short words passed, of which the exclamation, Allah! with its various prefixes, formed the principal part: the haznadar then drew from his sack a small bag of green silk, containing sequins, and presented it to the captain of the post, at which an approving murmur, and an assertion that God was great, rose from those living men with the aspect of effigies.

But now came the moment at which they might well hold their breath—the Vizir had paid his compliment—their chiefs were to pay theirs—and the Yammacks knew not on whom, or on how many, the election of death might fall. For some moments, the silence among

those men, whose usual mood was so turbulent, was so intense, that one might almost have heard the flutter of the sea-gulls' wings, as they wheeled round the battery, wondering at the array.

The chiefs gave the word, and pronounced the irrevocable sentence of death—in the name of Osman! the troop breathed again, and cast their eyes upward to the gay blue face of heaven: the selected sacrifice for their united sins was pinioned, and thrown into a boat; a few more words passed between the Vizir and the chiefs, and the lieutenant of Majesty took his leave, and re-embarked.

It might have been expected, that on a visit, of which one of the objects was to examine the condition of the works, that the salvation of the capital might be brought to depend upon, that some attention should be paid to

their state of repair; but neither the Vizir nor any of his officers noticed, that in this battery, as in most of the others, the guns were dropping from their carriages, and that the walls were crumbling in decay.

As Constantine was standing by the water's edge, after the Vizir had embarked, he was saluted by some Turks with whom his political relations with the Porte had frequently brought him in contact. They invited him to follow the aquatic procession, which he did in a piadé he found at hand.

At the several fortresses on the European and Asiatic banks, he witnessed scenes similar to that just described; the only difference being in the number of victims offered up to the Moloch of the day. *One* might suffice for a small battery; but those of superior condition gave *two, three*, or more, as might

be the inclination of the chiefs, to honour their visitor.

There was much to disgust and afflict a feeling heart; but the tenderest of us become callous at the constant exhibition of horror and cruelty—at scenes to which Constantine had been accustomed from his earliest days; but it was at the last fortress the Vizir visited that day that our hero observed the most striking incident.

On landing at Fanaraki, on the European side, just past the tranquil blue Cyanean rocks, and at the point where the river-like Bosphorus may be said to terminate in the wide spreading Black Sea, a more considerable body of Yammacks were found gathered within that fortress, and the chiefs there collected wore a haughtier mien.

The little green silk bag, with its golden

contents, at once the price of amity and of blood, being delivered, an officer stepped into the centre of the square, to give the Vizir the usual compliments, and to name the victims that had been secretly selected. As the death-peal rung in the ears of the devoted men, they shuddered, but there was no sympathy visible in their comrades, who were all too happy, that their own names had not been pronounced—that they had again escaped—to grieve for their doomed fellows.

Such, however, was not the case, when, after a pause, the mortal Azrael, added another victim to the compliment, and pronounced the name of Selim. At that instant, a wild cry of agony, burst from an old Yammack, who had hitherto been standing mute and motionless as the rest, by the side of one of the guns: and as a handsome youth was pinioned and

dragged into the centre of the square to join the rest, he rushed from where he stood, and threw himself at the feet of the Vizir and the superiors of his troop. "This cannot be--- you will not kill my gentle, unoffending boy! you cannot---such injustice cannot pass on earth, while there is a God of justice and of mercy in heaven! The few are selected for the iniquities of the many, but ye are wont to choose them from the most sinful among our number! My Selim is innocent! He was not with those who staid the night-faring bark in the Bogaz, plundered it, and sunk it with its crew! ⁽⁷⁾ He was not of those who forced the wives of the absent fishermen, Osmanlis like ourselves, and burned them in their huts on the solitary shore, that no tongues might be left to accuse them! He was not of those who way-laid and robbed the Porte courier, and threw

his body, with his despatches, in the never-trodden thicket, deep in the neighbouring glen! He was not of these! but there are present here men who were. Oh, let their guilt stand in the place of his innocence!"

"Silence, thou brawler," cried one of the chiefs, striking him on the mouth with the hilt of his yataghan, but the old man was not to be silenced.

"My son was not with those, who surprised the Greek pilgrims at the sainted spring, and cut them into pieces so minute, that the bloody fragments were unrecognizable. He was not with those, who profaned the holiness of the mosque, drinking wine in torrents within its walls, and placing the wine cup in the very Mihrab.⁽⁸⁾ Nor with those, who beset the palace of the Muscovite Envoy at Buyukderé, and bade defiance to the Bostandji Bashi---and when

there are present those who were, why should his unoffending head be smitten?"

"Let the will of God be done; let the old man be silent," murmured the troop of Yam-macks, who were anxious the business should be finished, and not at all desirous, that the Vizir's ear should be informed with so complete a register of their offences.

The agonized father paused for a moment, and gazed upward in the Grand Vizir's face, but, alas! for him not a muscle of that starch face was relaxed by the softness of mercy---the whole was fixed in a broad expression of pomp, authority, and indifference. Still, however, the passionate affections of nature, and paternal tenderness, would persist in their appeal.

"I had six sons," said the old man, in a voice that might have thrilled the famished

tigress, “ six sons born in my hut on the mountains of my forefathers, that overlook the river Phasis, and the waters of the Black Sea. One fell by a Muscovite bullet, on the banks of the Pruth; the waters of the Danube received another, exhausted and wounded; the bursting of a cannon in this same fortress killed a third; last years’ plague swept two from my side; and now I have but this---my Selim, my bravest, my best, my last!”

“ Allah Keirim, God is merciful, and let his will be done; wouldst thou resist the decrees of destiny,” said the chiefs, whilst the quadrangular phalanx echoed their words.

“ Most mighty Vizir! oh, do not kill my son! the child of my age, mine only remaining son!” shrieked the old Yammack.

The Azem-Vizir’s face was still unmoved, and its inflexibility might have silenced in utter

hopelessness, all but the tongue of a parent when pleading for his offspring. "Take me, most mighty Vizir, my life for his—I am old, and may have filled the cup of iniquity—I am old, and attached to the ancient usages of the Osmanlis—I may have said that Sultan Mahmood has departed from these—that he is going to make ghiaours and machines of us,⁽⁹⁾ and there are many here who have clamoured in a higher tone—my life may be forfeit to the Padishah—then take me, but spare my gentle Selim!"

The Vizir was still indifferent; it was part of the business of the day, as of his ordinary duty, to be so; it was not considered etiquette to interfere with the nature of the present, or the choice of the offering made by the chiefs of the Yammacks, and he coolly turned his head to depart.

The old man threw himself on the neck of his son, who had not opened his lips all this time, and was standing between two Yammacks, tense and rigid, and with his eyes fixed in their sockets, like one struck by a general paralysis.

The Vizir had passed the walls of the fortifications: some other Yammacks then advanced to Selim, and, dragging him forcibly from his father, carried him after the other victims. The bereaved parent stood for a moment, with his arms open, as they had been disengaged from the last embrace of his son, and then, uttering a fearful shriek, fell to the earth.

Constantine who had been for some time overpowered with horror, and had felt as if the atmosphere he breathed—the cool, pure evening air from the bosom of the sea—were fire and

sulphur, at this completion of human misery, would have fled from the spot, but his legs refused their office, they trembled under him, and ere he could depart, he saw a torrent of blood gushing from the old man's mouth, and staining his white beard—he saw a faint brief quiver of the limbs that told him the old man was in his last agony.

When he emerged from the fortress, and even when he had somewhat recovered from the shock, he felt that his heart could not endure his following the Vizir. He stood on the shore, watching the proud barges, as they swept with their long oars into the current of the Bosphorus, bearing with them the human holocausts that were to be deposited on their passage at the European castle of Mahomet the Second, and there, and that very night, to be strangled and cast into the sea. As soon as

the aquatic procession was out of sight, but not before, Constantine threw himself into his piadé to return homeward.

His little bark passed the solitary rocks, where ancient superstition would propitiate a stormy divinity that sat before them on his dark throne, the vapoury and vast expanse of the Euxine,⁽¹⁰⁾ his eye caught at a distance the grotesque forms of the Mountain Castle, built by the Genoese on the Boghaz,⁽¹¹⁾ and the proud broad elevation of the Giant's Mount.

Shortly afterwards he was gliding down the smooth swift waters, and between the hilly banks of the beautiful Bosphorus, where every thing he saw spoke of love and peace, but it was long ere he could turn his thoughts to that channel in which they had been accustomed to run, and even when he had regained his apartment at Constantinople, and had retired to the

stillness of his chamber, whence all that he had witnessed the few hours preceding, might appear like a troubled dream, the image of Selim would interfere with his heart's cherished object Veronica---and the old man's dying shriek would scare away love's blandishments, and deafen his silver voice.

NOTES.

CHAPTER I.

Note 1, Page 3.

Lulahs.

Clay pipe-bowls—the very best article of Constantinopolitan manufacture.

Note 2, Page 4.

Nostradin-Chodjea.

An ancient sage and the Turkish “Joe Miller.” His stories are in every one’s mouth, but of a number I had translated, I could not select one, presentable. Their whole wit is filth, and if you take away that, there remains nothing but *fudaise*. Of the author I have heard different accounts; some say he was a dervish, and others, a great Mahometan doctor who lived several centuries back. His oracular fame is extensive, and when a Turk follows up a proposition with a “as Nostradin-Chodjea says,” it is understood that there can be neither doubt nor reply.

Note 3, Page 5.

Baccalum-Voyons ! or, Nous-Verrons !

One of the exclamations that form a main part of Turkish conversation, and with which they avoid direct answers, and create that delay in which their diplomatic force consists.

I think it was General Sebastiani told the divan, who replied to him with these expletives, at a moment of great emergency, "My friends, you have three capital enemies—enemies that will be the ruin of your empire! they are *Baccalum*, *Mashallah*, and *Inshallah*.

Note 4, Page 8.

Handkerchief.

The reader will remember the legend and the relic at Turin. In reference to a part of this description of the interior of an Armenian house—or the tessellated and painted cieling—it may be worth while to remark, that the "fantastic sophist," Apollonius of Tyana, in his travels, or romance, describes something of the same sort in the Royal Palace at Babylon. The cieling, however, was covered with "real sapphire, a stone of an azure colour, resembling the sky." Blue is still the hue preferred by the Turks, and the cielings are still painted and ornamented more than any other portion of the apartment, all over the East. From the cieling of a room to a tunnel, there is certainly a violent transition; but if we could give credit to the conjuror Apollonius, or rather to his friend Damis, and his biographer, Philostratus, we might be amused by the

following description of a curious passage under the Euphrates. I insert it for the amusement of my friend, Mr. Brunel, who, I hope, will yet live to complete his tunnel under the Thames.

“ Beneath the Euphrates runs a *bridge* of wonderful construction, uniting invisibly the Royal Palaces that are built on each side of it. It is said, a woman of the Median nation, who formerly possessed the empire, joined the river by means of a *bridge*, in a way never done before. After having collected on each bank of the river, the stones, and brass, and bitumen, and whatever other materials were necessary for building in the water, she turned the course of the stream into the contiguous morasses. This dried up the channel, and then she caused a trench to be dug across it of the depth of two *orguias* (or twelve feet) through which a passage might be, as on dry land, to the palaces that stood on each side. This passage was covered with an arch of the same elevation with the bed of the river, and its foundation and sides were made as fast as they could ; but as the bitumen required water to harden and to make it cement, the Euphrates was let in over the arch, to give it solidity and a durable consistence.” — *Philostratus*, chap. 25.

Were it not presumption in me, I would recommend this Median plan of tunnel making to the present presumptuous projector.

Diodorus Siculus, in most matters, is not the best authority ; but he was a great traveller, and enjoyed the reputation of having visited all the remarkable places mentioned

in his history. In Book XI. chap 1. he gives a description of this vaulted passage under the bed of the Euphrates.

Note 5, Page 10.

Their longest accounts.

I have often observed with astonishment the conciseness of these commercial records among the Turks. A few scraps of paper—journal, ledger, and all—will contain the accounts of years.

Note 6, Page 11.

On the floor.

The long pipe reposes on the floor or the matting, and to prevent their being burned, a small round saucer of brass (in *genteel houses*) is placed under the bowl of each smoker. In khans, and coffee-houses, and the houses of the poor, the floor is generally dotted by the falling cinders, like a large cribbage board. Many fires are thus occasioned. See story of my sleeping devidji, in the khan at Casabar.—*Constantinople in 1828.*

Note 7, Page 18.

Church at Pera.

All those who have travelled in Catholic countries, must have noticed these *votiva tabella*. I could point out a church in Naples, where a hundred miracles, done in oil, may be found.

Note 8, Page 25.

Alum and barley sugar.

A *saw* the Italian must have picked up among the Turks, or their echoes, the Armenians. "Between alum and sugar," is the Turkish expression to designate the man who knows the difference between good and evil; and the learned Chelibi-Effendi, in his treatise in defence of the Nizam-djedid, did not disdain to make use of it.

Note 9, Page 27.

Ghemli.

A merchant vessel.

Note 10, Page 38.

To resume his slippers.

The papooshes, if not left at the door of the apartment, are always shaken off, ere legs are crossed on the sofa. The mestler, or soleless boots of soft morocco, remain on. For the impropriety of Europeans persisting to walk into Eastern houses with their shoes on, see Travels, by the late William George Brown, Esq., the best of the advocates in favour of the Orientals; who, to show their gratitude, perhaps,—murdered him in Persia!

CHAPTER II.

Note 1, Page 47.

Pollution.

Honest old Busbequius seems to have partaken in these feelings, which I could never avoid when on the Bosphorus. "I could not choose but entertain such epithonemas as these in my thoughts—O most pleasant houses for nymphs! O choice seats for the muses! O retirements fit for the learned! To deal plainly with you, (as I told you before,) they seemed to me, as it were, sensibly to bewail their present posture, and to cry aloud for Christians for their better cultivation; and not they only, but much more Constantinople itself, yea, and all Greece too; which being heretofore the most flourishing country in the world, is now wofully enslaved by barbarians. Formerly it was the mother and nurse of all good arts and liberal sciences, but now, alas! it seems to call for that culture and humanity which once it delivered to us; and, by way of requital, claims the redemption of our common religion from that Scythian barbarism under which it groans!"

Nearly three centuries of barbarism have elapsed since this lament, but the happy events he desired have at last arrived, in part, for the Greek people. At the time of Busbequius's embassies, the great Soliman wore the imperial sabre, and Turkey was the dread of Christian Europe!—What is she now?

Note 2, Page 48.

Marble basin.

The holiday pleasure of the Turks, is to sit listlessly by these pleasant fountains.

Note 3, Page 50.

Happy Times.

“ Nissun maggior dolore
Che il ricordarsi del tempo felice
Nella miseria.”—*Dante L'Inferno.*

Note 4, Page 53.

In his ears.

Alexi Manno died nobly. When led to execution, he cried to the Turks, “ The Russian bayonets will avenge me and my countrymen !” A prophecy that has already been partially fulfilled.

Note 5, Page 45.

St. John.

My friend Z., who has known Therapia from his childhood, has often amused me with descriptions of the gay doings of which it used to be the scene—particularly in the golden days of Sultan Selim.

Note 6, Page 57.

On high.

This is an unexaggerated picture of what took place ; let it assist the world in forming an estimate of the Turks,

and the magnanimous Sultan Mahmood. For the preservation of their paltry little church at Therapia, the Greeks have recourse to a miracle. The real agent in its salvation, was a present of three thousand piastres they made to Turks in the village.

Note 7, Page 58.

Thee and thine.

There were many prophecies of evil import to the Sultan prevalent among the Turks, but the bastinado interfered with the perceptions of futurity.

Note 7, (by mistake) Page 62.

In sufficiency.

For the rapid decline of agriculture, see any book of travels in Turkey.

Note 8, Page 63.

Of Ovid.

By the same process by which the unclassical Franks of the country transferred the tower of Leander from the Dardanelles to the Bosphorus, they might remove the abode of Ovid from Tomos to the neighbourhood of Domouzdere—the distance is not very great—*only* from near the mouth of the Danube to the mouth of the Bosphorus.

Note 9, 10, Page 64.

Yaourt and caïmac.

Turkish preparations of milk.

Note 11, Page 65.

Paramana.

Romaïc, for “nurse;” *didaskolos*, “tutor,” or school-master.

Note 12, Page 66.

Vourvoulaka.

The vampire. I have already mentioned the prevalence of this superstition. The belief in the evil eye, is equally general; children are imagined to be more particularly exposed to them; and this is the Greek remedy, (for the evil eye.)—“Take a head of clove, put it on a piece of burning coal, which place on a shovel—perform a circle with the shovel three times round the infected child. The clove must make a noise, or crackle on the fire, otherwise the charm is inefficacious.” I never heard the vampire cure, but the way to stop the vampire’s progress, is to drive a stake through the heart and burn the body.

Note 13, Page 68.

A stately pyramid, a tall black cypress.

“Quasi eccelsa piramide, un cipresso.”

Tasso. Gerusalemme. Canto XIII.

Note 14, Page 69.

But one.

I allude to a sonnet on “a water-party.” I have not seen it for many years, but I have always considered it as Mr. Bowles’s—if it is not, I must beg his pardon. “*The sonnet*” is, however, “a good sonnet.”

Note 15, Page 76.

Haik.

A thin Barbaresque mantle.

Note 16, Page 77.

Alp, the renegade.

See Lord Byron's "Siege of Corinth."

Note 17, Page 77.

Woven air.

The classical reader may remember the veils and transparent tissues made at Ceós, and mentioned by Horace and Ovid, Tibullus and Propertius. They were composed of the finest silk, and dyed (generally purple) in the thread, because the gauze was so fine, that when woven it had not body enough to bear the process of dying.

From Greece they were introduced at Rome, and the "Ventos textiles et nebula linea," and the robes that covered the body without concealing it, might excite the bile of the moral, and the admiration of the sculptor and painter. They were nothing like our hard stiff silks, which drapery in sharp antipictorial angles. "On pourrait plutôt comparer les anciennes étoffes de soie, à celles qui sont encore en usage dans le Levant, et dont les Turcs font des chemises. C'est une espèce de gaze sans apprêt, souvent rayée que est très fine, forme en effet des plis ondoyans comme ceux de la Mousseline, et accuse aussi bien les formes."—*M. Castellan, Voyages, &c.*

I have seen some of these stuffs that were exquisitely beautiful in their way; they looked like silvery clouds. Lord Byron felt and remembered their beauty, as he did that of every object in the East.

Note 18, page 79.

Morning pipes.

The Narghilé, or water-pipe, is said to possess great virtues if smoked the first thing in the morning. Though an accomplished Chibook-smoker, I could never master the Narghile, and my friend H. nearly choked me one day at Smyrna, in attempting to teach me how to use it.

CHAPTER III.

Note 1, Page 92.

The Armenians.

The customs and ceremonies of these widely scattered people, vary in different places. I am describing them at Constantinople, but the following passage relates to them in Persia:—

“ I shall now divert the reader with several very remarkable ceremonies, observed at the marriages of the Armenians in *Julfa*. On the wedding-day the bridegroom delivers a wax-taper into the hands of all his guests. Several young virgins, loaded with clothes and other presents, and accompanied by some married woman, enter the room dancing to the sound of drums and hautboys, and sew a cross of green satin embroidered on the bosom of the bride-

groom. The wedding garments provided for the bridegroom and the bride are first shewn to the priest, and then instantly put on. The bridegroom, as soon as he is drest in all his gaiety, goes to his mistress's apartment, attended by some particular friends, and there pays and receives the usual compliments. Then the same young virgins sew another cross of red satin upon the former. The women bring a handkerchief, and put one corner of it into his hand, and the other into the bride's. In this postnre both repair to church, where, before reading the matrimonial form, and after the usual interrogatories of the priest, one of the bride's-men joins their hands and their heads together with a handkerchief. After that they are covered with a cross, and remain so till the office and the prayers are concluded.

“After the nuptial benediction, the new married couple are re-conducted home to the bride's relations in the same order and with the same formality, with the addition of congratulations, and other usual testimonies of joy. The bridegroom, according to Father *Monier*, never sees his bride till she comes to church; but *Tournefort* says, not till some considerable time afterwards. ‘When the nuptial ceremonies are all over, the husband goes to bed first; after his wife has pulled off his shoes and stockings, she takes care to put out the candle, and never pulls off her veil till she gets into bed. * * * Travellers tell you that there are some *Armenians* who would not know their wives, were they to catch them in bed with their gallants. Every night they put the candle out before they throw off their veils,

and seldom, if ever, shew their faces by day-light.'"—
Picart's Ceremonies and Religious Customs, &c.

Note 2, Page 94.

Forbidden degree.

I am not aware that dispensations can be bought in the Armenian as in the Roman church. I once knew a Catholic, who paid a great sum for permission to marry his deceased wife's sister, who destroyed his peace, by seeing every night, at the foot of the nuptial bed, the reproaching figure of its former occupant.

Note 3, Page 96.

Chapkin.

(An ambling horse) is sometimes used in the Levant as meaning a wild, thoughtless fellow. Whence did we derive our vulgar term "Chap?"

Note 4, Page 99.

Yaourt.

A Turkish preparation of milk.

Note 5, Page 100.

The Topjis, or Cannoniers.

The Kalionjis or Marines, and the Turks from the Arsenal, bear but an indifferent character.

Note 6, Page 101.

Kadeun-chibook, or Lady's Pipe.

Some of them are delicate and pretty.

Note 7, Page 102.

Subjects.

I have heard a Catholic Armenian quote Nostradin-Chodjea and Saint Chrysostom in the same breath, and follow up a "Baccalum," or a "Mashallah," with a "Voluntas tua," and an "Ora pro nobis."

Note 8, Page 104.

Kalemkiars, or Painted handkerchiefs.

I have spoken elsewhere of their beauty.

Note 9, Page 104.

At Pera.

For a description of the convent of these dancing dervishes, see "Constantinople, in 1828."

Note 10, Page 107.

Armenian Priest.

It must be remembered that even the Catholic Armenians are obliged to have their marriages performed by the Eutychean clergy. For the reason, see Note to Chapter iv. Volume I.

Note 11, Page 112.

Khenna.

Thus described by Mr. Hope—"A red juice, extracted from a plant, with which the Egyptians dye their women's toes and fingers, and the Persians their horses' tails!"

Note 12, Page 112.

Classical character, &c.

The ceremonies which the Armenians in Turkey have not adopted from the Turks, are nearly all of Greek origin. For an admirable description of a Greek marriage of the present day, and of its identity with that of the classical ages, I refer the reader to Mr. North Douglas' work on the modern Greeks.

The pages of the laborious d'Ohsson furnish a detailed account of a Turkish wedding. Between the two will be found nearly every circumstance of the Armenian ceremonies, but the practice mentioned by Mr. North Douglas, of the married women squeezing some milk from their breasts upon the head of the bride, in omen of fertility, occurs neither in the Turkish or Greek ceremonial. Indeed I never heard of it in Armenian marriages, but the author is always so correct, that we may believe the barbarous practice to exist.

Note 13, Page 114.

Chiaoush-bashi.

The officer of the Porte, deputed to conduct foreign ambassadors to their audience.

Note 14, Page 115.

Rakie.

A species of brandy to which the dervishes are much addicted.

Note 15, Page 115.

Dwellers in filthy places.

One of the many *clean* names by which the Turks in their anger designate Christians.

Note 16, Page 115.

Iron crook.

These vagabond dervishes, the very worst fellows met in one's travels in Turkey, generally carry a small copper basin suspended by chains, a massy club tapering at one end, and an iron rod terminating in several crooks.

Note 17, Page 118.

Worsted and tinsel.

Turkish towels are always embroidered in this manner. They may be pretty, but are not comfortable. The first time I used one of them was at Seradem, in Asia Minor, and I scratched my face and hands in a woful way!

Note 18, Page 118.

Flames and hearts.

These emblems and *bouquets* are frequently prettily done on Armenian handkerchiefs.

Note 19, Page 120.

Harem.

Means the female apartment, and has nothing to do with the character or condition of its inmates.

Note 20, Page 120.

Salemlik.

Literally the place of salems, or salutations.

Note 21, Page 129.

The torches of Hymen.

The Epithalamium of Catullus, and Homer's shield of Achilles, must occur to our minds.

Note 22, Page 132.

Shaksheers.

Loose Turkish trowsers.

Note 23, Page 140.

Sisters-in-law, &c.

“ My brother's wife brought him for her portion half as much, as he, agreeably to our custom, had been obliged to give her parents. The expences of the wedding were in some measure defrayed by the present in money which each guest made to the bridegroom, and which brought my brother about eighteen rubles.

“ According to our custom a new-married woman must not speak to any person in the house, excepting her husband and servants. She has, therefore, to express herself by signs, and turns round immediately if a man, or even a woman looks at her. She eats with her husband alone, and not at the family table. This tyrannical custom retains its sway even after she has lain-in three or four times, nay, as I have known instances—after she has lived ten years

with her husband !"—*Memoirs of Artemi, of Wagarschapat, near Mount Ararat, in Armenia.*

CHAPTER IV.

Note 1, Page 145.

No books.

The few books that exist in Turkey are not of a nature to be attractive to a young lady.

Note 2, Page 148.

The marriage day.

I quote two passages from an Hungarian tale to explain this curious superstition.

"A villi is the ghost of a young maiden that dies while she is bride. The villies are continually wandering about by night, hand in hand, in rings; they hold their dances on cross-roads, and when they get a young man among them, they close him in their circle, and make him dance to death—and then his shade becomes the bridegroom of the youngest villi, who anon goes to rest." * * * *

"The moon issues from a cloud—the hour of midnight is written on her face—the traveller is standing alone upon a cross way—he is among the villies! Tenderly rose their voices in an obscure ode, like the last sighs of hopeless love; he felt their balmy breath upon his cheek; they danced round him; they contracted their circle; they came nearer and nearer, and flew round rapidly and still

more rapidly; the bridal rings glittered on their white fingers, the myrtle coronal shone clearer in their long black hair, which floated in loose, lengthening curls, like a spreading vapour. Now one of the villies quits the flying ring, steps to the wondering youth, and grasps his arm. Zalan looks up, 'Emelka!' exclaims he, and his eye is instantly fixed as if it were of stone: the villie presses him to her bosom—his heart curdles—he freezes—he dies under the kisses of his beloved."—*The Villi-dance, a Magyar tale, by Count John Mailath.*

Some years have passed since I parted with a dear friend, a young Hungarian officer, who partially initiated me in the history and superstitions of his native land.—Should these pages meet his eye in the solitudes of Dalmatia, where he is now in garrison, he may be pleased to see my recollection of him, and of what he taught me.

The English public must be indebted to Dr. Bowring for opening to them a rich and unknown mine—which the Magyar literature certainly is.

Note 3, Page 155.

Vertabiets.

Armenian doctors or learned men.

Note 4, Page 165.

In Turkey.

My friend W. has, however, described to me duels that used to take place among the Janissaries. Their weapons were the deadly yataghan, and it was the custom for the

comrades of the victor to raise him with shouts to their shoulders, and carry him off in triumph.

* Note 5, Page 168.

Painted chests.

These 'coffers, which are mentioned in the Arabian nights, are of good size---quite capacious of a lover who would conceal himself,

CHAPTER V.

Note 1, Page 170.

Avaniah.

A fine arbitrarily imposed by the Turks on their rayah subjects.

Note 2, Page 170.

Before they hanged them.

For the fate of the Docz-Oglus, I may be permitted again to refer to "Constantinople in 1828." The following is a translation of the yafta or document exposed with the dead body of Kircor Dooz-Oglu, the master of the mint. It was made by a Constantinopolitan Frank, and I am not answerable for his *French*.

"Par la negligence et inconduite des Proposés de la monnoie Imperiale depuis 3 à 4 ans, les nommés ci après en tirant parti de cela pour mettre en œuvre la perfidie qui etait innée dans leur caracterés, ont touché plus de 20,000 bourses (*chaque bourse est de 500 piastres*)

d'argent dont ils se sont rendus debiteurs, et ont consumé cette somme à bâtir des maisons sur le canal et en ville, et à differens autres objets de luxe, et d'ostentation, délapidant ainsi le Tresor de la Communauté Ottomane. Outre ce qu'ils se sont permis chez eux, ils ont fait bâtir des chapelles dans les maisons des personnes qui leur appartenaient, où faisant venir des prêtres Catholiques, ils ont en l'audace d'exercer publiquement la fausse religion dans la capitale même de l'Empire Ottoman. C'est un des Dooz-Oglus donc, nommé Kircor, ce traître puni de mort comme il l'a mérité dont ceci est le miserable cadavre."

The mention of private chapels—Catholic priests—and false religion, in a document of the Turks, who despise alike all the forms of Christianity, should denote the interference of the powerful Eutychean Armenians.

Note 3, Page 172.

Suridji.

A sort of groom who accompanies travellers with his own or his master's horses.

Note 4, Page 172.

Turkish Paper.

Is glazed on one side, on which only it is written upon.

Note 5, Page 172.

The use of the pen.

A passage from the Koran.

Note 6, Page 173.

The Armeniun Alphabet.

That was invented in the fourth century, up to which period the Armenians used indifferently the Greek, the Persian and Arabic characters will be referred to hereafter. In form it is sharp, angular and monotonous, but its disposition, unlike that of most Eastern nations, is the same as ours.

“Les Arméniens écrivent comme nous de gauche à droite; ils ont 38 Lettres, et quatre sortes d'écritures sont en usage parmi eux.”—*The Abbé de Petity's Encyclopedie Elementaire.* Art. de l'Imprimerie.

Note 7, Page 173.

The price of a pair of ears.

At one period of the Greek war, this was as high as 25 piastres Turkish.

Note 8, Page 175.

Emir-beshlik.

A present of a five and twenty piastre piece.

Note 9, Page 176.

Sultan Mahmood.

Is said to be a good Turkish scholar.

Note 10, Page 176.

Kara-ghuse.

Literally “black eyes,” the Turks’ Punch. He is represented with a hump and other infirmities, and the lan-

guage put in his mouth is as ugly as his person. Captain Donald Campbell in his overland journey to India, characterizes him as "a very great blackguard, but a very witty one." When I was at Constantinople Sultan Mahmood had served the Khara-ghuses, much as he had served the Janissaries; he had suppressed them, as they were frequently the vehicles of satire and popular feeling.

Note 11, Page 177.

Kara-denez.

The Turkish name for the Black Sea.

Note 12, Page 179.

Katemerias.

A sort of sweet pastry much eaten at Smyrna.

Note 13, Page 180.

Chapkins.

Ambling horses. The Turks have a method of making their horses amble; this they do by putting on a double pair of garters a little above the knee of the fore, and the gambrel of the hind leg—the rider continually hurrying him he is obliged to amble. The officers of the Porte use horses of this description in carrying messages about the city, and the speed and safety with which they get over the rough ground is quite astonishing.

While on the subject of horses—a subject I am as fond of as of my books—I may add, that when a Turk wishes to sell a horse he rides him up and down the streets or bazaars, informing the public of his price, in a loud voice.

Note 14, Page 181.

Caimacam.

The Lieutenant of the Grand Vizir, who always considers it expedient in the first days of his superior's absence from the capital, to signalize his zeal by acts of severity. In the autumn of 1828, when the Vizir went to fight the Russians, his Caimacam nailed up sundry Greek shop-keepers by their ears in the streets of Pera.

Note 16, Page 182.

Kneel down at their prayers.

The Eutycheans stand up at theirs---an important distinction !

Note 17, Page 182.

Myron.

Holy oil.

“ Cette Huile est fort estimée parmy tous les Chrétiens de l'Orient, et sur tout parmy les Armeniens qui ont eu depuis peu un grand procès à ce sujet. Leur Patriarche qui fait pour l'ordinaire sa résidence dans la haute Armenie, à un fort grand couvent que les Armeniens appellent en leur langue *Echemiazin* : Il est dans une grande plaine au pied du fameux Mont Ararat, où l'on tient qu'est demeurée l'Arche de Noé. Ce Patriarche avoit toujours fait le *Myron* qui est le nom de cette Huile sainte, et l'envoyoit de tems en tems à tous les Evêques Armeniens, tant à ceux de Perse et de Turquie, qu'aux autres qui ne pouvoient faire le *Myron* qui n'estoit réservé qu'à la seule personne du Patriarche : Mais il y a environ dix ans que l'Evêque Armenien de Je-

rusalem désirant de se faire Patriarche, aussi bien que *Jacob Vartabiet*, nom du *Catholicos* ou grande Patriarche des Arméniens, à present séant, ne voulut plus attendre de luy le Myron, au contraire par un pouvoir qu'il receut immédiatement du Grand Visir de Constantinople, il fit assez de cette Huile sainte pour en fournir durant plusieurs années tous les Arméniens de Turquie. Ce nouveau *Myron* de Jerusalem a causé un si grand schisme parmy les Arméniens, que tous ceux qui demeurent dans la Turquie sont maintenant séparés d'avec leurs anciens freres, et ne reçoivent plus ce Myron que de l'Evesque de Jerusalem qui s'est erigé luy mesme, par l'autorité du Grand Seigneur, en Patriarche des Arméniens, nonobstant toutes les poursuites et grandes dépenses que Jacob a fait contre luy à la Porte, ou il est encore revenu l'année passé, pour voir s'il ne pourroit point obliger cet Evêque Hierosolimitain à recevoir de luy, comme il faisoit autrefois, ce Myron.

“ Il est inutile de rapporter icy ce qui entre en sa composition, chacan peut facilement s'imaginer que des gens autant attachez à la bagatelle que le sont les Levantins, n'obmettent rien de tout ce qui peut contribuer à rendre cet huile d'olive recommandable, soit pour luy donner une odeur excellente, puisqu'on y fait bouillir quantité d'herbes et drogues odoriferantes, soit pour sa conservation, puisqu'on en fait pour plusieurs années dans une tres-grande chaudiere, soit enfin pour sa cuisson qu'on ne se fait qu'avec des bois benis, et autres choses qui ont déjà servy aux Eglises, a que l'on réserve à ce dessein, comme sont les vieilles images, les ornemens usez, les livres

déchirez ou effacez, et autres meubles des Temples, que l'on brûle pour faire bouillir ce Myron ; et l'on y ajoute encore la qualité des personnes dont le caractere est en veneration parmy les peuples, puisqu'il ne peut estre fait et beny que par le Patriarche accompagné tout au moins de trois Evêques Metropoles, qui en habits pontificaux et en prieres continuelles travaillent presque sans relâche à son composition, depuis les Vespres du Dimanche des Rameaux, jusques à la Messe du Jeudy Saint qui se celebre ce jour la sur le grand vaisseau où est conservé cette huile precieuse."—*Grelot. Voyage de Constantinople.*

Note 18, Page 184.

The Black Eunuchs.

Were very expert at the Djerrid, which led Lord Byron to say, he could hardly call the game a manly one.

Note 19, Page 185.

From side to side.

I once, in gallopping along the shores of the bay of Smyrna, near Vourlà, saw an Armenian Suridji perform the feat described here.

Note 20, Page 188.

The language of the Haï.

Or of the Armenians.

Note 21, Page 190.

Hungry.

The reader will remember the royal visit to the physician, and the king, the poet, and the barley sugar, in the

amusing and correct “Hajji Babá.” The custom of filling the mouth of the favourite of the moment with sweets, is not, however, confined to Persia, but obtains among the Mingrelians, a barbarous, yet a Christian people.

“J’ai remarqué encore cette particularité, qu’ils donnent une ceüillere pleine de sucre à ceux qui leur apportent quelque bonne nouvelle: le Prince même le met, de sa main, dans la bouche de ses Couriers.”—*Relation de la Colchide, par le Pere A. Lamberti.*

Note 22, Page 191.

Latakia.

A district on the coast of Syria, that furnishes tobacco of a very superior quality. *Okha* is a weight. Even wine and other liquids are in Turkey sold by the *okka*.

Note 23, Page 218.

By the sleeve of the Prophet.

A Turkish oath. According to the Mussulmans, Mahomet once cut off the broad sleeve of his robe, rather than disturb a cat that was sleeping on it.

Note 24, Page 218.

Edep-Khanaz.

Lieux d'aisance, of which there are many (public) at Constantinople.

Note 25, Page 219.

Mimar-Aghà.

Or Intendant of the buildings. A very lucrative post.

Note 26, Page 220.

Alti-Minarely.

Or the mosque of the six minarets. If I remember well, it is the grand mosque of Sultan Achmet on the Hippodrome, that is sometimes thus designated.

CHAPTER VI.

Note 1, Page 238.

Armenian Porters.

They are very vigorous men, and carry enormous burdens in the most inconvenient way possible.

Note 2, Page 240.

Yaudé.

The Turkish appellation for "Jew."

Note 3, Page 241.

Walking with his toes behind him.

My country-people believe in apparitions of deceased persons, but they have a notion that they differ from the living, in having their feet reversed, that is, the heels before, and the toes behind.—*Memoirs of Artemi, of Wagarschapat, near Mount Ararat, in Armenia.*

Note 4, Page 241.

Kiopec.

Turkish for a dog.

Note 5, Page 244.

Blue cloth beneesh.

A blue, rather light, is the colour affected by the Jews in Turkey.

Note 6, Page 245.

A Turkish Saint.

The santons, the wandering dervishes, and vagabonds of that sort, consider filth holy, and cherish the vermin in their beard, even though they should be as numerous as the houris destined to the faithful in another world. Apropos of houris, I never have heard or seen any remark made on the odd properties of colour Mahomet gives to the bodies of these eternal virgins. "Some of them," says he, "are white, some rose, the third are yellow, the fourth green." Imagine a mistress with a pea-green complexion!

Note 7, page 245.

Extremely farcical.

Nothing short of this can make a Turk laugh. A friend—a gentleman who loves a laugh himself, and has as fine a perception of the droll and the witty, as any man I ever knew, tells a good story about Turks' laughing.

He was at the town of the Dardanelles with another English traveller: while loitering about, he all at once missed his English servant, a humourous creature, worthy of such a master. After some search, H— was found in the bazaars, dancing a minuet with a tall tame pelican; no-ways disconcerted at their approach, he finished his dance,

and then with a ball-room bow, he took his partner by the wing, and with a mincing gait, led her to take refreshments at a neighbouring kibaub-shop. The solemn Turks almost died of laughter, and the roar that arose from the bazaar, could be inferior only to that of the Dardanelles battery, when Baron de Tott fired his great gun!

Note 8, Page 246.

The dwarf or the ball.

For this ball, so attractive of kicks—see the beginning of that wonderful little book, “Vathek.”

Note 9, Page 247.

To Franks and to Monkeys.

“Surely God made laughter for the derision and shame of mankind, and gave it to the Franks and the monkeys; for the one ha, ha, ha’s, and the other he, he, he’s, and both are malicious, mischievous, and good for nothing but to fret and to tantalize all that come across them!” Such was the speech of a Turk to Captain Campbell, whose overland journey to India, a book now seldom read, contains some excellent things, despite of his obsolete moralities and metaphysics, and his naughty amour with the young wife of an old consul. His portrait of the Tatar who accompanied him is most admirable. Captain C. in speaking of the solemn, taciturn mood of the Turks, says, ‘I could not help thinking that if every nation of the earth was to take some animal for its insignia, as the British assume the lion, and the Prussian the eagle; the

Turks might be divided in their choice between the appropriate claims, *of the owl and the ass.*

Note 10, Page 252.

Above Pera.

The great Armenian burying ground is there situated, near the Turkish cemetery. The Armenian tombstones are, *generally*, slabs, laid flat upon the earth. Besides the epitaph, it is customary to engrave some instrument indicating the profession of the deceased; as a pair of scissors for a tailor, a razor for a barber, &c. &c.

Note 11, Page 254.

Halet Effendi's wealth.

This, as related elsewhere, was immense.

Note 12, Page 254.

The pen.

A passage from the Koran, which should have taught the Turks more reverence for letters than they are found to possess.

Note 13, Page 255.

Jannabet.

A Turkish word which means an unlucky fellow, and one who brings ill luck to others; in short a compound of the Neapolitan characters of "*Don Pasquale passa guai*," and the "*Jettatore*."

Note 14, Page 257.

The Turkish Government.

This power, ceded to the Armenian hierarchy, and even to the Greek, over their flocks, always astonished me. At Constantinople they have their own prisons, and can fine, imprison, and punish on a grand scale.

Note 15, Page 258.

The chiaoushes.

A poor fellow, an Englishman, now no more, thought proper to horsewhip a shy Perote, who would not meet him, after having accepted his challenge. The Turks set upon them, and belaboured them both with their heavy sticks, in the street of Pera.

Note 16, Page 261.

The Fasular fountain.

The water of this fountain is said to possess miraculous qualities; the man who has once drunk it, cannot leave Smyrna without taking with him a wife of the place. A jovial friend of mine, who had drunk of the fatal stream, and left Smyrna and returned, and was likely to leave it again, without the incumbrance alluded to, on being questioned how that should happen, said he believed it was because he never drank it neat—he always mixed brandy with his water!

Note 17, Page 261.

Hadjilar.

Or the village of the pilgrims; a beautiful spot not far from Smyrna, in the plain of Bournabat.

CHAPTER VII.

Note 1, Page 264.

Behind him.

"The instant I vaulted into my saddle, the gaunt spectre of death leaped up behind me."—*Anastasius*, Chap. XI.

Note 2, Page 267.

The forest of Belgrade.

Abounds in wild boars, deer, and all sorts of game.

Note 3, Page 269.

Between white bread and brown.

The finer sort of Turkish bread, which is excellent, is called *fodola*; the common sort *somoun*.

Note 4, Page 274.

Azem-Vizir.

The Turkish denomination of the Grand Vizir.

Note 5, Page 274.

The Yammacks.

The garrisons of the fortresses or batteries on the Bosphorus, were composed of these men. For some of their deeds, see M. Juchereau's History, &c.

Note 6, Page 276.

Lazes.

They and their country are thus briefly described by an old traveller :—

Les Lazes, sont Mahometans, confinent avec la Georgie, et le pays de Tribisonde: ils habitent des Montagnes fort hautes sur les Costes de la mer Noire; ce sont gens nourris dans les bois, de grande fatigue, et qui passent leur vie à conduire des troupeaux; et quand ils peuvent dérober ils ne s'y espargent pas. Il y'a dans le pays quantité de Loups, et de Iacals, Animal qui tient de la nature du Chien et du Loup. Tout ce pays est Montueux, mais fort agreable, couvert d'Arbres sur lesquels ils font monter leur vignes.—*Travels in Georgia, &c. by Giovanni di Luca, of the order of St. Dominic. Melchisedec Thevenot's Collection.*

Note 7, Page 285.

Its crew.

Mention is here made of some of the exploits of the Yammacks, which have really been performed at different times.

Note 8, Page 286.

Mihrab, or Altar.

“ L'autel Mihrab consiste en une concavité ou espèce de niche haute de six ou huit pieds pratiquée dans le mur de a Mosqué, au fond même de l'edifice, et qui n'a d'autre objet que d'indiquer la position géographique de la Mecque.”—*D'Ohsson.*

Note 9, Page 289.

Ghiaours and Machines of us.

These were some of the popular complaints when the Sultan recurred to the system of the Nizam-djedid.

Note 10, Page 292.

The Euxine.

The reader may remember the altar and the column on one of the Symplegades, and that the Black Sea generally, in appearance, merits its name.

Note 11, Page 292.

On the Boghaz.

This ruined castle is very picturesque. I know some gentlemen who were shut up in it by the Turkish women, nor could they obtain egress but on paying down a fixed backshish.

THE
A R M E N I A N S.

A TALE OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

BY
CHARLES MAC FARLANE, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF
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THE ARMENIANS.

CHAPTER I.

At an early hour of a beautiful morning, a week after the events described in our last chapter, Constantine, who had received proper intelligence from Panayotti, was again crossing the valley of Buyukderé on his way to the boatman's house.

Autumn was by this time considerably advanced, but in this lovely and peculiar climate the traces of the harbinger of winter were

scarcely visible. The sward over which he trod—watered by constant streams and by the nightly dews, the produce of the Black Sea or of Belgrade's forest, retained to freshen the earth, by the form and disposition of the mountains—was rich and verdant as if it had been exposed to no summer heats; the thick and continuous bushes of myrtle, the clumps of dwarf pine, the groups of tall and graceful cypresses, and other perennial plants, could not be affected by the season, and it was only from the yellow leaves of the vast plane tree, the phenomenon that stands in the centre of the valley,⁽¹⁾ and from the appearance of a few deciduous plants scattered through it, that Constantine could see ought to warn him of the expiring year.

He reached the humble abode of the Greek boatman without being noticed by any of the

gentry of the village, and there found his worthy coadjutors.

“To-day at least,” said Panayotti, “we shall come off with success and glory! neither vizir nor yashmacks will interfere with us, the weather is beautiful, the dinner is already cooking at the drogoman’s house, and we shall have all the Tinghir-Oglus here before twelve o’clock.”

“We shall see,” said the Prince, commencing his breakfast with a better appetite, from the boatman’s assurance.

“But I hope you have not forgotten how to row?” inquired Panayotti.

“You pull the best oar on the Bosphorus,” said Constantine.

“That’s very true, and with my mate Nicolacki, I challenge the whole channel, and you may take in the Princes’ Islands, if you

choose," said Panayotti, with lively Greek vanity; "but what has that to do with your rowing, Chelibi?"

"Was it not you who taught me to handle a pair of oars, and is what you have once well taught easily forgotten?" said Constantine.

The boatman smiled happily, and made a graceful bow at the correctness and elegance of the compliment. The time, though somewhat slowly and tediously, wore away, and a little before noon the *artiste* who had been kept on the look-out by the impatient Constantine, for more than two hours, came with a welcome note of intelligence—that all the Armenians were really come—that Panayotti had received his orders to be ready to receive them in his boats at seven o'clock that evening.

"Now, God preserve us from a storm from the Black Sea, and a rough channel, and all

will be well," said the Prince. "And come, my good fellow, you may begin to make my face."

"As faces of my making are apt to wear out, had you not better wait till a later hour in the day, to have all the advantages of its freshness with you at starting?" said the painter.

The Prince esteemed the value of the suggestion, and deferred the operation; but what could he do to occupy attention during the long tedious hours that had still to pass ere he could become a boatman? He durst not venture out, for were he seen or heard of there, the Armenians would infallibly be scared away, and after such long expectation, and after having done so much, he would not peril the success of the expedition. He attempted to read, but though the book he had brought with him was Sophocles, and his eye and ear, as a Greek, though the inheritor of a degraded

idiom, were more susceptible of the sense and harmony of the divine language of Hellas than ours may hope to be, still Sophocles could not charm, nor Electra nor Œdipus occupy his mind.

He then attempted a conversation with the barber-painter, who was really a witty fellow, and had travelled to advantage through various parts ; that is, he had learned the names and intrigues of all the distinguished *prima donnas* on whose heads he had operated, but (and for once we must praise our hero's good taste) *he* could not succeed, where Sophocles had failed, nor did his best story about a Roman Cardinal, a Neapolitan Marchese and *l'egregia* Cantabella, elicit any applause less equivocal than a long yawn. With this various lore however, and with walking up and down the room, like a restless lion in his cage, time wore

away with Constantine, and to his great delight he began to trace in the oblique shades and mellowing hues of the Asiatic hills, the evidences of approaching sunset. He stood at the narrow casement of the hut which commanded a view of the Bosphorus, unconscious of the beauty of the scene, and inattentive to the rapid flight of troops of those little brown birds, appositely called by the Franks of the country, *les ames damnées*, which, flitting up and down close to the waves, so quickly, that the eye could scarcely follow them, and never diminishing their speed or reposing in their flight, might have offered no inappropriate emblem of the restless condition of his own mind.⁽²⁾

It was now time to commence his outward transformation ; he threw off his elegant dress, attired himself in the boatman's drawers, shirt,

and jacket, and submitted himself to the ingenious hands of the *artiste* who had erst converted the low born singer into a princess, and the rabble of a theatre into dames and courtiers. Though reversing the former order of his proceedings, the barber-painter certainly redeemed his promise; a pair of portentous eyebrows were neatly collocated over the thin arched lines of the young Greek; his small and neatly-trimmed mustachoes were over-laid with an adhesive coat of black bristles, that stuck out beyond the lines of his cheeks; a little red ochre and a piece of burnt cork were potent in the hands of the magician; and when our hero looked into a fragment of a Triesté looking-glass, he indeed hardly knew the face which he had so often contemplated with complacency in his own mirror. He could not help laughing at the transformation—"Well,"

said he, “here I am, and a strange looking fellow you have made of me—a boatman too—the son of the Hospodar of Wallachia, a boatman! and all for an Armenian girl. If anybody had predicted this to me, I would have taxed him with false prophecy. But have not you made me rather too black—a little too ill-looking?”

“Oh, Chelibi, your face will be white to-night, and doesn’t she for whom you put on this disguise know that the real physiognomy of Prince Constantine is a handsome one?”

“That’s true enough,” said the Prince, who, Greek-like, could not entirely suppress his vanity in any situation.

When Constantine again looked through the casement, the shades of night were rapidly falling; the channel was darkly grey, *les ames damnées*, if he had had eyes to see them,

could not be distinguished, and all the hues of the scene were subdued and melancholy, save a streak of purple light that dwelt on the peaks of the farther mountains.

“ ’Tis the time,” said he to his tiring-man, “ ’tis the time for me to play my part in this novel masquerade—go to the quay and see Panayotti’s state of preparation.”

The messenger speedily returned.

“ It is indeed time,” cried he, joyfully, “ Panayotti and his men are waiting at the quay, and the Armenians are expected every minute.”

Constantine took the path that led to the banks, but, conscious of his own identity, and unaccustomed to the influence of a travestied attire and face, he could not help fearing to be discovered, and to hear from the first person he met, “ that is no boatman.” He, however,

reached the quay in pretty good countenance, and began to converse apart with Panayotti, until the party should appear.

“ You will know the Cocona ?” said the intelligent boatman.

“ Under a thousand yashmacks and feridjis, if there be but light enough to see.”

“ Light enough there will be,” rejoined Panayotti, “ for here they come; and now, Prince, use your eyes and your ears, and get into the caïk in which she is to embark—the sternmost oars, in either, are reserved for you.”

Constantine’s heart beat quickly as the festive procession sedately advanced—the women walking first like sheep before their drivers, the cal-packed males of the family next, and the Seraff Yussuf bringing up the rear, in company with their host, who was shuffling along in all the dignity of a drogoman’s yellow slippers.

Constantine had not deceived himself as to his quickness of penetration, he knew Veronica by her air and carriage, and when the party gathered by the boats' sides to consult as to the arrangement of embarkation, he once again heard that silvery voice which he had not heard for so long, but which he could never forget. He leaped into the boat for which she was destined; he was so happy even as to give his hand to assist her to descend, to feel her balmy breath on his cheek, as the caïk received its lovely freight. He was luckier still, for, making way for her elders and superiors, and there was no gallantry in the Armenian men to object to her taking the worst place, Veronica sat down in the bottom of the boat close to the sternmost rower's bank—so close that Constantine could have touched her.

The whole party being comfortably seated

cross-legged, the fishing apparatus being properly placed, and the Catholic prayer said by Padre Tiraborsa, who, among his other good qualities was a great coward, and quoted classical authority to prove that a man in a boat was only separated by a plank from death, the caïks were thrust from the shore, and rapidly pulled across the Bosphorus by the boatmen—among whom, be it said to his honour, our hero distinguished himself. The bark containing the gentlefolks was followed by a caïk, loaded with servants, the supper, and three Armenian musicians.

The part of the channel chosen to be the scene of the piscatory exploits of the night, was between the valley of the Grand Signior and the Giant's Mountain ; and a lovely scene it was, in itself and its accessories. The moon that now shone, was somewhat in its wane,

but there was light enough to make out the bold and varied lines of the hills behind Buyukderé, the shelving shores of the Asiatic bank, and the grand mound which, in the superstition of the country, a Mahometan dervish has usurped from a Greek hero, real or fabulous—a very demi-god of boxing ! ⁽³⁾

Between the shores of Europe and Asia appeared the dark Boghaz, mournful as the grave ; but looking downward, between those hills, in the direction of Constantinople, the scene was lifeful and gay. Other fishing parties were scattered in groups of boats on the waters, and the domestic ray beamed cheerfully on the shades of night, from many a lattice on the banks, or up the hill's sides. Each fishing caïk was furnished with torches, and a small iron grating at the end of a rod, in which pieces of the dried pine-tree burnt in brilliant flame,

was placed at the prow of every boat. As the caïks glanced across the channel, as they crossed each other in their path, with the red flames floating backward on the night-breeze ; and as they gathered in knots, under the shelter of some little headland, and by caprice or accident, formed into strangely shaped phalanges, the effect was picturesque and exciting to a degree rarely surpassed.

It might have recalled the midsummer night-scenes of the bay of Naples, where the fishermen's barks similarly illuminated, are seen in detached parties, floating on the hushed waves of the lake-like bay, from Posillipo's point to the foot of mount Vesuvius by Portici. Or to the eastern traveller the scene might have resembled still more closely the night-views of some Indian river, with the merry natives mak-

ing a pastime of the occupation which furnished them their food.

We may question whether our hero occupied himself with pictures or comparisons. When the boats of the Armenian party took their station, Constantine relinquished his oars, and evinced a deal of skill and activity in pointing out the proper places to throw the line and the net. The universal mind of the Armenians was soon occupied with the sport—all, save Veronica, who sat in melancholy silence, though so near her lover. She was soon, however, made the happiest of the party, for as the intelligent boatman, who seemed to direct the sports of the night, bent over the edge of the boat close by her side to arrange her line, a voice, a whisper from Constantine informed her of his disguised presence.

Her first impulse which however she restrained, was to utter a shriek at the unexpected recognition : the second, and she had not the coyness to check it, was to press the hand of the prince as it lay close to her on the boat side.

By the light of a torch which he held, Constantine gazed on the face of the Armenian maiden, who, fancying herself free from observation or restraint, had thrown aside her yashmack, more freely to breathe, and to feel the delicious freshness of the autumnal evening ; and had he not before loved, he might have been excused for becoming now, passionately enamoured of those exquisitely delicate features, and the touching expression they wore. But as it was, the sight might give madness to passion. Since he had seen her last, her cheek had become thinner, paler—

and could he conceal from himself that it was all for the love of him ?

A few short words, to which love gave a sense and emphasis, vast and indefinite, were exchanged between the long separated pair ; but caution was necessary to avoid detection, and, turning to a different part of the boat, the talk of Constantine was again—of fishes. Other opportunities however were seized, and in the course of the fishing, the hand of Constantine was several times locked in that of Veronica, and his adventurous fingers dared to trace the exquisite curve of her eyebrows, and to press the down of her cheek—the softness of her lips.

The Black Sea that night sent down its finny shoals in extraordinary abundance ; the sport was good, and the Armenians were in high spirits. We cannot venture to state how many

okkas of palamedes and luferi ⁽⁴⁾ were taken ; Constantine kept no register, but we doubt not, as in most of those amateur expeditions, the quantity was prodigious—as told by the Armenians themselves.

When the midnight hour approached, the fishermen ceased their pleasant toils, and it was determined to row a little way down the channel, and to land at the valley of the Grand Signior, whither the supper, the domestics, and the musicians had already been conveyed. With Veronica close to him, with her eyes fixed on his, and his on hers, the Prince pulled at the oar, firm, contented, and proud, as the best of the Argonauts, when they bore the golden fleece in their bark away from Colchis.

As the caïks touched the strand, he was the first man to leap on shore, or rather knee-

deep in the water ; and to have the chance of feeling the gentle weight of his Veronica, he submitted to the fatigue of landing nearly all the passengers in the boat, male and female, and even carried the fat old Banker, Yussuf, on his shoulders to dry land. But he was repaid—he did receive within his trembling arms the light elastic form of Veronica ; the last to leave the caïk ; and as he deposed the love-burden that he would fain have carried to the end of the world—swift, and unseen, as her face passed his, he impressed a kiss on her lips—the first kiss of his love.

A short way up that enchanting valley which might be love's Tempé—a short way from the water's edge, magnificent planes and other trees of lofty stem, and almost perennial verdure, are scattered about most felicitously, as in a stately park, where the hand of art and taste

has lent its aid to nature, and in a nook where those trees are thickest, there stands a humble Turkish coffee-house, and near this, with a very laudable selection, the Armenians had determined to take their repast. The servants had already spread the *skemnès* or low Turkish tables, on a large Egyptian mat that covered a more beautiful carpet—the rich and still green sward ; the neighbouring coffee-house had furnished its nine inch-high stools for the party to sit upon, and a culinary fire of charcoal and dried twigs, burnt ready to cook the delicate fish, fresh from the waves.

Whilst two of the boatmen were left in charge of the caïks, the rest, and Constantine of course was among them, followed the Armenians to assist during the supper, and to partake in the festivity. To have seen our hero one might have thought he had been

bred a *cafidgi*, or had served an apprenticeship as waiter in a frequented *Kibaub*-shop at Stamboul.⁽⁵⁾ He was here and every where in a moment; he arranged the plates, he poured out the ruby wine of Gallipolis, and the amber-coloured produce of Cyprus' vines, from their skins, into sparkling French goblets, or humble *carafes* of Triesté; he blew the little fire, turned the savoury fish, as in these occupations the ladies of the party engaged, and he could stand by the side, and share in the gentle toils of Veronica. The Armenians could not help observing the boatman's readiness, and old Agop even asked Panayott iwhere he had got such a good hand.

“The youth is a cousin of mine,” said the master of the crew, who had his lesson perfectly by heart, and was ready to tell just as many lies as should be necessary.

“ And a fine youth he is,” rejoined the Banker ; “ when you send your caïk to me again, be sure you send him with it.”

“ It will be his happiness, Chelibi,” said the boatman, putting his hand to his breast.

The party sat down to supper : the *luferi* were perfect in flavour, the *palamedes* good, the cold dishes from the *drogoman*’s kitchen, excellent, the wine at once delicate, generous, and abundant—and all were happy.

As the repast proceeded the musicians seated themselves under one of the plane trees at a short distance, and began their performance. The airs, like the instruments they played, were Turkish—simple, but wild and spirit-stirring. Constantine sat down in the rear of the festive group, and, absorbed as he was, he could not be all insensible to the charms of that nocturnal scene. The torches,

and the iron grates, with the blazing pine-branches, that had been in the boats, were suspended from the embowering trees, or stuck in the ground; the red light they cast fell upon the banqueters, and dispelling the gloom for some distance around them, disclosed, with singular effect, the massy trunks and the lower branches of the erect planes and gnarled oaks; beyond, and above head, reposed the shadows of night; yet the veil was not so dense but that he could see, through the boles of the trees, the white kiosk of Sultan Selim,⁽⁶⁾ on one side of the valley, and the whiter minaret of a Turkish village on a hill on the other side. "This is a pretty treat," thought Constantine, "the Armenians have procured me, though I have worked hard for it." And he stretched his somewhat tired arms and legs, and disposed himself to the double enjoyment of sight

and sound. The music, which, to him, had the charm of early associations, elevated his susceptible spirits, and he was beginning to fancy himself the lord of the feast, and that the party was there at his invitation, and for his particular amusement, when a call was made by the Armenians for some choice sweetmeats that were to finish the supper. Veronica, the willing Veronica, whose alertness had already surprised her friends, rose to seek the curious eastern combinations of paste and sugar ; Constantine, the active attendant, was at her side, and they took together the way to a large basket, which had been left under a tree a few paces distant. A friendly plane interposed its broad trunk between the lovers and the party : the sweetness of the first kiss was yet upon their lips, and as they stooped together to draw the sweetmeats from the basket, those quiver-

ing lips (when might they meet again !) mingled in another kiss—and another.

The hearts of both beat somewhat wildly, as they returned to the festive circle, and when Constantine laid the treasured luxury on the skemnès, in its broad salver of silver, he knew not whether he was in heaven or on earth. But, woe the while ! there were eyes there with more mundane perceptions fixed upon his flushed face.

“ Why, what is this ? ” cried one of Veronica’s burly cousins, stopping the cup of cyprus which had performed half its journey from the table to the lip, “ what does this mean ? the palikari has lost one of his eyebrows ! ”

“ And, as I am a sinner, here it is, ” cried another, “ on Veronica’s bosom ! ” and at the same time he brought the bristly produce of the barber-painter’s ingenuity from a fold in

the maiden's yashmack, where it had fallen and adhered, when separated from its fellow by the gentle violence of one of those dear but fatal kisses, and the sharp-eyed discoverer held it out between his fingers for the inspection of the company.

"Ho, ho!" cried Padre Tiraborsa, "here's a *travestimento*—a disguise—an intrigue—the Prince is here!"

"The Devil!" exclaimed the devout but startled Armenians, and each of them sprung to his feet, whilst the women shrieked aloud as if his satanic majesty had indeed been before them with all the terrors of hoof and horn. The little tables were upset, the wine cups poured their delicious contents on the no ways thirsty earth, the sweetmeats that had brought as much disorder as the opening of Pandora's box, were trodden under foot, and

all the boatmen came running to see what could be the matter.

Panayotti understood the whole story in a moment, and he turned from the Armenians, who began to reproach him as the contriver of all the mischief. Constantine at the first production of his fallen eyebrow, had turned away his head, vowing vengeance against the barber-painter ; nor, impudent as he was, could he for some time face the Armenians, who growled and hissed their reproaches with great vehemence. He did, however, at last turn upon his upbraiders, and if with a colour on his cheek, it was the deep red blush of anger, not of shame ; for he had caught a word from Agop the younger, the man to whom he was particularly indebted, as the interceptor of Verónica's letter, which sounded very much like a threat of personal chastisement.

“You ill-bred hound,” cried Constantine, and he leaped towards him, and tapped him on the shoulder, but with such violence that the Armenian jumped, and at the shock his big black calpack bounced from his head, and fell an innocuous bomb between them. “You coward and blockhead ! were it not for your sister I would twitch your mustachoes from your ill-looking face !”

Here the women shrieked, and the drogoman and old Agop cried out, “Why sure he’s not going to finish his crimes by murdering us all !”

Constantine’s anger subsided into contempt ; he stepped towards the women to say a farewell word to Veronica, but at his approach, aunt, cousins, sisters, and all huddled round the confused girl, and almost buried her in the midst of them, whilst Padre Tiraborsa, who

had run to the shelter of the feridjis, as protection from the Prince's wrath, and was now included in the circle, pronounced in a trembling voice, and in his very worst Latin, an adjuration, or an exorcism to repel the evil one.

Seeing this impervious mass of life and robes, Constantine could do no more than say "Farewell! Veronica, farewell, my charming friend, we shall meet again," and he took the path that led through the beautiful valley to the sea-shore, without being so fortunate as to hear the tones which would have soothed his vexed soul, and which were faintly pronounced by the almost stifled Veronica—"Farewell, Constantine!"

Panayotti, who had not a word to say in defence, and who was not at all anxious to explain to the seraffs how the active boatman, the son of the Hospodar of Wallachia, was his cou-

sin, was already at the water's edge, where he readily consented to row away at once, with the Prince in one of the caïks, and to leave the Armenians to huddle altogether in the other, or to make two parties of it, or to remain where they were, just as they might think proper.

“Well!” calculated the boatman, as they rowed across the channel to Buyukderé, “I have made a pretty fishing night of it—for a certainty, like Melkon, I have lost some customers—drogoman and seraff—I shall never serve either of them again! Perhaps, too, I shall hear something more of this business, to my cost, for they are potent and hard-hearted men, but the Panagea is merciful, the Prince is rich, I have served him well, if he would lose his eyebrow it was no fault of mine, and no doubt he will pay the consequences!”

CHAPTER II.

THE noise made by the adventure of the wall and shahnishin was nothing compared to that which was now excited by the story of the fisherman with the eyebrow ; and whether at the Fanar or at Pera, between which places he divided his time, Constantine was sure to meet with some dear friend or other to recall it to him, or to ask him the particulars.

Who had first given a form to the story, or an impulse to curiosity, it was not known, any more than whether that first narrator had been correct in his data, or otherwise. But stories like rivers change their names and their natures in their lengthened course, and the present one

of Constantine seemed to be more than usually mutable or susceptible of variety. It was told in twenty ways at once, in the different societies of Pera, particularly, where men meet to smoke pipes, and the women to chew mastic,⁽¹⁾ and the cud of bitter scandal.

The most exaggerated version was of course that which most generally obtained, and it was asserted that the Prince with a band of lawless Greek sailors from the Black Sea had surprised the peaceful Armenian party in the valley of the Grand Signior, and had been prevented from violently carrying off Veronica, only by the presence of mind of Padre Tira-borsa, who had shouted out *Gloria in excelsis!* here comes the Bostandji-Bashi! at which the alarmed party ran away to their boats.

There were some addenda, such as the Prince's having been well cuffed by young

Agop, and his having fallen on his knees, saying he was ready to become a member of the Catholic Church, like the Armenians, if they would but consent to his marriage with Veronica : but these points rather staggered belief; for when had an Armenian seraff been known to fight, or a Greek desert his heretical church?

A tale such as Constantine's might indeed have formed a nine days' wonder in any place, even where the blessings of the press are enjoyed, and the scandal of a capital served up every morning at breakfast ; but at Pera, the dull, the monotonous, where, for want of matter, the gossips' tongues will run for a month on the subject of Madame l'Ambassadrice's last new bonnet, or the colour of her robe, it may be imagined how long it was calculated to occupy attention.

The manner in which the story affected

the character of our hero, varied perhaps even more than the story itself; the old, the austere, the bigotted, whether Catholics or Greeks—all the men in years who had unmarried daughters, or young wives, (the more perilous charge of the two,)—all the spinsters of a certain age, who had no sympathy for a passion—for a folly, which their matured prudence set them above, whilst it relieved them from all temptation, were clamorous against the young Greek. But in the eyes of the more youthful part of Pera's society, of the ladies particularly, Constantine, whose person, and manners, and taste, had always made him a favourite, rose immensely in estimation—what their elders called an iniquitous perversion, they considered a romantic attachment; and, had our hero been so inclined, there was more than one female heart predisposed by the admiration

of his constancy, to join him in the sin of breaking it.

Among the European settlers, and those persons who had been accustomed to a less restricted form of society than what prevails in Turkey, the judgment on Constantine would be one of mitigated severity—indeed as regarded them, the whole business only made him the more popular; the handsome Greek became a lion in the palaces of the diplomats, a *soirée* was considered incomplete without him, and the whole French legation was thrown into the extasies of admiration and applause.

And was it not something in the ungallant monotony in which they were condemned to live, to meet with such an adventurous spirit?—Was it not something, to hear of an intrigue that had other objects in view than place, or

power, or money—the threads of which intrigues, as played through the fingers of the Turks, were sure to be wet with the tears, if not with the blood of one of the rival parties? Was it not something for these young Frenchmen, who considered gallantry as an element, essential to their enjoyment of existence, to hear of love—of love in Pera, where, but for the occasional presentations, at the baptismal fonts they might have doubted whether the passion had not ceased to warm the heart of man and woman?

It was not, however, in the admiration of people with whom he had but few feelings in common, and certainly not that of converting his connexion with Veronica into the subject ground of gallantry and éclat on which he was to raise an edifice to his pride and wit—and to her shame : it was not in the courteousness

of proud European dames, nor in the smiles of those fair maidens who had received their life, and melting black eyes in the east, to cool his all but hopeless passion.

The society that sought him, would indeed amuse for awhile, but his best resource was still his gallant steed, and the Thracian solitudes. When scouring those dusky heaths beyond Stamboul, the day-dreams he indulged in were numerous, and, need we say? like lovers' dreams in general, they were wild—inconsistent—impracticable.

The airy castle which cost him most pains in construction, and to which he longest adhered, assumed the form of a neat little white stone mansion, on one of the islands of the blue Ægean: Veronica was his wife, he had carried her off by force or by artifice—Greece was free, and gave security to their existence,

whilst the career on which she had entered to regain her former civilization and glory, offered a fair field for the exertion of his dormant energies. Alas ! he forgot that his father was Prince of Wallachia—that Greece was still a scene of confusion and blood, that pirates beset the fairest of the Cyclades, that he was in the hands of the sultan, and that Veronica was closely immured at Kandilly.

Meanwhile winter was fast approaching: the winds from the Black Sea began occasionally to drift sleet and cold rains ; the mountains were fringed with snow, and thick vapours, descending on the northern gales, obscured the bright expanse of the sea of Marmora, and rarely permitted a glimpse of Mount Olympus. The innumerable caïks that were seen morning and evening, wafting so considerable a portion of the denizens of Constantinople, were no

longer traced on the Bosphorus, but its current bore downward towards the Golden Horn, the sear leaves of latest autumn, stript from the planes and other deciduous trees that grew on its banks and hills. The houses on those hills and banks were deserted by their fair-weather tenants, and even the seraffs, though they knew that Constantine was there, were obliged to return to their habitation at Pera.

It was the *artiste*, or the barber-painter, whose throat Constantine had not cut for the misadventure of the eyebrow, that first brought the welcome intelligence, that Veronica and all her host were safely housed in their mansion, stately, though of wood, that formed one of the most striking features in the shabby street that runs nearly the whole length of the hilly suburb.

This ingenious fellow, who united the ex-

perience of an Italian theatre to his natural and Greek dexterity, had never, like the Armenian Melkon, been detected by the seraff's family. His handicraft had indeed been seen, and its force felt on the night of the supper, but he had been kept out of sight, and might still be employed as an emissary to pry about the Armenian residence. The only thing that imported was to mask his communications with the Prince ; but to one so clever, this could not be difficult, nor did his confidence in his talent permit him to doubt but that he should soon renew the correspondence between the fair captive and her impatient lover.

The *artiste* met with many difficulties.

At last he succeeded, and gained admittance within the seraff's walls, as the devil got into this world—through a woman's vanity!

It would not be suspected that Eastern fe-

males who have such rare opportunities of shewing their faces, should take much trouble “in making them up;” and it would be thought, that the difficulty of exhibiting themselves to admirers out of doors, would save them the trouble of painting themselves within; and yet there are no women under the sun, who make a more frequent use of cosmetics than the ladies in Turkey. The passion for them pervades all classes: the flower of the harem consumes a little treasure in the extraneous tints; the Armenian drudge lays it on as thick as the Greek lady—but the latter, at least, has an advantage over the others, for she walks about the city with an unveiled face.

These Eastern dames, moreover, surpass our ladies of the West, in the number of their artificial hues, for, besides the lilies and roses they plant on their cheek, they use the black-

ening surmé for their eyebrows, (which when they can, they unite into one) and for their eyes, round which it casts a melting and most voluptuous expression ;⁽²⁾ and they dye their finger-nails and even their toe-nails with khenna.

The hand-maidens of the seraff's house were accustomed to purchase the charms of their complexions from a boyadji or itinerant vender of colours, one of those who perambulate the streets of Constantinople, enquiring who will be beautified.

The barber-painter, ever on the watch, like the serpent of old about the avenues of paradise, saw this merchant of beauty one morning entering the gate of the seraff's house ;—he rubbed his hands in joy, for he knew him, and knew that, Turk as he was, he was an unscrupulous rogue, who would lend himself to any plot

that should put money in his girdle. The *artiste* waited till he re-appeared in the street, and then following him, he, at a convenient corner, and with as little circumlocution as might be, opened his business.

“ You promise me twenty piastres if I will carry a letter into the Armenian house and deliver it to the young lady Veronica, but I do not go beyond the threshold of the hall-door, I never see the damsels of the house—there are several of them too—how should I know Veronica from the others?—and then they don’t go with bare faces like some men’s wives. Covered in their yashmacks, if I did see them I might pop the letter, instead of into the hands of the kuz, into those of her grandmother.”⁽³⁾

“ Ah, my dear Kara Mustapha, you are a clever man—your intelligence is as bright as a new English watch⁽⁴⁾—you know the difference

between alum and barley-sugar—and pray, don't you happen to know among the hand-maidens, one, more particularly than the rest—one who if you were to slip a tiny piece of paper into her hand, with a supply of your colours for her 'toilet, and such a thing as a ten-piastre-piece for her purse, would convey the first of the articles to the young lady in question?"

The boyadji reflected for a moment. "There is," said he, "a poor wench I have sometimes cast my eye upon, a fag that seems to serve the servants; she has frequently approached my basket, but probably not having the means, has never bought of my wares; even this morning I saw her looking wistfully over the shoulders of the other women—perhaps she might be tempted."

"Tempted! why, Mustapha, she must be

ripe for anything!—what conspiracy could frighten a woman that is too poor to paint her cheeks?—and then as to our business, we treat of a matter simple and without danger, either to her or to us.”

“ Twenty piastres,” said the vender of colours, “ would be soon earned, but would not it look very much like playing the part of a pezavenk ?”⁽⁵⁾

“ Kara Mustapha, that’s alum—don’t swallow it—pezenk, indeed!—do you think I would have you eat such dirt?—No, no; you would only have to carry a bit of paper, now and then, and your prophet bids you esteem bits of paper !”⁽⁶⁾

“ But the words written therein will not be the words of the Khoran.”

“ How do you know that,” said the *artiste*, “ you can’t read, and a bit of paper is always——”

“ A bit of paper—and twenty piastres are twenty piastres ; but could not your master, whoever he is, make thirty of them ?—the skin over my conscience is thinner than the finest paper ever made at Kiat-hana.⁽⁷⁾ I think after all I shall be playing something very much like the part of a go-between—couldn't you make it thirty piastres ? ”

“ Kara Mustapha ! it is not for men like you and me to lower the price of conscience ! be it then thirty piastres. Inshallah ! and you shall have thirty piastres ! ”

“ Allah Kherim ! I have made a good day's work,” cried the vender of colours, and the whole business was settled.

The very next evening Veronica was standing at a little window at the back of the house, but not to look over the beautiful scene that was thence disclosed. She was reading a letter, a

short and passionate letter—the first she had received for so long a time from her lover ; and before night Constantine received an answer, shorter, but scarcely less passionate.

The boyadji had fully succeeded ; the lowly handmaiden, as had been calculated, was not proof to the united allurements of paint and gold, and through her means, an occasional epistolary intercourse was renewed between the lovers. Well contrived as it was, it did not last long.

Unfortunately for them and herself, the poor servant girl had the year before caught one of those violent intermittent fevers, which not unfrequently interfere with the enjoyments even of the Bosphorus, as a place of residence ; and this year, at the approach of winter, and in a very irregular way, the said fever returned upon the no ways patient sufferer.⁽⁸⁾ A little quinine

might have saved the peace of all parties, but the girl grew worse with her only remedy—a piece of thin leather dipped in a solution of gum arabic, tied round her pulse ;⁽⁹⁾ and being a good Catholic, in one of the most violent of her shaking fits, she was overcome by the adjuration of the family priest, and confessed all that she had done about the letters, between the Prince and her young mistress, to him and to Padre Tiraborsa.

This was a terrible blow. The time that had passed since the adventure in the valley of the Grand Signior, and of late an improvement in spirits and manner in Veronica, which had commenced with the renewal of her correspondence with Constantine, (and it ended with it) had lulled the Armenian family into security : they heard little or nothing of the Prince ; they thought his volatile

mind must have found other pursuits, or they thought not of him at all. But now, on the renewal of their apprehensions, they resumed all the vigilance and severity they had formerly exercised against the unfortunate girl; nay, they redoubled them. She was scarcely permitted to go from one room to the other, unaccompanied; she could not stir without having some spy by her side. She might almost as well have been chained, like the convict in the bagnio, to an odious companion whom there is no quitting but by a few links remove; and had she known the ancient story, she could have compared her fate to that of the sufferers of Mezentius' cruelty, for her love, which was her life, found no sympathy in the cold hearts of those to whom she was bound. For some time she was not permitted to go abroad, except with the family to church; and so closely were the doors

watched, that neither boyadjî or kalemkiardjî (10 could ever find ingress, and the maids were obliged to go and buy their paint, and their painted handkerchiefs in the town, or—to go without them.

It would be tedious to mention all the plots and projects of Constantine, who loved as unwisely and as faithfully as ever, and was irritated by each succeeding disappointment to fresh exertions.

One little adventure ought to be described, as it tends to prove the violence of his passion, and the lengths to which he could go, merely for a sight—an imperfect sight of his heart's idol.

In an avenue—a short but rather steep lane, which leads from Pera's street to the great Catholic church, the beggars of the suburbs are accustomed to arrange themselves, at

the seasons that service is performed. They are to be seen without distinction of religion or sect; and they are right: for the Christian faith of those who are wending to the temple ought to teach them charity to all men; and the donor of a few paras may be blessed in succeeding breaths by the Catholic, the Eutychean, and the Greek, or called the son of a sultan by the gratitude of a Turkish mendicant. ⁽¹¹⁾ Among these, one morning, being properly disguised and reduced to that apparent misery which poverty imposes, or even to that degree of it which is found necessary to attract the regardless eye, or work upon the idle sympathy of the prosperous that pass by, the son of the Prince of Wallachia took his stand.

We know not whether the utter humiliation of the hollowed hand, as felt by the ancient Romans, is known and purposely avoid-

ed by these beggars in the east, but all of them, instead of the meagre palm, present a small copper or tin dish, in which the minute paras fall with a tinkling sound.⁽¹²⁾ Constantine held the eleemosynary receptacle like the rest, and some fractions of farthings were given to him who had spent thousands of piastres in his present pursuit, and would spend many thousands more.

The day was the festival of one of those great saints with which the Catholic rites intercept the homage to the Creator ; the crowd was great, and Constantine stood long by the church door before he saw the approach of the Armenian family ; but they came at last, and he again recognised, under the folds of feridji and yashmack, his Veronica.

He could have followed her into the temple, and, in the exalted feelings of the moment,

and with an improved and softened heart, have knelt by her side, and offered up his petition to that all-bountiful Being, the common object of their worship, who could scarcely have intended that division and woe should be between them, because they differed in forms, which they could not understand. Wearing, however, as he did, the garb of a Greek, he did not think fit to go within, but he stood under the porch, looking through the open folding doors. We are sorry to have to describe an unedifying portion of what he saw, but the fact is recorded in the memories of many, and we give it without exaggeration.⁽¹³⁾

The pageantry of the morning was to open with a procession of the Host round the church. The officiating priest was arrayed in his golden stole, and stood under a portable canopy of gaudy silk, with the sacred deposit clasped in

his hands. The canopy had four poles, by which it was borne, and the bearing of it (alas for Christian humility !) was always considered an honour exclusively allotted to the men who considered themselves of the superior class—of the noblesse of Pera. Four persons had taken possession of the four poles of the canopy, and were about to begin their religious march, when a fifth stepped up, and laid hold of one of the angles, grappling with him who already occupied it, and who seemed nowise inclined to relinquish it.

“What’s the meaning of this upstart insolence ?” said the last comer, who had been a drogoman, but was now both out of place and out of cash, “you support the canopy over the santissimo ! why, you are only a dirty Galata shop-keeper !”

“I am as good a man as you,” replied his

rival in the unseemly struggle, and reddening with anger as he spoke, "I am as good a man as you, and I will not give up the post I have taken."

"You are a *backal*!⁽¹⁴⁾ a *roturier*! a *canaille*!" said the *ci-devant* drogoman.

"You are a beggar," retorted the other.

Here some persons present had the discretion to interfere, the second comer was obliged to leave the post to the first, and after such a scandalous exhibition, the solemn procession was commenced.

Our hero, who could scarcely be edified by what had passed at the commencement of the ceremonies, remained, unusually long as they were, until their end, and then, as the crowd slowly ebbed from church, he received his second reward—a brief glance of Veronica as she passed. Yet the pain was perhaps greater

than the gratification he received from the strange proceeding ; he was capriciously angry that Veronica had not bent her eyes on him, it was only for her he would for a moment have assumed such a disguise, and she ought to have known him among a thousand beggars !

He repaired to an obscure house, where the process of transformation had been performed ; he threw off his mendicant weeds, he resumed his gay and elegant attire, but it was not until he bestrode his proud Arabian steed, and galloped from Pera and its abominations, that he felt he had cast off the slough.

In this very unsatisfactory manner time rolled on ; it was now the depth of winter, and Constantinople, on account of its situation as relates to the Black Sea and the nature of the country in its neighbourhood, is not free

from short but smart visitations of the severity of that season. Snow was lying on the ground, with sharp frosts in the night; the merchants, as they descended from their airy tenements at Pera towards their magazines at Galata, by the steep and slippery infidel hill, were obliged to take special care lest they should break their infidel necks; the drogomans put on double and treble beneeshes as they took their dirty way to the Porte; and the ladies, in the absence of carriages, trod in huge Turkish boots to balls and parties. The tandour was lit in every house, and with its charcoal vapours the goodnatured Pera gossips, who preface the most uncharitable allusions with a "*que Dieu me pardonne, si je me trompe,*" might imbibe a portion of that prophetic spirit recorded by Anastasius. ⁽¹⁵⁾ It was winter, but the most se-

vere season in this climate is interspersed with lovely days and clear blue skies, most propitious to excursions and country parties. On one of these days, Constantine had arranged with a few young friends to pass some festive hours on the sunny heights of Bulgurlu, behind Scutari. He was on his way to the place of rendezvous, when passing a certain shop at the end of Pera, a very natural chain of ideas occurred to him.

Champagne and burgundy shamed the best of the Greek wines, he must be gay to day, and wine, while its effects lasted, might make him forget Veronica. He went into the magazine to purchase a supply ; he had often been there before, and the ear of its assiduous owner, though not lately, had been charmed by the music of his money.

The little shop was of that strange *non-*

descript description that prevails in Turkey, where a man turns his hand to many things, and sells objects as widely apart as grindstones and musical instruments. The article of wine however was by far the least conspicuous; the commodities exposed, were cloths and silks, linen, haberdashery, and products of the ingenuity of the *marchandes des modes* of Marseilles, whose somewhat provincial taste supplies the ladies of the Levant with what they cannot sell at home.

This same shop was a scene of great attraction to such of the fair Perotes as boasted Frank blood, but it was not entirely abandoned by the fair rayahs who could sport the finery it contained—within doors. The master called himself a Frenchman, in spite of his never having been ten miles from his present abode, and because his great grandfather, on the

paternal side, had been born at Marseilles. He was an active fellow, to whom the only occupation in life seemed to be *to sell*; he was, no doubt, a bit of a rogue; but that moral condition does not hinder a man from being useful in his way, if you know how to use him, and can make it worth his while. It was curious Constantine had never thought of him before, but he never had; and it was in looking for wine which was to give him a temporary forgetfulness of his mistress, that he found the means, of which he had despaired, of renewing his correspondence with her.

The shopkeeper, as he ushered the Prince into an inner room, offered his compliments and regrets, that for so long a time he should not have been honoured with his orders.

“I have been surprised,” said the loquacious fellow, “at my never seeing you here. I have

had the finest articles ever brought to Pera, *bas au jour, fichus, mouchoirs brodés, rubans*—the sweetest things ! and you have never been near me ; you ! who were accustomed to give away to your fair friends as many of these *articles de goût* as *nous autres Français*⁽¹⁶⁾ bestow sugar-plums on New Year's day—have you lost your gallantry, Prince ?”

“ You see,” said Constantine, “ that I have taken to drinking—become choice in my liquors !—don't you think one of these virtues quite enough at a time—I mean expensive enough for my purse ?”

“ If you drink but as hard as you have loved, you will be a good customer in wines !—There is not a headach, sir, in all that case of champagne—the very best quality ! But pray, may I ask you, what the seraff's daughter has cost in building, postage, and

painting?—I will not speak of servants and other go-betweens—they, of course, always do their work for nothing !”

The Prince gazed for a moment at the impudent fellow, and then said carelessly, “Hark ye ! I have lived just long enough in the world to be convinced that, whether in love or in ambition, or in any other pursuit, that occupies our stupid brains, and in which we require the assistance of others, the extent of the service will be measured to the amount of the money given, or of some other benefit conferred on the trusty agents. I *have* paid and *well*, but you seem to know my whole story !”

“And who is there that does not ? You are ashamed of it, perhaps, and tired of the affair, as we have heard nothing of it of late.”

“You may pack up this wine to be sent after

me immediately, but I don't know that you may be love's confessor."

"But I might be love's assistant, if you went on your old principle of paying handsomely for services received, and had not abandoned the pursuit of the Armenian fair one, for game less difficult."

"Explain," said the Prince impatiently, "what could you do to serve me?"

"Not much," replied the shopkeeper—"but I could slip such a trifle as a letter into *her* hands the next time she comes to my shop."

"Does *she* come here?"

"Not often, but a little later than this yesterday, she came to purchase a white muslin robe."

"Veronica here, and only yesterday!"

"In this very room—on the spot where you now stand, and here she's likely to be again in

a few days, for she gave me an order to procure stuffs for a mantle—*couleur de puce* ; lining, *blue de ciel*, and——”

“ You say you can put a note into her hand ? ”

“ Nothing so easy—the eyes even of Armenian women may be fascinated by the display in my magazine—look at those Brusa silks ! without vanity I may say I have the sweetest things !—Prince, allow me the honour of putting down a pair of these French bracelets to your account—they are just arrived !—I will contrive to rivet the attention of the lady’s companions, watchful as they may be, and then what so easy as just to slip your letter into her fair hand while I am shewing her a piece of fine cloth—thus.” And the dealer, spreading a piece of cloth on the table between him and the Prince, passed a pair of the above men-

tioned bracelets into Constantine's palm, adding, with an eye at once to intrigue and trading, "they are only two hundred piastres the pair!"

The Prince saw all the facilities of the avenue to Veronica presented by the trader's dark shop; liberal promises were made; a letter was to be sent early the following morning, and he went away to keep his appointment, rejoicing with his wines before he had drunk them; and paying, as an earnest of future generosity, without demur, the extravagant price set upon them and the paltry bracelets.

Every thing succeeded as had been wished: in a few days after Veronica received the Prince's letter; in a few days more Constantine was made happy by her answer; and through the same channel, a correspondence, at longer or shorter intervals, according to the

opportunities of visiting the unsuspected tradesman, was carried on between the lovers during the rest of the winter.

The passion that could live on thus, in a place where, as we have said, temptations to inconstancy were not always removed from the eye ; that could nourish itself on a few hurried letters, must have been of a hardy nature, yet Constantine's had no other food but that, and his recollections ; for in the course of months he never could speak to Veronica, nor did he see her more than two or three times, and then the beauty of her face was veiled, and the gracefulness of her form buried under brown cloth.

He would fain on one occasion have converted himself into the mercer's shopman, for the chance of seeing more nearly—of saying a word to the fair Armenian ; but the great

grandson of a Marseillian was inflexible ; he dreaded a discovery which might bring discredit on his shop—he protested it could not be—it would be improper—because it might injure his custom !

What the fellow did, however, he did well, for the furtive correspondence was never detected, nor even suspected.

CHAPTER III.

THE season of joy and hope, spring, had now arrived, and in this fair climate her steps are hasty as they approach summer.

The denizens of Constantinople and Pera, the Christian traders, and the Turkish effendis, began to think of relinquishing their dingy winter houses, for the pleasant kiosks on the channel, and the sultan's steeds were liberated from their stalls, to take their annual range in the lovely valley of the Sweet Waters.

The grand Greek festival of St. George, and

the first day of May, had passed, and had been celebrated by the remnant of an oppressed people, whose gaiety of disposition and spirit of enjoyment, no tyranny can destroy; the long month of Ramazan, that fell early this year, had elapsed, and the Bairam was now observed with the usual pageantries and illuminations.

Stambool, on its seven hills, and its edifices rising the one above the other, with most of their windows illuminated, and with festoons of lamps hung from minaret to minaret, or strung like coronals round those lofty and slender pinacles, looked like a fairy city.

After the usual celebrations, came on, about a week after the Bairam, the day fixed on which the sultan quits the palace of the seraglio, to take up his summer residence at the

cool and pleasant kiosk of the “Marble Cradle,” on the Bosphorus. ⁽¹⁾

This transfer of the imperial abode is always observed with considerable form and ceremony, and even splendour. The Padishah, —a light and a shadow, ⁽²⁾ the shade of divinity and the light of the universe—left the ancient halls of the Christian emperors of the east, at evening, and in honour of his progress, a brilliant illumination was made at the Seraglio Point, and then on the other side of the Golden Horn, from Tophana Point to the imperial residence of Beshik Tash, whither he was going.

A range of blue lambent lights, burning in iron gratings, that were fastened on poles about six feet high, extended at short and regular distances from each other, between the two Points, and lesser lights, in lamps and cressets,

were occasionally interspersed along this range, whilst here and there a *feu de joie* blazed in their rear.

This illumination all the way on the bank of the Bosphorus, and close to the edge of its clear deep waters, had an effect that savoured of enchantment; and as the pure blue lights threw their rays on the darkening sea, and on the caïks and piadès that glanced up and down with admiring but silent passengers, as they disclosed the marine kiosks, the arrayed artillery of Tophana, and the crowds of Turks in their oriental and best attire; as they coloured the atmosphere for a considerable extent, causing the eye to see through a pale blue medium, mixed with a golden tinge, the fanciful observer might have imagined himself in other regions than our own, of earth, or in some subterranean scene, illuminated by "Bokara's vaunted gold,

and gems of Samarkand," or he might have recalled from his early reading of the Arabian Nights the gorgeousness of Bagdad, and the caliph, and the narrow straits might well represent the river of old fame that flowed by the imperial city.

It was spring, and the charms of Constantinople and its neighbourhood at this season, must be seen to be understood. But, glory and gratitude to the divine Creator, who has provided scenes of such exquisite beauty for our enjoyment, when once seen, they can never be forgotten ! They will return to the mind of the northern wanderer on his distant shore, and with a freshness, a splendour, and a potency that may dissipate for a while the snows and fogs that surround him.

It was spring, and the season of love. The gay green trees that contrast with and break

the gloom of those "faithful mourners o'er the dead," ⁽³⁾ the cypresses, were in their richest foliage, and colonised by happy birds that sang their unceasing songs of gratefulness within their branches.

All the narrow, winding valleys, like that of the Sweet Waters, were covered with carpets, verdant and rich, and besprent with flowers ; the wide heaths, the solitudes of the Thracian peninsula, looked gay with blossoming wild shrubs and hardy flowers ; and as the breeze swept over their vast extent, it bore with it an odour from the wild thyme and the springing myrtle, so sweet, so penetratingly luxurious, that the soul of icy age or of barbarity must have owned its influence, and have inhaled with it inspirations of tenderness and love.

The procreant cradles of the familiar storks

were tenanted by their callow offspring, the objects of so much affectionate care ; the amorous murmuring of a countless colony of little blue turtle-doves, love's emblems and his devotees, was heard from every cypress grove, in whose dark shades a host of human beings scarcely less numerous, slept the tranquil sleep of death.

The village of Belgrade, round which the fair and witty Lady Montague ⁽⁴⁾ has thrown a familiar charm, is situated a short distance within the vast forest of the same name, about twelve miles from Constantinople.

It is not now as it used to be in the days of her ladyship, the resort of ambassadors and foreign envoys, but its sylvan beauties still attract some visitors, composed chiefly of the families of Frank merchants from Pera or Galata, or of members of the drogomaneria, and some-

times, but less frequently, a few Greeks and Armenians transfer their household Gods there for a season.

That season is the spring, for by the middle of the month of June the place becomes unhealthy, and malaria miasma, generated by stagnant waters in the hollows, and condensed by a luxuriant vegetation and the closeness of the forest, drive the dwellers away to the saner districts of the Bosphorus or the sea of Marmora.

This year the seraffs resolved to transport their family to Belgrade, and a motive for this determination might be found in the circumstance that that village was comparatively a solitude, and that there they were not likely to be incommoded by the Prince, of whom however their apprehensions had lost their vivacity, as for a long time they had heard

nothing of him, and had remarked in Veronica an improvement in health and spirits—again originating in the renewal of her correspondence with Constantine and the assurances of his constancy, which held her to hope, despite of her present enthrallments.

To Belgrade therefore the Armenians went, and had they wished to find a spot to harmonize with, and to cherish the feeling of love, they could not have chosen a better—and at that season !

Veronica felt the influence of those myrtle-scented breezes redolent with languor and love, as she journeyed over the solitary heaths with such speed as may be expected on bad roads in an aruba or springless waggon drawn by a pair of oxen ; she gazed on the bright blue heaven above her, where not a cloud,

a speck—was left to speak of winter's storms and darkness. She bent her looks on the earth, and far as the eye could reach, it was delighted with the gay emerald tints of the growing grass, and the various hued flowers of the blossoming shrubs—white, yellow, blue, red—an earthly rainbow of blending colours !

In the little hollows left by the wavy surface of the Thracian heaths, miniature fountains gushed from the verdant sod, or streams of greater volume, unaffected as yet by the sun's heat, glided along in crystal purity, and babbled as they went their notes of coolness and tranquillity.

The few animals that occupied these solitary wastes added to the beauty of the scene, whilst they themselves seemed to be sensible to that beauty, and to the influence of balmy spring.

The frolicsome goats, as they browsed on the broom and shrubs on the hill-tops, were seen leaping from mound to mound and shaking their horned heads, and making the little bells round their necks tinkle with a romantic sound ; the quiet sheep grazing on the clearer pasture, would raise up their meek faces, and looking forward at some fair hillock which seemed greener still from its distance, would set off in sportive race, bleating with joyfulness ; the quieter herd, as they ruminated in the valley, would lift up their large round and sedate eyes—to which Homer could compare the eyes of Jove's wife—and as the cheerful canopy of heaven, and the surrounding hills with vales between them, and the distant mountains and the silvery sea beamed upon them, their breath, sweeter than the flowers they fed on, modulated itself into

lengthened and harmonizing lowings, the voice of their contentment.

On arriving at the selected retreat at the village, through a devious avenue of noble forest-trees, whose partially bared roots crossed the path, making it rough and sylvan; the magic of "the time, the tide, the spot," was felt still more deeply.

From the slight eminence, on which the village is situated, the eye could embrace the fairest and the largest of Belgrade's bends, ⁽⁵⁾ those artificial lakes or reservoirs, that look so much like the works of nature, having all nature's wildness.

On one side of that romantic sheet of water, the forest-trees stood thick and close to its brink, on the other a shelving breadth of pasture, a belt of emerald, round a crystal vase, intervened between the sedgy bank and the lofty

trees ; whilst at the farther end a mount arose covered with oak and beech, and all the forest's gloom and mysteriousness.

In other directions the observer could catch through the opening glades, brief glimpses of the flitting figures of the roe and the wild buck as they chased each other in sport or in love's caprice ; the banks of the little lanes that diverged from the village were thickly covered with the blue violet ; the streaked wild tulip, graceful in its form as beautiful in its colouring, grew in countless numbers, in the meadows between the houses and the bendt ; and contiguous to the lake the yellow crocus sprung in humid and congenial soil, whilst fringing the lake's edges, the broad leaved water-lily trembled with the gentle undulation of its surface.

In every direction the lively lizards in their

splendid coats of blue, and green and yellow, were seen gliding along like gems endowed with life and rapid motion ; the retiring wood-pigeons flitted through the dim forest, uttering their plaintive cry, and near at hand the more familiar turtle-doves plumed their blue feathers and filled the air with their murmurings—their one unceasing choir of love—melancholy as love even in its enjoyments, will be, in this world of ours.

The universal voice of nature—the united charms with which she spoke to eye and ear, whilst her breathing incense, the odour of plant and flower, and of fragrant cypresses and distant pines, addressed itself to another sense—all tended to awaken the amorous instinct : but in Veronica's young heart passion had reached its highest pitch. She went to sleep that night to the song of the nightingale, and could

it be otherwise than that her dreams should be all of Constantine.

We return to the Prince at Pera. Several days before their departure one of those little notes that found their way through the folds of the mercer's stuffs, informed him of the plans of the family, and his answer, returned in the same manner, flattered Veronica with the hope that he would find the means of seeing and conversing with her at Belgrade, where she might expect more liberty than she had of late enjoyed. Skill and caution were to be used, and so they were, by the Prince.

Ere the seraff's family arrived, he had been secretly to the village, and had engaged an obscure little house at its edge—an unobserved nook, whence he was to spread his web in secrecy. As had been agreed, he let some tedious days pass, to give Veronica an opportunity of

obtaining greater indulgence from the security and confidence of her family, before he made his visit to the forest. Another measure resolved on was, to disguise himself in the Frank, or European costume; for, should the samoor calpack of a Greek prince be seen in the village, it would of a certainty re-awaken the fears of the Armenians.

An ingenious French artist, who had improved his taste at Pera, furnished the necessary garments, and when Constantine was buttoned up in a coat—that puzzle in form—in waistcoat, and narrow breeches—the scorn of the Turks ⁽⁶⁾—he assured him that he looked *à merveille—parfaitement à l'Anglaise*; but, alas! the son of the Hospodar, who had all the exquisite taste of the oriental, “in what may be called picturesque design,” and for the effect of flowing robes and brilliant colours,⁽⁷⁾ thought,

like his countryman Anastasius under similar circumstances, that his personal attractions suffered by the change, and that he cut but a sorry figure.

But this was not all; the Greeks at Constantinople, like the Turks, the Armenians, and the others who wear the "long dress,"⁽⁸⁾ shave their heads—Constantine's was *razé* like the rest, and otherwise how could he have worn a thick fur cap, as big as a balloon? (his distinctive coëffure.)

A phrenologist might revel with delight among these shaven polls, but a bare skull would look unhandsome under our style of head-covering. Constantine felt this, and bought a wig that had opportunely been fished up a few days before in the "Golden Horn," whither it had been blown from the head of a Frank merchant, as he was crossing the water

from Stamboul to Galata, in windy weather.⁽⁹⁾ The hyacinthine locks, artificial as they were, did not look amiss to the Greek's eye; but it was far otherwise with the French hat he clapped upon his wig, to complete his head gear:—he thought that detestable, though he had worn the ugly calpack.

When one of his Turks saw him after the completion of his European toilet, the fellow could not help exclaiming, “Arserin Effendi (well done, my Lord!) but you look very like a monkey!”

Thus equipped, however, Constantine one fine evening took the road to Belgrade, not to win, for that was done already, but to secure the heart of the fair Armenian.

He entered the village at a hard gallop, followed by his clever Greek youth, Sterio, dressed like a suridji, just as the distinguished resi-

dents were returning from their evening promenade by the bendt. He even passed the family of the seraffs, who drew up by the road's side, wondering that any man should have so little regard for his neck and limbs, as to ride at such a rate ; but supposing him to be some mad Englishman.

The Frank attire, and the obscure house, answered to the purposes for which they were intended, and a young Greek—a shepherd, with whom the Prince shared the domicile, was an available emissary. He had already been at the seraff's several times and he knew Veronica among the rest of the females of that establishment. He was going that very evening with some cool yaourt, and caimac of peculiar excellence.⁽¹⁰⁾ He went, but he carried a contraband article with him, in the shape of a love-

letter, which he adroitly delivered to the fair consignee.

The next morning as the young shepherd drove his flock to their delicious pastures, he picked up an answer, skilfully packed up in an envelope of vine-leaves, which would have escaped the notice of any body who had not been previously informed, and desired to look out for such a thing under the walls of the Armenian house.

The pure white note, in its verdant covering, was conveyed to the Prince, nor did that day's satisfaction, nor love's artifice and masquerade end there.

On the same evening, as the Armenian family were taking their wonted walk round the head of the beautiful reservoir, Veronica proceeded a little in advance of her

relatives, and stopped to speak to a Greek peasant, who was tending his sheep by the sward on the water's edge. There was nothing to excite much attention in that—she was a capricious girl, and curious withal, and the “Lady Bountiful” wherever she went; she might be bestowing alms where apparent poverty would render them acceptable,—and besides, the others of her party were engaged in devout listening to a discourse on Christian charity, delivered by Padre Tiraborsa, the object of which was to impress on the seraffs’ minds the virtue of giving a certain sum to the priests of Pera, for masses in benefit of some poor devil, who had not left money enough behind to buy himself out of purgatory.

But that peasant was the Prince! and as he offered a garland of wild-flowers, he could press the hand of his Veronica, and again in

a few short, hurried words, express his passion and his hopes.

In this manner, and by varying his disguises—sometimes appearing in pastorals, with as little knowledge and care about flocks as the Arcadian shepherds of Rome, whose sheep are their rhymes—⁽¹¹⁾ sometimes as a gardener—sometimes as a wandering female yerook,⁽¹²⁾ or as a Bulgarian bag-piper, Constantine contrived to see and speak with the fair Armenian many times, in the romantic scenes of Belgrade.

One lovely evening Veronica detached herself from her tedious party, composed wholly of females, and straying, as if without object, from the devious path, met in the glades of the forest the expecting Constantine. She was not missed for some time, as a number of females passing the spring at Belgrade,

were walking in the same direction, and some of them had joined her relatives, and occupied their attention with gossip and scandal ; for not even veils, and wrappers, and seclusion can deprive women of taste for their natural aliment.

As might be expected, the lovers “ took no note of time ;” they walked on conversing, hand in hand, under the embowering trees where innumerable birds sang notes responsive to the outpourings of their young and passionate hearts ; but far more gay than theirs !

Constantine was urgent :—“ would she not then flee with him to some remote Greek village, where a priest of his church, at least, might be found to unite them with that holy tie which man is forbidden to burst asunder ? So good an opportunity as the present might not occur again—could she not trust her

destiny to him who had suffered and done so much for her, and could no longer live without her?" The youthful Veronica wept and trembled at her lover's representations, and his impetuosity; but still she somewhat adhered to the prudent and dutiful side of things, and would not consent to what she considered a premature elopement. She would wait—she would see what the future might bring forth; but, for the present, she could only vow, which she did over and over again, that no efforts of her family should change her love and her fixed purpose—and that, if at last driven to extremities, she would find the means of escape, and would *then* throw herself on the fidelity of Constantine. The Prince proposed making a demand in form, of her hand to her family; but she knew the members of that family, and their counsellors, and their pre-

judices too well, and supplicated he would desist from a measure which would only render matters worse. As circumstances now stood, they might yet meet a few times—and were the chances of so much pleasure to be thrown away? And now they must part!

Alas! they had stayed too long, and wandered too far; for when they turned to seek the way towards the frequented path—the promenade, where she should rejoin her friends—the rapidly advancing shades of evening had wrapped the always dark forest in intense gloom; the trees too, were there thick and entangling; their hurry confused them, and they lost their way!

Alone, lost with her lover—darkness, and a forest! Our eastern heroine's position must be deemed a critical one; but as true as truth inhabits the bottom of a well, respect and

honour were in that wood. Constantine supported her as she trembled from alarm, and speed : he long and sedulously sought the proper outlet from the forest's shades ; but he did not find it, until guided by the voices of the male portion of the Armenian family, who had been alarmed by the reported disappearance of the maiden, and were now shouting "Veronica ! Veronica !" with all their might at the edge of the thick labyrinth.

When their path was clear before them, the lovers separated. Constantine concealed himself in some thickets, and Veronica bounded to her friends, who, in the first movements of their joy at finding her, forgot to chide.

This gave her time to recover her presence of mind and her breath, and as they walked homeward she explained how she had been tempted by the beauty of the objects to leave the beaten

path, and walk awhile among the trees, and how she had lost her way when attempting to return.

Now all this, which was true enough, though not the whole of the truth, and the known eccentric moods of Veronica, might have imposed on her somewhat obtuse relations, and they might have considered the occurrence merely accidental, had it not been again for the suspicious Padre Tiraborsa, who muttering to himself in Italian "*c'è più robba qui sotto,*" and into the ear of the Seraff Agop, some Turkish words of equally mysterious import, soon led the whole of the family once more on the scent of the Prince.

Yet the Prince had neither been seen nor heard of for months. Veronica had for a long time shewn in her docility and cheerfulness that she was no longer afflicted by that improper passion ; and now, affecting to feel in-

sulted by the doubts of the prying priest, she left the room with determined silence and a look of scorn.

It could hardly be ; the Prince had not been seen—no ! nothing like him at Belgrade ; and when the family agreed to follow the advice of the old Italian, and to keep their eyes open, as to what was passing in the village, they felt convinced they should only make the discovery that Veronica had told the truth, and be confirmed in the opinion that Constantine, the fickle, dissipated Greek, had placed his evil affections elsewhere.

A fever discovered the furtive correspondence carried on by the lovers through the maid-servant and the boyadji at Pera ; a game of whist rendered them a worse service still at Belgrade.

Though unwilling, and fearful of permitting

their women to assume the style of life of the Franks, or even to frequent the Frank families, the men of the Tinghir-Oglus, as we have already remarked, and of one or two other wealthy Armenian houses, particularly the younger branches of them, had contracted an attachment to the pleasures of European society, and would frequently go abroad and indulge in them, leaving their wives or female relatives shut up at home in oriental privacy, monotony, and dulness.

The chief attraction to these sons of Haï, was not of a very pure or elevated character ; it was play ; and whist and *écarté* were the spells that bound them often to a late hour, among the less regular and less formal Franks, who for the chance of winning their mahmoodiers, would put up with the grossness of their manners—their calpacks, long dresses, and

boring conversation, or (what was more general,) their dull silence.

A brother and two cousins of Veronica had been particularly distinguished by these European frequentations, and the pleasures they had enjoyed the past winter in Pera, could be revived here, as more than one foreign merchant had taken up his abode for the spring in the forest of Belgrade, and dryads and hamadryads, turtle-doves, and nightingales, stood no chance in their estimation, with tricks and points, and "*je marque le roi.*"

The very evening of Veronica's misadventure in the woods, there was a large whist party, composed of all the resident Europeans, and of certain visitors from Pera.

On entering the room, the kinsmen of Veronica heard an animated discussion that had just begun, and as it was in French, one of

them who understood a little of that language, presently picked up a few particulars that interested him much, as they referred to events which had so recently introduced fresh uneasiness into his family.

One of the party had asked who was that handsome Frank stranger that had been of late met frequently in the road between Constantinople and Belgrade. Nobody knew ; but several said they had seen a young man well mounted, arrive at the village, where he never appeared among them. He always came in the dusk of the evening. Who could he be ? For some time each had supposed he must be a visitor in the family of some one of his neighbours ; but on thus comparing notes—and all the Franks were present—they found that the galloping gallant was known to none of them.

Here must be a mystery! The alarm of such as had handsome wives, and grown up daughters—the curiosity of *all* were excited.

“I tell you what it is, gentlemen,” said a sturdy little drogoman, who had just arrived and listened to the conversation, “there’s a plot and a conspiracy carrying on against some of us here, and we must look to it. I have just seen him myself!”

“Who is he—who is he?” cried nearly every voice present at once, “you, drogoman, know every body!”

“I believe I do,” said the little man, complacently twitching up his aspiring shirt-collar, “I believe I do—that is, all the *comme il faut* and *de bonne société* people and——”

“Then who is he—who is he?”

“That’s what I can’t tell, and there’s the mystery and the mischief of it,” replied the

drogoman. “As I was arriving about an hour ago, and coming down the green path, close by the bendt, a man in the Frank costume rushed out of the thickets, a short distance before my horse’s head: from his figure and dress I thought it was our friend T. here; I shouted out ‘*Sair ola effendi*,’ and called after him by name;⁽¹³⁾ he did not stop, nor turn his head, but walked faster on. Still thinking it must be T. I trotted after him; I wanted to know what the devil he could be doing there alone, and at such a time. When, mark ye, as I came up with the figure he turned round and shewed me a face I had never before seen—that is, with a hat over it; for I think it has met my eye before somewhere or other under a turban, and looking so angry and so wild, that—I just stopped and let him go about his business!”

“Very strange!” said the bachelors of the party.

“Very ill-looking and alarming,” said the husbands and fathers.

“Let us cut for partners,” cried the master of the house, who stood in neither of the capacities last mentioned. “What is it to us who he is—can’t a man in the Frank dress come to Belgrade, and walk in the woods by night—and drown himself in the bendt if he chooses, without our interfering?”

“It is not to drown himself that he is here,” said the drogoman; “but I will clear up this mystery—I will go to the Aghà’s to-morrow morning, and if this man in the blue coat does not declare himself in a satisfactory manner, the Turks shall rid the village of him.” (Here he looked at the card he had drawn.) “Hem! knave! I’m with *you*, my friend! Twelve

piastre points, and shorts. Your deal ! hem !”
(The dealer distributed the pasteboard arbiters of fortune.) “ The respectability and morals of our families—damn the cards ! what a hand !—are not to be exposed during our absence on our business at Pera and Galata to people who hide in woods, and whom nobody knows. I’ll take care——”

“ I wish you would take care how you play,” cried the drogoman’s impatient partner, “ you have trumped my suit.”

Here the discussion ended ; the drogoman, who loved play as much as wife and home, was soon absorbed in the intricacies of whist, in his own very peculiar calculations that sat Hoyle at defiance, and thought no more for the present of the mysterious and perilous stranger.

The next morning, however, he kept his resolution, and as soon as he “ had made him-

self smart," he posted up to the Turkish Aghà, who chanced to be in the village at the time.

The Osmanli was seated on a low dirty divan, in a miserable creaking kiosk, that looked over the village, the artificial lake, and the woods.

The little drogoman entered, with his chin kept at an elevated angle by the breadth and stiffness of his cravat, and his broad but short bust, tightened up in a spruce blue coat, and shining brass buttons—for he was not of those interpreters who wear beneeshes and petticoats.

Turks do not rise to receive visitors ; and such is their exclusiveness and contempt of Christians, that even when most disposed to civility, they never use with them the salutations and compliments they employ among themselves, but recur to a colder—an inferior style. ⁽¹⁴⁾ This interchange of minor compli-

ment having been gone through, the drogoman propounded his business, and after explaining the cause of his alarm, finished with a flourish of trumpets about wives and daughters.

The Turk was silent—the drogoman twitched up his shirt-collar—the Aghà stroked his beard—the drogoman played with his long watch chain and bundle of seals, that in good taste dangled down the front of his nether garments—the Aghà passed in seeming listlessness, the fragrant beads of his colombojo through his fingers.⁽¹⁵⁾ Both were dignified personages in their own estimation, and were putting on all their importance at the moment; but it would have been amusing to mark the contrast offered by the sedate fixedness and immobility of countenance in the Turk, and the restlessness of feature and member, and the too apparent efforts at grandiosity in the Frank.

The chibookdji made his appearance, with a pipe for host and guest, and for some moments smoke, instead of words, rolled from their lips. At last the Aghà having sent a tremendous cloud through his nostrils, spoke—

“But you say this same person wears a *thing* like that,” (it was disrespectful, but he pointed to the drogoman’s blue coat and yellow buttons,) “is he not one of you, and out of my jurisdiction?”

“He is not of *us*,” replied the mystery searcher, “he is no respectable Frank, or *we* should know him. Hark ye, Aghà, you may have him seized, and examined, and make something out of him, in the way of fine; but if you neglect your own interests, and our protection—we have three drogomanesses here!—I will go and lodge a complaint at the Porte, and bring the bostandjis down to examine the matter!”

The Turk might have felt offence, but he did not shew it; he counted two or three more beads of his colombojo, and then clapped his hands. An attendant hastened at the summons.

“Sinan, go and bid the Greek primate into my presence; he is the proper man to know about this business, and if he does not, why his heels and his purse shall pay for it,” said the Aghà, who had been directed into this very just course, by the drogoman’s mentioning profit and fine.

The servant went his way, and presently returned with the primate of the village, who, having left his slippers at the door, advanced and stood before the Aghà, with his arms crossed on his breast.

The Turk raised his heavy large black eyes to the Greek, and coldly enquired, “pray who is that shaitan-culy⁽¹⁶⁾ that is disturbing

the tranquillity of the village here, and causing me such a deal of trouble? And what do you think will become of your mother's son for harbouring a set of——”

“ Pardon me for interrupting, and let me drop a word into your mighty ear,” said the Greek, who without waiting for a reply, but in a cringing manner, went close up to the Aghà on the divan.

The drogoman saw that, besides dropping something into the Aghà's ear, he dropt something into his hand—which was most efficacious we will not determine, but the Turk smiled graciously, and muttering “ Aiyala ! ” pointed to the drogoman.

The Greek primate understood his cue, and stepping across the kiosk, and putting his mouth to the ear of him of the shirt-collar and blue coat, whispered “ peace be with you

and yours, Chelibi"—the stranger is Prince Constantine Ghika, you know his story—what are the Armenians to you?"

"The Prince!" said the little drogoman, "is it though!—aye, to be sure it must be he, and what fools we have all been not to guess that before—I will not spoil his pastime, I like a little fun myself!"

He then told the Aghà that he was perfectly satisfied. The Turk murmured "Allah-kherim!" an attendant brought in two tiny cups of coffee, (the Greek not being included in the hospitality) and they being finished, the drogoman rose from the dirty sofa, pulled his coat-tail one way and his shirt-collar another, made his salam, and finished the important audience.

He might have wished as he went homeward that he had not treated the Turk with an

exposure of the little confidence Franks had in their wives and daughters, and when he reported his discovery to his European friends, he assured them that he had thought all along, it could only be the enterprising Ghika.

All these people were far too goodnatured to interfere with an intrigue that did not concern their own families, however averse to it themselves, they could enjoy the teasing of the Armenians, and agreed to keep the Prince's secret—though the little drogoman, jealous perhaps of Constantine's blue coat and brass buttons, affirmed, that the Greek had done wrong to compromise the dignity of the Frank costume.

The secret of the Prince's disguise had however transpired quite enough in the conversation of the preceding evening.

On hearing of the mysterious apparition of a

person in the Frank dress, unknown to all the Franks, Veronica's sagacious kinsmen had determined it could be no other than their old persecutor ; and the adventure in the wood that very evening confirmed them in their belief. They made a report in conformity, after which it was decided in a family council, that measures more rigorous than ever should be resorted to.

Constantine meanwhile had returned to Pera, fearing indeed that some interruption of communication might follow their late imprudence or misfortune, but still hoping that his well planned disguises would remain undiscovered, and give him further opportunities of seeing or corresponding with Veronica.

CHAPTER IV.

THE very first visit the Prince paid to his cottage of love in the forest, undeceived him, and convinced him that matters were worse than he could have imagined.

All access and egress in the Armenian house were managed in the cautious watchful mode resorted to by a timid garrison beset by enterprising and artful foes. The Greek shepherd boy, the purveyor of lactean luxuries, was driven from the door, where indeed not a human being—no not so much as a dog, except what belonged to the house, was permitted to enter.

The domestics of the establishment, fortified

in virtuous resolutions by the worldly threats of their masters, and the spiritual admonitions of the priests, were never permitted to go out into the village, save on the most pressing occasions, and when they did, lest loss of place in this world, and the gaining of bad ones in the next, should be unable to resist the temptation and well-known liberality of that arch enemy, Constantine, the eyes of some individual of the family followed them, and watched their proceedings.

As to Veronica, she was almost kept a close prisoner in her chamber, or when permitted, for the sake of her health, to walk in a little garden at the back of the house, she was accompanied by nearly the whole family, priests and all, whilst a couple of servants stood centinel on the outside of the walks to give notice of any hostile approach.

All this was sad news, but the Prince was too far gone in love to think of receding. Indeed, it was part of his character that the irritation produced by each fresh obstacle, should resolve itself into fresh energies, and the determination to persevere, and to overcome them. His visits to Belgrade could not now offer the hope of being either very useful or very pleasureable; but an attractive spell, stronger than the loadstone rock that drew the iron bindings from the ship in the Arabian Nights, drew him and bound him to the sylvan village; and the greater part of his time continued to be spent there, or to and fro, on the solitary road between it and Constantinople.

His Frank disguise was relinquished, as being no longer of any use, and as his presence there could no longer be a secret, he walked or

rode about the forest in his own eastern costume. His passion had before, and for long periods, nourished itself on trifles, but now weeks past and nothing adventitious came to its aid.

Such constancy deserved a carrying pigeon from Cnidus, and the vehicle that at last conveyed a brief token of enduring love, was scarcely less poetical and consonant.

One morning as with impatient spirit he past at early dawn before the seraff's house, a luxuriant rose fell at his feet; ⁽¹⁾ he picked up the flower and raised his head to see whence it came—he saw a small white hand waving in a trelliced window of the upper apartment—it immediately disappeared; but on bringing the rose to his lips, he found a minute scrap of paper within the folds of its rich and fragrant leaves.

The note contained but a few words—a hint at the persecution she was enduring; her resolution, and her assurance of increasing affection.

We have mentioned how Constantine's adventures, which had given him, in the eyes of the Armenians, the character of a devil, had gained him, in the minds of some of the Europeans at Pera, the reputation of being a smart, clever, gallant fellow, whose society was worth courting.

Several of these gentlemen now frequented Belgrade, and as soon as the Prince discovered himself, they were happy to invite him to their houses, or to have him to make one of their frequent festive parties. Sometimes, though not often, he would join these gay Franks, and having all the dread of a Greek for ridicule and bantering, and a Greek's love of display

and elasticity of temper, he would assume a gaiety whose falseness and hollowness his solitary moments but too well proved.

Besides these Franks, there were some Greeks in the village—the family of the Prince S——, with whom also he occasionally associated.

Returning one evening with these friends from a walk round the bendt, or beautiful artificial lake, so often mentioned, he chanced, unluckily for the feelings of one within, to pass by the Armenian's house whilst in one of the brightest moods of his assumed gaiety; and more unlucky still, he was walking at the time by the side of a handsome young person, the heroine of a former love adventure, and of the tale he had the pleasure of overhearing at Kandilly, as turned to his discredit by Veronica's gossiping aunts.

Perhaps, too, at the moment, there was matter more offensive to the jealous eye of love, than his ill-timed cheerfulness, in the manners and demeanour of Constantine, who might have felt at the moment something of the curious, mixed feeling, difficult to describe, but which many may have experienced, when brought in contact with a former favourite, the idol of the imagination or the heart, though she be such no longer, and her place is occupied by another.

Whatever might have been the nature of what she saw, the short glance she caught from behind her grated window, was fatal to the peace, and almost to the life of Veronica.

Confined, cooped up, watched, and persecuted from morning till night by her family and her family's advisers, with the fire of a youthful passion, eastern and intense, preying

upon her heart, her health had again suffered, and it was not surprising that with this super-addition—with the pangs of jealousy—she should retire from the ill omened window, with distraction in her mind and fever in her veins.

That night she grew worse; her mind, which had several times verged to distraction, from the incessant annoyances alluded to, now completely failed her, as the fever increased in violence.

The next morning the parents saw their child in a state of phrensy, which the violence of the fever threatened soon to still in the repose of death!

Veronica, the fairest of her race, was the favourite child—her present condition might reproach them, yet such was the bigotry of the Armenians, that they would probably have

seen her descend to the grave in her youth, her beauty, and her gracefulness, rather than unite her with the schismatic Greek.

The danger attending such an unusual connexion as that of the family of an Armenian Seraff with a Greek Hospodar—the fear of the Turks—all mundane considerations might have given way, but the spiritual held strong. In their fanatical creed a union with a heretic would endanger her soul's safety, and it were better to weep over the sod that covered her, than to permit her to enter on the path that led to eternal perdition. They did not neglect however, the means of preserving her "mortal coil," and one of the family was dispatched in all haste to summon a European physician from Pera.

The derangement of Veronica's mind—her ravings but too plainly disclosed the origin of

her perilous malady : she called on the name of Constantine, at times most tenderly, and at times reproachingly : in her more violent accesses, she drew her burning hands over her throbbing eyes and brow, and supplicated, if pity remained in the world, that they would drive away the intruder that glared upon her and burned up her brain—that they would chase the form of that beautiful Greek girl, her rival—away there ! from the foot of her bed, where she stood mocking her with her triumph !

At intervals her disorder rose to the wildest pitch of madness, and it was fearful to behold that youthful maniac, that delicate frail form, writhing, bounding with a giant's strength.

Her shrieks were heard in the village ; and at a later hour in the day, when Constantine returned from Pera, whither he had gone in

the morning, he was apprised of the dreadful crisis which, though unwittingly, he had provoked.

At the intelligence he became almost as distraught as she ; nor could the representations of his friends, who really felt for his condition, and dreaded what might be the effects of his despair, prevent him from going to the Armenian house, where he vowed he would see Veronica if the sight cost him the lives of half her race.

He flew to the door—without summoning, he burst it open from its weak latch, with his shoulder, and entered the hall. The attendants who were there ran away affrighted and screaming. He rushed up the stairs.

In the corridor, and before the door of the sick chamber, the father, the uncle, the brothers, and cousins, and a host of females,

though trembling and speechless, had posted themselves, and seemed to form an impenetrable wall to his farther progress.

“ Make way,” cried he, in a voice of thunder, “ make way, and do not tempt a desperate man ; I will see Veronica whom I love—whom you are killing !”

“ Rash youth,” said old Agop, “ retire, or dread the consequences of this violence—we are not to be treated thus with impunity ; I will lay my complaint before the Porte !”

“ I defy its anger ! I would risk the wrath of a host of demons ; but I will see my Veronica !” cried the Prince.

“ Young man, again I say retire ! have you not brought mischief enough on us already ? The daughter of our house is in a dying state, and you are the cause ! What further have you to do with her or us ?” said old Agop.

At this moment a piercing cry—a thrilling exclamation—his name—reached the ear of Constantine from the sick room—it roused him to utter madness, and, drawing a brace of pistols from his breast, he swore to shoot the first who should attempt to stop his way. His voice and gesture were sufficient to terrify the timid Armenians, and, at the sight of the fire-arms, they all took to flight.

He rushed into Veronica's chamber, where his entrance sent Padre Tiraborsa, who, never valiant, had preferred remaining by the patient, to seek for concealment under the bed, whilst two sturdy Armenian maid-servants abandoned their charge in alarm, and took refuge in the gazebo, or projecting window.

But what a sight presented itself to the eyes of the lover! She whom he had seen so lately in the possession of health, and in the

touching placidity and softness peculiar to her sex and time of life, was now consumed by fever of mind and body—furious and maniac as the worst inmate he had ever beheld at the Timar-hané,⁽²⁾ or madhouses of Stamboul. Her delicate, graceful frame was stiffened and distorted; her eyes were haggard and blood-shot, and her over-fraught veins shewed like hard blue cords through her thin and transparent skin, that glowed as liquid fire.

Constantine was cut to the soul, but it was still worse with him when, on approaching her, and addressing her in the terms of tenderness and love, he saw that she did not know him. And of all the agonizing incidents of madness, the worst is certainly this! the most penetrating and awful! To see the maniacs repulse the objects of their heart's warmest affections, and to shrink from the approach

of a father, a mother, a fond husband, or wife—their very offspring, and their bosom friend, as from a deadly foe, or persecuting fiend !

Veronica threw herself from the couch on the ground, and burying her face in her hands, exclaimed wildly, “ Why are you here again ? Why do you haunt me thus ? Is it not enough that you have deprived me of my Constantine ? Must you still come to triumph over me ? Oh, is there no mercy in this wide world to chase this beautiful Greek from my presence ? ”

“ Veronica, my life ! my soul ! It is I ! your Constantine, your adorer—your tried and faithful lover ! ” and he stooped to raise her from the floor.

When she felt herself in his embrace, her frenzy increased ; she uttered the most piercing shrieks, and his whole strength was required

to prevent her bursting from his arms and rushing out into the corridor.

Fortunately, at this moment the European physician arrived; he knew the Prince, and the condition he found him in was such as to awaken as much sympathy for him as for the Armenian maiden. He reasoned mildly and humanely with him, and begged him to depart from a spot where his presence could be productive only of evil.

Constantine resigned the suffering girl to the doctor, and to some servants and relations, who now had found courage to enter the room—but he would not go away. He stood by the side of the bed while the physician attended to Veronica, and questioned her terrified family; and it was not until that friendly man had consoled him with hopes, and used persuasions and gentle force, that he would

quit the room, in which he was considered as the cause of all that woe.

The violent passion of grief, though it shapes for the suffering bosom ten thousands of arrows, and acts in infinite variety, is monotonous in description. We will not attempt to tell what Constantine suffered, but hasten to the moment when those sufferings were alleviated, and he was again permitted to look forward through the dusky avenues of life, with love and hope.

A lady, a native of the country, but possessed of European education and ideas, chanced to be at Belgrade. She was connected with the Armenian family of the seraffs, and at times visited in their house. On the alarming illness of Veronica, *her* favourite, as she was of all who knew her, this lady was assiduous; and feeling as she did for the young

Greek, whom she also knew, and saw in a state bordering on distraction, she reported to him the improvements of his mistress's malady as they took place, and in a few days was happy to tell that the sufferer was out of danger, and restored to reason.

But her mediation was more valuable still on the other side : she had heard the jealous ravings of Veronica ; she had seen Constantine, and his despair ; she knew how unfounded were the maddening doubts, which if they had not *solely* produced the malady, had hastened it on, and given it violence ; and when her young friend was sufficiently recovered to comprehend the import of her words, she cheered her with assurances of constancy, and of a passion that knew no bounds.

She was aware of the obstacles that existed in the Armenian family, and knew they

would never permit that “true love to run smooth;” she might at times, have doubted of the propriety of acting as she did, but she could not see the sufferer suffer as she did, and withhold the words, that she felt would operate like medicinal balm.

Their effect was even more prompt than she could have imagined. From the moment she had told her sincere tale to her friend, who hung on her neck, and with tears and kisses called her, her deliverer, Veronica began rapidly to amend. The mind—her passionate heart—had generated the evil, and it now worked the cure.

Her attenuated form recovered strength, and her eyes their brightness—she was happy!—but frequently in the sweet but melancholy languor of convalescence, she almost wished to die—to die, with the consciousness of *his* love

strong upon her—to avoid pangs like those she had just suffered, and the trials and uncertainty of the future. And the season, the beauteous scenery around her, and all the objects we have attempted to describe, as cherishing love, might have contributed, in the susceptible frame of mind she was in, to rob death of its terrors, and to beautify the grave. The green sward, and the enamelling flowers—the warm, lifeful sun, and the balmy breeze, were a veil of loveliness to conceal the cold, the damp, and the darkness of the tomb. Horror could not exist there ! And would not the incessant choir of turtle-doves tune their sweet and mournful anthem over her, and the nightingale pour forth her essence in matchless melody, in the thicket, by her last quiet resting place ? Weak as she was, how slight and brief would be the struggle, in the passage from life to death !

She felt almost, as if by volition she could breathe forth her soul, on the golden evening air that invested the glorious forest with hues which seemed dipped in the founts of heaven. The ripple echoing from the lake, the murmur among the trees, was not more gentle than might be the sigh with which she could cease to be ! And in sooth such a death might be more desirable than length of days, with certain sorrow—disappointment—and, perhaps, with sin ! It is only in youth we feel this enamourment of death—as life progresses, we are entangled in its toils—we have fame, or some other bauble, to acquire or to preserve—we may have become responsible for the existence of others—the worldly hopes, though they have betrayed so often, still delude us ; and the confiding spirit, the reliance on heavenly mercy, has given way to doubt and alarm, in

proportion as we have departed from youth's purity. The susceptibility, moreover, to the beauty of external objects, is gone—that exquisite susceptibility which forms the charm of early life, and whose impressions and remembrances are the source of all the genius and the poetry that may result from the efforts of our after-years.⁽³⁾

But even in youth these feelings are fleeting, and the instincts of the body seldom fail to expel the dreams and aspirations of the soul.

CHAPTER V.

VERONICA grew daily better, and as the intimation of the Prince's constancy had renewed her relish for life, an occasional billet, which he found the means of conveying to her through a friendly hand, invigorated her spirits and health.

Some of Constantine's notes, written at this very interesting period, were afterwards seen by certain persons, who could unravel their double difficulties. The impression they made on the minds of the readers must have been

deep, for at the distance of a considerable time they have been seen affected to tears by their recollection.

We may regret that we do not possess some of these epistles, and the keys to them, as, though expressed in Turkish, which will scarcely be deemed the fittest vehicle for such feelings, and though scrawled in the stiff angular Armenian character, these eastern love-letters might surpass the cherished specimens we have of that style, and make Rousseau appear passionless and pedantic, and Mirabeau cold and without sentiment.

By means of this re-established communication, for the person who took, received, and Veronica's reply, though generally containing but a few hurried words, was regular to each letter, Constantine was duly informed of her progressive amendment, and of all that in-

terested him in the Armenian house. Some of the sketches, in these notes, of her own condition were interesting and sad enough, whilst they conveyed a striking picture of the machinery that bigotry could resort to.

As soon as Veronica grew better, the fears for her life gave place to apprehensions of the Prince, and her family had scarcely taken more care to save the one, than they now took to preserve her and themselves from the other. During the day she was scarcely ever free from persecution, and at night she was not left to herself; an old sister, and a starch female cousin who had both (as already mentioned,) renounced the vanities of this world—who, though living in the bosom of their family, had adopted the dress and the penitential severities of a rigid monastic order, and had fallen into the utmost depths of

fanaticism—slept one on each side of her, and were as assiduous in her ear, as the Franciscan monks who accompany the stupified culprit to the place of execution.⁽¹⁾

At the foot of her bed was a large wooden crucifix, whose writhed attitude, agonized expression, and blood-stained members, were exposed by the dim light of a lamp that burned continually beneath it. A figure of the Madonna, with seven real daggers with golden hilts stuck in her bosom, to represent the seven mortal pangs of the Virgin mother, stood in a glass-case on one side of the room, and a picture of the woes of purgatory, with another of San Lorenzo on the gridiron, with devils blowing the coals under him, faced it on the other side.

The mind of Veronica we have said was strong—her passion for her schismatic lover

was intense ; but still with her susceptibility of outward impressions, it will not seem extraordinary if when in her sleepless nights, she cast her eyes on the horrid objects around her, and the spiritual admonitions of the day recurred to her, she should shudder and at times be lost in vague, wild fears.

To free herself from her intolerable annoyances—perhaps with a hope of softening her obdurate relations—she feigned a degree of mental alienation ; but the continuance of the persecution and the impression made on her delicate nerves by objects from which there was no escape, at last, for certain periods, rendered the melancholy condition real, and her madness, like that of Hamlet, was in part assumed and in part sincere. Neither state, however, tended to the desired end ; the mind by which the Armenian family felt and rea-

soned—the catholic priest—was as determined as ever, and Padre Tiraborsa insisted on the efficacy of his art to expel the evil spirit from the bosom of the maiden.

That spirit was love; but the Armenians really expected to see him take his flight from the mouth of Veronica in the shape of a devil, with the accompaniment of sulphur and blue flames.

At a short distance from the seraff's house there stood a shady tree of the densest foliage. As Veronica gained strength she was sometimes permitted to walk well attended, and to repose under the shade of that tree, which, like those in the more eastern garden of Sultan Shahriar, ⁽²⁾ bore strange fruit—though of somewhat better quality than the Sultan's.

Constantine was often there, waiting long hours for the happy moment, hid in the thick

branches ; and from the turn the conversation almost invariably took, Veronica, aware of his concealment, could gladden his ears with delightful assurances, and spirited protestations against the obstinate cruelty of her family. There was much that was *piquant* in these sylvan dialogues, particularly when, as would often happen, Veronica, in reply to the representations of her friends, would vow that their efforts were all useless—that she would love the Prince, and none but him, until death—and that if he were there she would tell him so !

During all these irregular proceedings the seasons kept their course with their wonted regularity ; summer had come on, and the heats of June, so delightfully mitigated on the neighbouring banks of the Bosphorus, are felt less pleasantly at Belgrade.

The fear of fever and ague had already driven away most of the Europeans and other visitors. The illness and weakness of Veronica, with some other circumstances, had delayed the departure of the seraffs. There was a sort of poetical justice dealt out in this detention, for where they had caused two persons to suffer so incalculably, two of them caught the malaria fever, with its pleasant alternations of cold and hot.

It was on the lovely morning of a day which will henceforward be celebrated in the Ottoman annals, as the Armenian family were thinking to change at length their place of abode for a more healthy one, that a messenger arrived at their door, whose steaming horse told the speed at which he had ridden, while the anxious expression of his countenance betrayed the importance of his mission.

The courier was no other than our old friend Melkon, and, strange as it was, he was again employed by the Armenian family, whom he had so exceedingly irritated; but for this very simple reason—that the Seraff Yussuff, whose message he bore, could find no one else at such a moment, with courage enough to leave Pera, (whither the banker had gone the preceding day,) and to undertake the journey. Melkon had an abundant share of impudence at all times, and now the nature of the news he bore, made him face his former employers without one blush at the thoughts of his detection and expulsion as a bearer of clandestine billets-doux.

“Sair-ola!” (may it be well with you) cried he, presenting himself to the family, who were nursing his friend, young Agop, then making the wooden house shake with the cold fit

of his fever. "Sair-ola ! but, sirs and ladies, if you would not all have your throats cut, you must be up and moving—inshallah !"

"What does the man mean ?" cried Veronica's aunt, in great alarm.

"What new mischief—the Prince ?" said old Agop.

"The Janissaries," said Melkon, interrupting him.

"The Lord have mercy upon us ! what of the Janissaries ?" cried the family with one voice.

"Nothing—only there is such a jourbalik ⁽³⁾ among them as Stamboul has not seen since the last days of the Bairactar—that's all !" replied the suridji.

"Misericordia ! But what are they doing ? Yesterday Yussuf went to the Porte—they have not killed him ?" cried the banker's wife.

“Dead men write no letters, and here is one from Seraff Yussuf,” said Melkon, fumbling in the breast of his garment, and producing a short scroll.

“It is true, it is too true,” said Veronica’s male cousins, glancing their eyes over the short letter “the Janissaries have risen against the Sultan, and Constantinople is in flames. We are exposed and unprotected in this village—should they be beaten and driven out of the city, they will over-run the country, and destroy all they encounter. We are ordered by our father to return to Pera, which is tranquil, and is likely to continue so—without losing a moment’s time.”

Padre Tiraborsa had gone to Pera several days before, having no taste for the fever at Belgrade, but the native Armenian priest was there, and exclaimed, “May all the Saints

protect us ! or we shall meet the Turks on the road, and they will make kibaubs of every woman's son and daughter of us !”

“The blood that is to flow will not remain in the vein,”⁽⁴⁾ said the philosophic horse-jockey, “but we have a chance of getting to Pera before they have finished cutting one another's throats in Stamboul—the sleeve of Hadji-bekdash will surely not be driven in an hour out of its strong hold—when I left, the Janissaries were still carrying about their pilaff kettles,⁽⁵⁾ and gathering together from all quarters—surely they will make a stand for it. Bestir yourselves, and we shall be housed in Pera before either party win or lose.”

“The man speaks the words of reason,” said some of his interlocutors, and orders were immediately given to prepare for flight.

The greatest confusion ensued—the different members of the family, and the servants, male and female, ran wildly about to get things ready; even young Agop had forgotten his fever, and was stirring—and in short, the whole house appeared as if a fire had burst out in some part of it.

Dresses and shawls, pipes, and images of saints, gold coffee-cups, and rosaries, bags of sequins and bags of coffee, were all bundled up together in heaps strangely promiscuous; and in their hurry, the servants, who were tumbling over one another, left some of the most valuable objects in the house behind them, and carefully packed up others that were not worth a pinch of paras.

As the news of what was passing at Constantinople soon spread from the Armenian house through the village, and as several other

persons thought it prudent to repair to the Christian suburbs of the city, the means of conveyance that could be furnished, fell rather short; and except three good horses the bankers had in their own stable, they were not calculated for speed.

An arubà drawn by a pair of grim-looking black buffaloes, a charcoal burner's horse, blind and broken kneed, and half a dozen of donkeys, were all that could be procured.

Veronica, the females of the family, and the sick, crammed themselves into the jolting waggon. Old Agop, with a son and a nephew, mounted the horses—the women servants the asses—and the rest followed on foot.

As they departed from the village, they were joined by the others, who were starting on just as short a note of preparation. They crowded close together on their way, like a flock of

frightened sheep, and with just as little idea of defence in case of an attack; indeed, the only effect of their uniting was to magnify the danger, and increase the general fear, each person giving and receiving a portion of alarm—and all spreading through the company.

On emerging from the forest, they cast their eyes fearfully over the wide heath that lay between them and Stamboul. Every distant flock or herd appeared to them an enraged band of Janissaries, the dwarf trees waving in the breeze, seemed flying Turks, and the wild flowers that bloomed in the far off brake, with bright hues, yellow and purple, looked like Osmanli turbans. Nor was the conversation of Melkon, who rode forward with the gentlemen, at all calculated to give courage to the party.

When he left Pera nothing of what was

passing on the other side of the Golden Horn was known correctly, but the most horrid reports obtained ready belief.

The system which Sultan Mahmood had long been pursuing, his severity to the Janissaries, and the attempt he was making to establish the Nizam-djedid—an attempt that had cost his cousin, the Sultan Selim, his life—must, it was felt, produce a general insurrection of the established corps—and such indeed had long been expected. The strength of the Sultan's party was also understood; and, come when it would, the contest must be a bloody one.

The news from the other side of the water, that had reached Melkon before he departed from the christian hill was, that the Janissaries had cut their Aghà, or chief, and their principal officers, whom they suspected of treachery, into a

thousand pieces ; he had seen with his own eyes the flames bursting from the Porte or the palace of government, and had been informed that they were in entire possession of the city with their principal body, many thousand strong, drawn up in the great square of the Etmeidan, in the rear of their reversed kettles.

On the other side, however, Melkon had heard the rattling of the artillery as it crossed the square of Tophana, to be embarked ; he had seen the harbour in possession of the gali-ondjis, and the dreaded Agha-Pasha descending the Bosphorus with a tremendous force.

What was more, too, he had seen the mass of Turkish people, and even many of those whom he had been wont to consider staunch friends, or even members of the Janissary association, rallying round those who were calling on the faithful to rise for the defence of the

Hounkear and the Khoran—for with the general conviction of its importance, and disregard of its spirit, each party invoked religion on its side.

The last circumstance of the popular disaffection to their cause, boded ill for the fate of the Janissaries, and should they be routed and driven from the city, of what excesses would not those desperate men be capable ! It were better to encounter a troop of unmuzzled lions,⁽⁶⁾ than for christians and rayahs to fall in with the defeated Janissaries.

With this conviction, which was reasonable enough, it may be imagined how the timid party from Belgrade journeyed on, and with what feelings when about half-way on the road, they saw three turbaned horsemen plunge down the hollow along which they were creeping, and make towards them at a furious gallop. The

three bold men and true, who were mounted on horses, struck their stirrups into their flanks and fairly ran off, leaving the arubà and the donkeys, and those they carried, as *spolia opima* to the pursuers, who could be no others than Janissaries on stolen horses—devils incarnate !

Our little friend the hunchback had more courage and better sight ; he stayed by the arubà, and presently recognised in one of the rapidly advancing horsemen—the Prince !

Constantine had been at Pera from the beginning of the movements, which were to end in a catastrophe of blood and horror but rarely paralleled even in the history of the faithful. He had stayed anxiously waiting the events of the day at the Christian suburbs, which though only separated by the Golden Horn—a breadth of half a mile—from the

scene of the deadly combat—was perfectly quiet, nor, save the smoke and flames that rose from the conflagration in Constantinople, and the roar of the two guns fired by Karadjehennem, or Black Hell, who decided the business by this duet of grape-shot, was any thing seen or heard to intimate that infuriated thousands had met to deal death on each other, and to change the fate of an empire.⁽⁷⁾

After that firing, indeed, a shout or roar of voices was heard, but that soon waxed fainter, and died away in distance. The bayonet, the yataghan, the scimitar, are silent weapons, and they mainly did the rest of the day's butchery.

When Constantine ascertained the turn affairs had taken, and that many of the Janissaries were flying from the walls of the city and the upper end of the port into the open country, he

could not but think of the defenceless village of Belgrade—of Veronica : and though as a Greek, and a wealthy one, he must be peculiarly obnoxious to the maddened Turks, he despised the considerations of his own safety, and determined to repair to the forest.

It was not without difficulty that he made his two cavazes⁽⁸⁾ accompany him, for those sturdy Osmanlis, who had joined neither of the parties of the day, but had stayed within doors all the while patiently smoking their chibooks and ejaculating from time to time, “ baccalum !” “ baccalum !” were not desirous of encountering the partisans of either faction.

The Prince came up to the Armenian party with a graceful salam, and so glad were they that he was not a Janissary, that though the very last person on other occasions they could have desired to see, they now almost bade him wel-

come. On his recognition by Melkon, the suridji had set up a shout after the fugitive seraffs, but it only made them gallop the faster, nor did they turn their heads until they had gained the ridge of a hill at a considerable distance—when they drew rein and looked back to see whether their friends were all murdered, and their pipes all stolen by the Janisseries.

Agreeably surprised to see their party jogging peaceably along with the three cavaliers riding at their head as if escorting them, the lion-eaters took courage to await their approach, to see of whom this adventitious reinforcement was composed.

“ By Jacob the patriarch !” exclaimed old Agop, “ ’tis that hot-headed youth of the Hospodar—“ what shall we say to him ?”

“ We had better be civil to him,” said his

son, "for he has his two cavazes with him, and they may be of some protection to us until we get to Pera, and then you know we can bid him good day."

"Civil demeanor is a virtue in man," quoth the old banker, still shaking in his saddle from his recent fright, "we will be courteous, my child, to the heretic."

The Prince rode up: the seraffs raised their hands to their foreheads, and deposited them on their breasts, giving the salutation of peace and goodwill; the Prince responded. A silence rather embarrassing then ensued. It was broken by the bankers asking about the jorbalik.

Constantine's information was of a nature to aggravate their apprehensions, and having given it concisely and respectfully he rode on in dead silence with the Armenians, only solacing himself with an occasional glance backwards,

at the tottering and creaking arubà that bore his heart's treasure.

So slow was their progress that the sun was sinking in the west before they came in sight of Constantinople, and lovely was the evening and enchanting the scene disclosed by his declining rays.

From a ridge of the heath, the travellers' eyes could discover the whole length of the city, with the domes of its innumerable mosques and their towering, slender, and gold-tipped minarets ; beyond the city, on one side spread the magnificent basin of the Propontis, and far across its tranquil expanse the snowy summit of Mount Olympus glittered in light ; a portion of the suburbs of Hasim-Pasha, and Pera, with its towers and the upper part of the cypresses of its cemetery, were discovered ; and the Golden Horn that divides those suburbs

from Stamboul, was seen in all its extent, from its contracted head, where it receives the sleepy waters of the Barbyzes, to where its waves sweep majestically round the Seraglio Point. Numerous large vessels lay at the mouth of that deep port—the most beautiful and commodious perhaps, that the world can offer ; innumerable caïks and light piàdes glanced rapid as thoughts, across its waters, which, illuminated by the evening sun, shone like a broad path of burnished gold.

Over all this scene of magic and beauty, was spread a glorious, clear, blue sky, without a cloud. The very essences of peace, of universal harmony, seemed diffused on every hand. The vast capital, with its uncounted thousands, sent not a sound to reach the distant ear, but the joyful wild bees murmured in the thymy heath, the linnet and the thrush carolled in

the furze and the bush, and occasionally a gentle breeze from the Euxine passed sighingly by—a tone of music to one sense—an impregnation of odour, from cypress groves, and myrtles, and flowers, to another.

There was nothing to tell of the crimes and violence of man, and it seemed a satire, and an insult, to suppose that he could interrupt the harmonies of nature, and abuse the fair gifts of a bountiful Providence! Could it be! in such a scene, with such a peaceful sky above them, that hot blood had welled from human veins, and, uniting in copiousness, was flowing like a river of hell into the waves of that placid frith, “making the green *one* red!”

Our party, however, as they approached nearer to the city, were made sensible of some of the horrors of the day. They saw at a distance a number of Turks running over the

heights of Daurt-Pasha and Ramed-Chiflik, and all their fears were renewed when shortly after a broken and scattered heap of fugitive Janissaries were observed advancing on their road.

There was no possibility of getting out of the path with the lumbering arubà, and the rencounter might appal the courageous. But alas for them ! the Janissaries had suffered so much themselves—ruin and despair so complete had fallen upon them, that even their energies for evil were paralyzed ; their former excesses were repressed by the impotency of despair ; they could not detach themselves from their own fate, and that death they had seen fall upon so many of their body, was before their eyes whichever way they turned.

As these lost men advanced, they presented a fearful spectacle to the eyes of the travellers.

Most of them wounded and hacked with the deep cutting Turkish blade,⁽⁹⁾ marked their path with large drops of blood; their faces were horribly begrimed with powder and smoke, mixed with perspiration and blood; their barbaric but picturesque attire was torn and rent; they had nearly all lost their caouks and besleeved bonnets, and, to a stranger's eye, their shaved heads, with only one lock of hair, which Mosleminn leave on the crown as a handle by which to be pulled up into Paradise,⁽¹⁰⁾ might have suggested the idea of their being a troop escaped after a dreadful affray from a mad-house.

Some of these fellows, with the wildest agony of fear depicted on their countenance, ran furiously on though no one pursued, and no distance, and no place could promise them an asylum against starvation, or the relentless

wrath of their Padishah. Some more seriously hurt, came on at a slower pace, turning round at every other step to see whether the blood-red hands of their victors were not behind them.

Though a crowd, though members of a vast and insolent association—though comrades, friends, ensnared in the same toils, and most assuredly running on to the same inevitable doom, there was not a sentence of advice or council ; no—scarcely so much as a word heard to drop from their pale lips. They were in the most abject state to which man can be reduced with all the baseness of his nature developed—utterly stupified by fear ! And were these the beings of audacious bearing and scornful front, that so long and so lately had held Constantinople in awe !

They rushed by the Prince and the trembling

Armenians without so much as noticing them by word or look.

As the party from Belgrade went on, they met many others of the defeated Janissaries, and among these there were some of the bolder spirits who might have been the last to fly, and whose numerous gushing wounds shewed how obstinately they had fought whilst they stayed. In several instances the unbandaged wounds offered to the disgusted sight the spectacle which horses in the bull-fight arenas of Spain have been seen to do—and this in our fellow creatures ! * * *

Some of these wretches, unable to move further, dropped down by the road-side, to await in agonies the slow approaches of death; others, who still dragged on, though slowly, would frequently turn round with the madness of hate flashing from their large black eyes, and shake

their clenched and blood-stained hands against Stamboul, whence in the evening air, fresh towering flames and dense volumes of smoke were now seen rising—the fire set by the victorious party to the immense barracks of the Janissaries.

These gestures were at times accompanied by horrid curses, but more generally by a silence more deeply striking than any modification of words and accents.

The degraded, stupified cowards that had passed, excited little of his sympathy, but Constantine's attention was riveted by these hardier souls; nor could he prevent himself from stopping on the road as he saw a Janissary of gigantic stature, who was slowly toiling along, drop down, and after a deep groan desire some friends who had hitherto supported him, to leave him to his fate—for he could die there.

This man wore the dress of an officer, he was one of the very few superiors of the Janissaries that had not been detached from the body, and gained over to the Sultan and the system of the Nizam-djedid, by the treachery and bribery which had been actively at work among them for many years, and had indeed prepared that day's catastrophe.

As Constantine reined up his horse, he recognized in the disfigured, fallen form of the gigantic Janissary, a certain Noured-Aghà, whom he had known in former times, and whose herculean proportions, beautiful, manly face, and thick black beard, had frequently excited the stripling's involuntary admiration, and envy. But there he lay in the dust; his voice of thunder softened to a moan, and his almost super-human strength, with scarce remains enough to raise his bare and muscular arm to

motion to his friends that they should leave him.

Some of those desperate fellows, casting a farewell glance at their chief, went on their way—but a certain affection—or respect, or awe, which the gigantic man imposed to the last on their barbarous minds, retained a few round the person of their chief, and after a long shuddering, as he seemed somewhat to revive, they proposed that he should rise from the ground, and they would carry him on, in their arms.

“It is of no avail, my friends,” said Noured, opening his eyes, which were glazed and ghastly, “my hour is come—I hear the angel of death rustling his black wings over my burning head!”

“Man knows not his destiny until it is accomplished, and while breath remains, there

is hope that Azrael has not received his warrant. Noured-Aghà was in as bad a state as this when he was dragged from the hoofs of the Muscove cavalry, in the plain before Shumla, and yet Noured has lived twelve years since then."

The dying man raised his head, and, after a tremendous effort, and a horrible rattling in his throat, he replied with a hoarse voice to his friends.

"Hark ye ! Twelve years ago my arm was broken by a Muscove bullet—the grape-shot that fell thick as hail, wounded me in trunk and limb—a ghiaour's bayonet threw me to the earth, and a troop of horse charged over me as I lay ! But twelve years ago I was the father of two bold boys—I had friends, I had hopes—but now !—Have I not seen this

morning my sons in manhood's pride—my brother—the friends that gathered under my roof, fall one by one by my side ! * * * * *

“Have we not seen ourselves deserted and betrayed, and does not triumphant treachery and revenge proclaim that our order—the glorious and the ancient—the order of Hadji-Bektash, is for ever annihilated, and a price set upon each of our heads ?”

Noured's voice, that had risen as he spoke, here failed him—his heavy eyelids dropped over his glazed eyeballs, and a convulsive movement through all his robust frame seemed to indicate that the last dread struggle was passing : but, to the surprise of all, he presently sprang to his feet, his eyes again glared with passions indescribable and awful—he outstretched both his arms towards Stamboul,

and exclaimed in tones that might recall the voice that had quelled some hearts in the enemies' ranks.

“Sultan Mahmood, traitor and caitiff, take my dying curse—my malediction for me and mine! The gaunt spectre—the embodied crimes of man, the accumulation of all the guilt he has committed, which offers itself to his sight as he is summoned by the dread trumpet of the angel Issrafil, ⁽¹¹⁾ from the quiet grave, at the last day of judgment, will to thy eyes assume a form and a magnitude too terrific and vast for thee to behold! The space between earth and sky will be too narrow to contain the embodiment of thy persecutions, thy infernal treachery, and thy murders—the spectre of thy guilt will wave one of its hands over the Nile and the Arabian deserts, and the other will reach to the de-

solated lands beyond the Danube! As thou sinkest to the burning pit of Ajehennem, its thousand tongued voice shall proclaim thy iniquities, and shout at thy eternal perdition! For this day's work again I curse, and curse thee!"

With these words—with this horrid imprecation on his lips, the gigantic Janissary fell to the earth like a column from its base, and expired.

The horror depicted on the countenances of his wild looking followers, was immeasurably increased. Before they went on their way and left his body to the wolves, to the dogs hungry as they, and to the birds of prey, they each cut off a small piece of his dress—and one, a nearer friend, perhaps, than the rest, detached a stripe of leather fastened round the upper part of his colossal arm by a buckle, contain-

ing the treasured passage from the Khoran—the amulet which was to preserve its wearer from evil eyes and evil fortunes.⁽¹²⁾ These sentimentalities, however, did not prevent them from securing his purse—his bright English watch in its shagreen case,⁽¹³⁾ his silver-sheathed yatagan, and richly-set pistols. These they divided among them, and ran off, little knowing how long they might preserve their treasures or their lives, or indeed whither they should go for a day's refuge.

The Prince, who had stood by during part of this horrible scene, now galloped on and joined the Armenians, who had proceeded under the escort of his two Turks. They met a few other fugitives, who passed them as quietly as the others had done; and at length reached Pera in safety, and rode through its long narrow street—a curious procession of

horses, asses, and arubà—to the door of the seraffs' residence.

During the latter part of the ride, scarcely a word had been exchanged between the Greek and the Armenians, but now, churlish as they were, they could not but thank him for his escort.

“For this day's service,” said old Agop, as he got out of his cumbrous saddle, “we remain your debtors, and now may peace be with you!”

The Prince slightly bowed his head, and turned to see the contents of the arubà as they discharged themselves after their perils and journeying; not much unlike the guests of Noah, when his ark, no longer careering on the stormy waves, rested by the mountain top, and permitted egress on terra-firma. Ere Veronica entered the house, she gently said—

"Constantine, again I thank you, and may heaven preserve you!"

The Prince laid his hand to his heart, and took the way to his dull lodgings, rejoicing in the safety of his mistress.

CHAPTER VI.

For days and weeks after the Armenians' return to Pera, the Janissaries, who made no stand after that fatal one in the Et-meidan, were seized by the unrelenting Sultan, dragged off to the castle on the Bosphorus, and there strangled or decapitated. The deep channel was a ready and capacious grave, and the rapid waves that flowed by the castle-walls and received their dead, were sure to bear them far away out of sight and scent of the Stamboulis, as we have explained in a preceding

part of this tale, in our description of the Roumili-hissar.

The executions were so numerous, that the hands of the scientific or professional men did not suffice, and a number of bunglers, devoid of the advantages of previous education and practice, were taken up and employed at the castles, to the no small annoyance of their patients; for it would not unfrequently happen, that a poor Janissary left as finished by one of these inexpert executioners, was not even half done, and would come to life in the dead cart, into which he was thrown with other bodies destined for the fishes, and so give the artist the trouble of doing his work over again—himself the anguish of again dying.⁽¹⁾

These sanguinary proceedings could not but strike with awe, and, for some time, the pleasant banks of the Bosphorus, principally their

scene, were abandoned by their summer residents. Orta-keui wept the absence of its Jews. Therapia was no longer enlivened by Frank dinners and breakfast parties; and the quay and valley of Buyukderé ceased to be haunted by the divinities of the place—the drogomans and the drogomanesses.

The paradise of Pera⁽²⁾ was full, but the unseasonable season was not one of gaiety; the Armenians of course kept closer and quieter than ever, and Constantine had to taste in its perfection the ennui inherent to the spot. The person, however, who had befriended him at Belgrade, served him at Pera, and an occasional interchange of letters kept up his spirits, and informed him of what happened to Veronica.

The denouement of the story, which is now hurrying in upon us, must be given with the same simplicity and succinctness with which it

happened. We have, perhaps, already detained the reader too long with lovers' hopes and fears, anxieties and sufferings—so much alike in all cases—so very interesting to those immediately concerned, and so very apt to set the rest of the world asleep. We therefore come at once to the pivot on which our catastrophe turns.

Veronica saw her family and friends inflexible; she could not expect that coming events should do any thing with them in favour of her passion. But that passion was stronger than ever; it absorbed her whole soul; life could not endure in the mode she had been living, and if it was long ere she came to the resolution, when once made, in a nature like hers, nothing could make her swerve from it—she determined at last to flee from her home—to abandon family and every thing—to be the

wife, the adoring, happy slave of the Greek Prince.

The letters of Constantine had long pressed this last and only practicable measure upon her, and when he received in a few short passion-breathing words the information that her mind was made up to it, his heart bounded with joy; and, regardless of the censure of parents and friends, of the difficulties and imagined degradation that must result from such a marriage, he only thought of the bliss that would be his, with the fair Armenian for his bride.

Once resolved on the decisive step, nothing remained but to arrange the means, and make preparations for their change of condition. Escape must be difficult from a house where the principal attention of every one was directed to the behaviour and movements of the suspected Veronica. To do any thing—to procure

any liberty, she must lull those suspicions, and this, though by means repugnant to her feelings, she did with consummate art.

Constantine being fully apprised of her plans, which, though disagreeable enough to him, were naturally not half so irksome and revolting as to her, Veronica suddenly feigned that she was thoroughly cured of her love for the Greek; that she was convinced at last of his worthlessness—of her soul's peril in having aught to do with a schismatic like him; that she was ready to love, marry, and obey a man they had lately proposed to her, one of their own caste—an orthodox Catholic Armenian and broker, and money-changer to boot. At this abjurement of errors, worldly and spiritual, the delight of the seraffs and of all their connexions, knew no bounds; but it was the meddling priest, Padre Tiraborsa, that assumed all the

merit of the long desired conversion. He had cast out the wicked one, though not in a form perceptible to the Armenians; the secret that he still “lived and ruled without controul” in her heart, was kept by Veronica, who moreover with a little malice, excuseable, considering what she had suffered from him, tacitly consented to his triumph, which her conduct would so soon destroy.

Old Agop and old Yussuf rivalled each other in their liberality to their niece and daughter; they made her presents of money and jewels— aunts, sisters, and cousins gave caresses and applause—the wandering lamb was restored to her fold, and Veronica was again the darling of the house.

The rather prudent than passionate *futur* was made acquainted through the proper channels, resorted to in this diplomacy, of a good

fortune he could scarcely have expected. He had never seen Verónica, he could not know his destined bride from any other Armenian woman that might shuffle by him in papooshes, feridji, and yashmack. But the advantages of the union with the great Tinghir-Oglus—the rich Tinghir-Oglus—must be evident to every body, and to one like him these advantages would be cheaply purchased, even if upon removal of the nuptial veil, the face and form of Verónica disclosed to his eyes each of the imperfections and deformities alluded to by the priest in the words of his bond.⁽³⁾

The mother and the female relations of this swain, according to the laudable system prescribed by the Armenians, and of which we have already given ample details, took all the wooing part of the business off his hands. They visited Verónica, they praised her beauty, and

her grace, and her skill in embroidering handkerchiefs, and in serving coffee and sweetmeats; they put the marriage presents into her hands, and their kisses on her cheeks were proxies for those of the spouse.

In all these trying scenes, though her heart shrunk with disgust, Veronica comported herself admirably; she never lost sight of the part she had to sustain—this was her only hope—her last stake—and she played it well.

The Prince meanwhile, though he had less difficulties to contend with, did what he had to do, in a fine spirit. He took a house at the village of Balta-liman, on the Bosphorus, and this he furnished for the reception of his bride, with as much taste and elegance as if she were a princess and brought a splendid dowry with her.

The contrast of the feelings of the two pre-

tenders to Veronica's hand, could hardly be greater than it was. The Armenian broker calmly awaited his destiny, and looked forward to the wedding day with no more impatience than he would to the falling due of a good bill, with a good indorsement; but the vivacious, the passionate Greek regarded the same event with an impatience that rendered him restless by day, and sleepless by night, and the nearer it approached, the more violent was his agitation.

At length on a lovely morning, in the month of August, Constantine received the following short note :—"This day week is fixed for my wedding with Bogos, but to-morrow is the day that I will be yours—my preparations are made. At the second hour after sunset, I will escape from this house : the descent to Top-

hana is soon made, and there your caïk must receive us. If I am detected—seized—I shall soon die ; but, oh ! Constantine, death is nothing compared to what would be my condition, should you ever abandon her, who abandons her all for you.”

In the course of the day, on which he received these decisive words, Constantine completed his arrangements. Nothing was left to do, but to secure a Greek priest to celebrate the marriage, and about this he set himself the following morning.

The important proceeding required great caution ; he was well aware that many members of his church would object to such an irregular marriage, and that all would dread the stir which was pretty sure to be made by the powerful Armenian family. After long

thinking and consultation with a friend, whom he had admitted into his confidence, he at last hit upon a man.

He chose a priest to marry him, from the same notions with which the love-stricken and despairing Romeo selected an apothecary to poison him.

The Greek remembered an indigent Papas, who resided in a neighbouring village: "sharp misery" had indeed, "worn him to the bone;" and if we substitute for the "culling of simples," his diurnal occupation of singing psalms with a nasal twang, instead of the furniture of the stuffed alligator, and phials and "miserable account of empty boxes," the smoked picture of a Panagia, a twinkling lamp, and the empty bellies of a wife and some half dozen of brats, the portrait and description of Shakespeare

may serve just as well for the priest as for the apothecary.

This poor member of a poor church being summoned by one of Constantine's servants, presently repaired to his house at Balta-Liman, much wondering what the son of the Wallachian Hospodar could want with him.

The impatient lover soon informed him of his story, and of what he had to do, and to expect for doing it. Like the case proposed to his compeer, the vender of drugs, it was an extreme and desperate one—he was to *marry* ! His poverty might also at once have consented against his will, but the strong temptation of money was checked by his dread of discovery and punishment.

“Three hundred piastres,” said the Papas, “would be a treasure to me and mine, but,

Prince, this is a dangerous business, and I dare not engage in it !”

“The pay is proportionate to the peril,” replied Constantine ; “because there is some risk, I increase your fees. The risk is not great, for I would give you more. Then, come, reverend sir, dispel your fears, and consent to make two people happy !—you will never have such another opportunity.”

“Alas, I am afraid ! I should be turned out of my village—I should lose my church,” said the priest.

“To judge from your beneesh and your pinched cheeks, that would be no great loss : besides, if you are, are there no more villages and no more churches in Roumili and Anadoli ? —I will see that you are provided for,” said Constantine.

“But the Patriarch would send me to the

Monastery of St. George at Prinkipo,⁽⁴⁾ where I should be shut up with the madmen."

"With money in the purse, one can live even at St. George's—they can't keep you there for ever, and I will provide for your family."

"But they will disgrace me, and cut off my beard!"⁽⁵⁾

"Three hundred piastres more for your beard, if they do! Or rather three hundred piastres shall at once be yours, for the chance you run of so great a calamity!"

"But my duty—my conscience forbids me to celebrate in so hurried a manner such a marriage."

"Three hundred piastres more for that!—your conscience can hardly be worth more than your beard!"

The Papas paused for awhile, muttering to

himself, “ three hundred, and three hundred, and three hundred—Panagia ! that would be nine hundred piastres, a treasure indeed ! ” but again the severity of his hierarchy, came to his mind and dulled his eye, that was glistening with anticipation ; and after a long and painful struggle with himself, he again protested he could not perform the rites, and bowed to depart.

“ That is not your way,” cried Constantine, catching at the breast of the poor Papas’ tattered beneesh—“ you must stay here. Indeed I cannot permit you to go forth and tell all you know ! By heaven, no ! here you are, and here you shall remain ; and if you will not officiate for nine hundred piastres, you may even act as a witness to my marriage for nothing ! ”

This was indeed resorting to the utmost force

of argument ; the trembling priest saw the Prince was determined—his presence at the wedding in any capacity, might be as severely punished as if he had really performed the ceremonies : there was besides the immeasurable distance between nothing and nine hundred piastres. In short, destiny had led him there, he must go through with the business, into which he had been entrapped ; and after a short debate, in which Constantine promised to make “ his odds all even ” and to give him a thousand piastres, he consented to remain and to do his duty.

This important negotiation terminated, the Prince repaired to Constantinople, leaving the priest in strict charge of one of his Turks, and two devoted Greek servants, with instructions that none of the consolations to be derived from good eating and drinking

should be withheld from their hungry prisoner.

We must now enter the house of the Armenian seraffs.

A party of congratulating friends had been invited on that same day, and it was on the bustle that would arise in the interior, and the occupation these guests would give her family, that Veronica had skilfully laid her account.

For many tedious hours she had to suffer the annoying queries and counsels, the felicitations, and in some cases the but half concealed envy of her female friends, who considered the *summum bonum* of life to consist in diamonds and jewels which they durst only wear within their own dingy abodes, and in costly silk stuffs which abroad they must cover and conceal with the humble feridji.

Full of her purpose, Veronica was never once

disconcerted—nay more, throughout the day she was gay and animated. The fears, the natural tenderness she had felt at the idea of quitting the paternal roof, had almost vanished now that she had made up her mind to that decisive step. Her ardent soul was intent on the accomplishment of her plans—a few hours would decide their success and her fate. She was convinced, as she had written, that their failure would be her death blow, and the hilarity of spirits she experienced, was like that some men feel on the eve of battle, or at the approach of a critical moment of their lives, which must assuredly brighten or destroy all their worldly hopes.

As the sun went down, fresh visitors arrived. Such a concourse, and such activity had hardly ever been seen in the banker's house ; and such a running up and down with chibooks and

coffee and sweetmeats, could hardly have been known, but for the marriage of Veronica, their fairest child. Time flew rapidly on, and it was remembered by some sagacious persons, afterwards, that Veronica frequently cast her eyes on a clock at the end of the saloon, which ticked the elegies of the departing moments.

The male elements of the assembly subsided to pipes and smoke, but the women were anxious to see the bride's beautiful wedding dresses.

Veronica left them, and after a toilette of unusual length and study, she returned in all the splendid appointments which she had determined should never grace an Armenian wedding. Her robes, her jewels, her personal appearance were complimented in a style eastern and hyperbolical, but it was unexaggerated truth, when they declared with one voice, that

she had never looked so well before. Amidst these plaudits of her female friends, who immediately resolved themselves into a close committee of taste, to discuss the bridal suit, point by point, Verónica again retired, with the alleged purpose of taking off what was to be worn only on "the day."

The moment was come—she went up to her room alone—she did not take off her rich and gay attire—for that would be her wedding night, or she would never wed! She drew a coarse and soiled feridji over it, and wrapping the folds of an equally common yashmack over her flushing face, she left her chamber and took her way out of the house.

In the corridor, in the court-yard, were a number of persons assembled, chiefly domestics of the visitors, and among these as she passed with a crouching gait, but deliberate step, she

was merely taken as a servant of somebody, like themselves. She passed the outer door of her father's dwelling, she entered the street, she reached the head of the steep lane which leads from Pera to Tophana—a solitary lane at that hour, where she could quicken her pace, and run without danger of attracting attention—and in five minutes she was in Constantine's arms, and in his light caïk which, propelled by three pair of oars, rapidly cleaved the waves of the Bosphorus.

At the rate she proceeded, she might almost have reached the house her lover had prepared for her, before she was missing in that which she had abandoned.

But she was missed at last.

After somewhat more than a quarter of an hour had elapsed from her leaving the company to change her dress, some began to say

that she tarried long : a natural excuse for the length of her stay was found in the anxiety she must of course feel to put by her costly garments, and her wedding jewels in proper order ; but when half an hour had past, and she appeared not, one of the family was despatched to summon the loiterer. The messenger speedily returned with pale lips and haggard eyes, and the astounding intelligence that Veronica was not to be found in her chamber—that nobody had seen her. If a thunderbolt had fallen among them, or, worse, had an executioner of the Porte appeared in the hall, the consternation could scarcely have been greater. Chibooks were abandoned, narghilès upset, whole trays of fragrant coffee relinquished untouched, and many a discussion on the rate of exchange and the price of silks, on the best mode of

setting diamonds, and the best channel to procure tobacco, cut short by the most violent syncope.

The name of Veronica was shouted by a hundred tongues, and a domiciliary research was begun by masters, mistresses, servants, and visitors. They searched every part of the house where it was likely, and many more where it was not at all likely she should be; in short they carried their investigation throughout, from the loft beneath the roof, where the bats flitted and the swallows built their nest, to the cellars where the wine-jars of the serraffs stood in stately rows, and the rats ranged in subterranean darkness and independence: but each nook and corner only proved, like the empty space on the beau's table⁽⁶⁾ to poor Goldsmith, (he expected a haunch of venison, and not a pretty girl,) that there she "was

not." The domestics were questioned in vain ; but at last an old Armenian porter who had been loitering by the door, came up, and said he had seen a female leave the house, who walked towards " the four corners,"⁽⁷⁾ and quickened her pace as she got at some distance.

The dread that had seized the Armenians at the first moments of her being missed, though they could scarcely conceive her capable of similar deception, and of such a desperate step, now burst upon them like conviction, and they exclaimed with looks and tones of horror that Veronica must have eloped with the Greek.

A rush of the more interested, and more courageous of the men of the party, was then made to the Prince's lodging at Pera, where they could hardly have expected to find him. The

Bosphorus and its villages then came to their minds, and they ran towards the embarking place at Tophana, with all speed. It was a dark night, and in Turkey the absence of the moon and stars is supplied neither by oil nor gas. As they went down the rough break-neck hill some tumbled, some lost their papooshes, and old Yussuf and one of his burly sons *found*—"a mare's nest."

Nearly at the end of the dark lane a recent fire—one of the many blessings of this happy land—had left an open space, and as they passed it they dimly saw some white object glide along as if to hide itself among the ruins of the houses. The banker and his hopeful scion started after it—Yussuf stumbled over a heap of rubbish, but the younger man, less fortunate, tracked the object of pursuit to a hole in the wall. It was no *ignis fatuus*, but a large

white bitch that had there bestowed an interesting family of pups, and now resented the intrusion on her domestic privacy by a snarl and a bite.

The party proceeded clamorously on, and when they reached the large square of Tophana it might have been supposed that the whole of the canine species, taking up the quarrel of the offended matron, had declared war against the Armenians.

Their hurry and noise aroused the countless horde of unowned curs that dwell unmolested in this part of the suburbs,⁽⁸⁾ and they gathered and ran at the intruders from every corner, barking and snapping at the morocco heels and floating beneeshes of the Armenians in a manner fearful to hear and to behold. As they approached, themselves bawling and shouting in concert with the harmony of the dogs, to

the Topji barracks, the Turks on guard were aroused from the peaceful slumbers in which they were indulging, and instead of answering the questions of the Armenians, whether people had been seen embarking at the wharf, they cursed them for disturbing their rest—called them ghiaours, pezavenks, and caratàs, and paid the usual compliments to their mothers.⁽⁹⁾

A wily old Osmanli, who gained his living by steadyng the vacillating caïks as passengers embarked, and whose dormitory was under the shed of a coffee-house by the water side, approached and addressed the seraffs. He assured them that no caïk had left the *scale* since sunset; and as Turks do not lie for nothing, it may be supposed that a bribe from Constantine had induced this transgression against the Koran.

What was now to be done?—where could

they go by night and darkness?—They turned sorrowing back, towards the steep hill, convinced that they could do nothing for the present—a certainty indeed they might have felt, before they took the trouble of descending it.

Veronica had broken her leash; the promised bride of the orthodox broker could be nowhere but in the arms of the schismatic Prince; and there was weeping and wailing with an occasional gnashing of teeth in the Armenian house, all that livelong night.

CHAPTER VII.

THAT same night matters went on much more pleasantly at the kiosk that overlooked the Bosphorus, than in the halls of the Armenians, yet one of the party there—Veronica—when she reflected on her irretrievable step ; on that change of condition ; on the cast of that die, on which all the hopes of woman depend ; on the hazards that must accompany the transmutation of maid to wife, even in the ordinary course of things, and when consenting parents and friends are by, to protect, counsel, and

cherish ; when all these undefinable thoughts, and the sense of her peculiar circumstances flashed through her mind, Veronica, we say, must at times have sunk in grief and alarm. But her lover was there to kiss away her tears ; she saw him she adored, devoted to her, and treating her with as much respect, as if instead of a stolen and clandestine marriage, the union were sanctioned by his and her family.

On arriving at the house, Constantine's servants were found stationed with wax torches to receive their mistress ; and when he lightly leaped out of the boat and gave his hand to his trembling bride, her feet stepped upon costly carpets and shawls of cachemire which were spread from the water's edge to the door. Within she was welcomed by four of Constantine's friends ; and, in delicate consideration to her feelings, one of those friends was of her

own sex—a Greek lady, who had been won by the earnest entreaties of the Prince to attend his marriage.

No time was to be lost. The Armenians might attempt to recover their daughter, even though her reputation was at stake, and her honour now depended on her becoming his lawful wife—the influence of the rich seraffs was great among the Turks, and it was only by the tie of wedlock, which is held as holy and indissoluble by the Koran as the Gospel, that he could hope to keep their child. The marriage rites were therefore performed forthwith, by the starved priest, who, anxious to depart from a place of danger, with his money in his purse, was in as great a hurry as the Prince.

The promises that were to bind to death, the mutual vows to the solemn compact, were pro-

nounced, and Veronica his wife, with the hymeneal coronet of gay roses⁽¹⁾ on her head, but with blushes on her cheek, and tears in her eye, was pressed to the bosom of Constantine Ghika.

The next morning the sun rose gaily over those glorious scenes we have so often attempted to describe, but whose beauties, though we feel them to the heart's core, can be but feebly reflected by pen or pencil. Before the rays of that sun the thick dews had rolled away from the stream and the banks of the Bosphorus ; the white haze through which at this season and at early morn Constantinople ⁽²⁾ is often seen as behind a silvery veil, which to the eye increases the magnitude of the objects it covers, had been withdrawn, and the vast capital of the faithful stood out in a flood of light with all its parts brought forward, and its swelling

domes and minarets tipped with gold—a forest of slender towers—relieving against the clear blue sky and space, and pointing heavenward. The beauties of the sun and soil, the lulled ocean stream, and the gay and spotless atmosphere, might convey to the mind an idea of that individual happiness—that emanation from nature's lap, that may exist in countries like these, though tyranny do her worst.

To the eyes of Constantine the charms of that morning were immeasurably increased by the excited condition of his mind; and the glowing, life-inspiring sun, and the balmy breeze, seemed to promise him length of love and happiness—to intimate, notwithstanding his recent experience to the contrary, that sorrow could not exist on such a fair earth, amid such a suffusion of the essences of loveliness, peace, and joy. Even death, so surely the end

of all—at that moment, so strong was the visible spirit of vitality spread over every object—seemed something chimerical—impossible !

These transports of his happiness were soon woefully interrupted, for as the morning wore on, and he was imparting his sentiments and hopes to Veronica, one of his servants approached him with a face pale with fear, and whispered in his ear, that the barge of the Bostandji-Bashi was coming up the channel,⁽³⁾ and seemed to be making for their house. The Prince would not alarm his young bride, but went out of the room.

The domestic had seen but too well, and his apprehension as to where the visit of this dreaded agent of the Turkish police was intended, was but too well founded, for Constantine saw the boat at a few oars length from the

quay, and in another minute it had stopped opposite to his door.

He returned to his bride, who at once took alarm at his altered countenance, and before he could explain or encourage, the officer of the Porte and his train glided like evil genii into the apartment.

Veronica, half fainting, threw herself into the arms of her husband, and clasping him round the neck, protested that death alone should separate her from him.

The starch Bostandji-Bashi seemed no ways affected by this tender scene. If however he withheld his sympathy, he exercised no gratuitous cruelty. He informed the Prince, that Veronica was demanded by her family; that he was despatched by his superiors to bring her to the Porte, and that of course he must conduct her thither.

“But the lady is now my wife,” said Constantine, in reply, “and the laws of the Osmanlis guarantee my rights to her, and place me above her father and her family—surely they cannot take my wedded wife from me.”

The Bostandji-Bashi coolly said, “yok inshallah!—no, if God pleases, but *that* the Porte must decide, and there I must take her.”

He had however the good nature to add that he was sorry the affair had fallen within his jurisdiction—that Constantine had not gone to some other place than the Bosphorus—and to wish, for his part, that the Armenians, who it appeared, though not by what means, had discovered the place of his retreat early that morning, had been baffled in their search, and had left him to enjoy the society of his wife—at least a little longer.

Resistance would have been madness, and

Constantine had none to oppose, save his single arm ; he was beside confident in the force of his acknowledged right as a husband ; and cheering his weeping partner, he expressed to the Bostandji-Bashi his readiness to attend him.

“ But I was not told to bring you to the Porte—my orders extend only to the person of the young Armenian,” said the officer.

“ Constantine ! my husband—my defender—you will not leave me alone to face their wrath—you will not see me thus snatched from your side !” cried Veronica, clinging closer to his neck, “ all the world are as nothing to me, or are arrayed against me, with scourges in their hands, to torment, to drive me to madness ! you are my only prop, and by the vows—the vows enregistered in heaven—pronounced

here last night—you will not be divided from me thus !”

The Bostandji-Bashi might have been somewhat touched, though an impenetrable face—that general property of Turks, whether in office or out, whether Pachas or peasants—betrayed no emotion, for after reflecting a moment, he said—

“I am only anxious as a servant of the Sultan, to obey my instructions to the letter; you were not included in the seizure I was to make, but I have no orders to prevent you from following—I must take my prisoner with me, but your boat may follow mine : the hall of justice is open to all men,⁽⁴⁾ and you may enter it after us. But mean while we must be going—my commissions brook no delay.”

Constantine well knew this, and nothing re-

mained for him to do, but again to encourage the trembling Veronica with the confident hopes he still felt, that the Porte, when apprized of their marriage, would not infringe their laws, but would refuse to have any thing to do with the contending parties.

The heart of Veronica was less accessible to sanguine expectations, but at length summoning up all the firmness of her character, which as she had already shown, was really great, she threw on her cloak and veil, and leaning on the arm of her husband, this wife of a few hours, left the conjugal abode—left it, alas ! never again to enter therein. The Prince handed her to the Bostandji's boat, whispered a few more encouraging words, and then, though with a bitter pang, left her for his own caik.

The Bostandji-Bashi with his fair captive,

and the Greek close astern, swiftly descended the Bosphorus, and shot into the Golden Horn. He landed at the Vizir-Iskellesi, and proceeding through the streets of Stamboul, still closely followed by the Prince, soon reached a large but mean building, appropriated to the high offices of government, in lieu of the palace the Janissaries had so lately burned. On arriving at the door of the hall of assembly, the serraffs, and all the males of their tribe, with a host of Armenian friends, were seen within, lowering under their black calpacks.

Veronica's heart sunk within her, and with unsteady steps, and her head, which she kept closely wrapped in the folds of her mantle, bent towards the ground, she crossed the dreaded threshold. Almost at the same instant, Constantine glided in, but with a bearing different to hers—the sight of the men he hated had

roused his spirit —his head was erect in wrath and scorn, and thus he stood before the judgment seat to plead his own cause.

The conviction of its justice, and the efficacy of the appeal, must have been intense, or the first glance at the tribunal would have sealed his despair. The grand Vizir himself was there in all the dignity and terror of his office; a Moolah, or priest judge, who held a scrap of paper in his hand, and whose large black but deadened eye, seemed fixed in vacancy, save now and then that it cast an oblique glance of impatience and contempt on the infidels, sate as stiff and motionless as a sculptured figure, on the divan, the other honoured occupants of which were old dreaming Turks who had never felt, or had long been insensible to the gentle feelings of our nature, and the voice

of justice—when it pleaded against their prejudices or their interest. ⁽⁵⁾

Among these men Constantine saw several, who in the peculiar and uncertain friendship of Turks in office, were the friends of the seraffs, and more than one, who in his communications with the Porte for the business of the Hospodar his father, had shewn himself his personal enemy. Yet nothing daunted by all this, when the Vizir said in a tone as indifferent as if he had been merely awarding to the right party a sum of money, or a contested bale of goods, “the girl is here, let her be given up to those to whom she belongs,” the young Greek stepped forward, seized the cold hand of Veronica, and respectfully bowing to the lieutenant of the Sultan, said in a firm voice, “she is mine—my wedded wife, and as

such, I claim her on the strength of the laws of the Prophet, which forbid you to dissever a wife and her lawful husband !”

The Vizir turned his eye indolently towards the immoveable Mollah. The man of law understood the address, and pronounced, in a harsh and brazen voice, “ Let the runaway girl be restored to her father, and the cause dismissed—we want not this infidel to instruct us in our justice.”

“ But this cannot be !” said Constantine, vehemently, “ a daughter once married is no longer at the disposal of her father ! Again I say this lady is my wife, and the vows which made her so were pronounced in the name of Allah !”

“ The person by whose side I now stand,” said Veronica, who, though almost overpowered by despair, had strength and spirit to

make this last effort at struggling with her fate, “this person is my husband—for him I have left my father and my home, and with him I will abide !”

“The law hath spoken, let its will be done !” said the inflexible Vizir.

Old Agop stepped forward to seize his daughter, but with an agonizing scream Veronica clung to the Prince, who repelled the Seraff with such violence that he reeled backwards, and almost fell among the morocco boots of his house and friends.

Constantine again addressed the divan, and, in affecting and thrilling language ; but, he might as well have expected the old, dingy walls, that echoed his words, to reply to them, as to make those men feel the voice of nature, affection, and justice. Not a muscle was relaxed from its austerity by this last appeal,

but the Mollah again spoke, “ let the childish scene—this indecorous contest cease—it is insulting to our presence. Let the Seraff have his daughter, or she shall be taken by force.”

Constantine would not relinquish the lovely bride now in his embrace, and he could not have done so had he wished, for she clung to him with the strength of love and despair, and shrieked in extremity of anguish. The sight might have pierced any less impenetrable stuff than the hearts of the Effendis. Both mantle and veil had fallen from the head of Veronica, and her exquisitely delicate face, pale and pure as marble, and her eyes flashing through the tears that rained from them, were visible—but these upright judges were as insensible to sight as to sound, and the Vizir made a slight sign, at which a number of Chiaushes in attendance crossed the hall, and,

grasping, some of them the Greek, and some the fair Armenian, literally tore them asunder by brute force.

Veronica fainted, and in this condition she was carried off by her tender relatives. Constantine was detained for a while at the Porte, and then permitted to depart—to drown himself, or to die of love if he chose. The Turkish dignitaries, in dismissing him, presently dismissed all care or thought about what appeared to them a very childish and ridiculous piece of business.

“Mashallah! but this young ghiaour is in a terrible taking!” said a grey bearded Effendi, as he walked homeward with a colleague and a certain number of the Seraff’s mahmoodiers chinking in his purse, “did you ever hear such a to-do, such *bosh-lacredi*,⁽⁶⁾ about a woman before?”

“Never!” said his companion; “to be sure the stripling had her only one night—had he been married a year we should not have seen him part with his wife with so much difficulty.”

“That is likely enough,” continued the first speaker, “but after all to struggle and afflict himself in such a manner for a *kuz*.”⁽⁷⁾

“And yet, brother Osman, when you lost your favourite Pembè you tore your beard in grief.”

“True!—it is true enough I did so, for I had bought her at a high price—she had cost me eight thousand piastres!”⁽⁸⁾

If Constantine, to whom we must now return, had even valued Veronica in proportion to the money she had cost him, she would still have held a higher price than the old Turk’s slave. Heart-rent and almost distracted when

he left the Porte, he knew not whither he directed his steps; and it was through the guidance and care of a friend he met in the streets, and who was alarmed at his wild, haggard looks, that he reached his melancholy abode in the Fanar.

He had not been there for months; and when, on entering the dusky and silent apartment, the incidents that had occupied that interval came rushing with dreadful concentration—the events of those months, and their passions and feelings making themselves sensible, and all together in one brief moment—when the forest of Belgrade, his marriage night, and the scene at the Porte flashed across his brain—when he felt that she whom he had loved so long, for whom he had done and suffered so much, had been his—and torn from him in the first rapturous moments of

his bliss ; his fevered head reeled, and, throwing himself on a sofa, he buried his face in his hands, and wished that in excluding the hateful light—that deceitful light which in the morning had so flattered his fond hopes—he could check the current of life that still ran from his bereft heart.

It was a long time ere he recovered sufficient possession of himself to heed or to understand the friend who had conducted him home, and would not leave him in such a state of despair. When at last he spoke, he could not—for his life he could not—relate the scene at the Porte, and the consoling Greek, who, like nearly every body at Constantinople, knew of Constantine's amour, was unacquainted with its last few and fatal hours, and it was only from his hurried and unconnected exclamations that he formed an idea of what had happened. His consolation

and advice could then take a more specific course, and he spoke of the folly and meanness of spirit there was in thus letting himself be humbled by the Armenians, and in giving up his long contest with them in cowardly despair.

The susceptible pride of Constantine was awakened, and such was its force and his spite against the seraffs, that hate, independent of love, might have sufficed to produce the resolution to resort to every measure, to the worst extremities, to snatch their daughter from their tenacious grasp.

The immediate suggestions of himself and his friend were numerous, but the first thing they had to do, was to discover whither Veronica had been carried, and about this they set off together forthwith.

They learned from a Greek boatman at the Vizir-Iskellesi that the seraffs' caïk had taken

the direction of the Bosphorus. Constantine concluded they must have gone either to their house at Emenergen-Oglu or to that at Kandilly, and with his friend he ascended the channel.

As they were passing the filthy Jewish village of Orta-keui, not far from the imperial palace of Beshik-tash, on the European bank, they met one of the large boats of the Bostandji-Bashi, and a plaintive voice from amidst the moustachoeed myrmidons of that dreaded officer, addressed the Prince and begged him to think of him and his desolate wife and six children. This could be no other than an important personage in our drama—the half-starved priest who had performed the marriage ceremony, not without foresight of the misfortune that might befall him.

It was indeed he : he had been discovered or betrayed by some means, and seized by the

Turks at the application of the Armenians, and was on his way, not to the madhouse at Prin-kipo, but to a much worse place—to the Bagnio. ⁽⁹⁾

Absorbed as he was in his own wretchedness, Constantine could not be insensible to those despairing tones, and to the fate of a man who on his account was hastening to the horrors of that earthly hell. But falling in with the prevailing feelings of the moment, the circumstance only added to his furious hatred against the Armenians, and, grinding his teeth with rage as the Bostandji's boat shot from them, and the voice of the Papas died away in a melancholy moan, he swore vengeance against those who could resort to such barbarous extremities to punish one whose only offence was his having married *him* to their daughter.

At the village of Arnaüt-keui, where they

arrived towards sunset, the inquiries of Constantine and his friend were successful, for they learned from some villagers who had just returned from the opposite side of the channel, and had seen a number of the Armenian family enter their house, that Veronica was at Kandilly, the scene of the exploits in building—a lovely spot nearly opposite to Arnaüt-keui.

Constantine, undecided as to the first steps he should take, resolved meanwhile to stay where he was, in the neighbourhood of his wife. He sought and found a lodging in a poor half-fallen Greek house on the side of the hill, with nothing to recommend it but that his eye could thence repose on Kandilly and the dark house upon which he had before gazed for so many hours, and which *now* again contained his Veronica. His friend left him there, and when he reached Constantinople,

rather from his own impulse than from any instruction of Constantine, sent some of his attendants to join their master in the hermitage he had chosen.

From the moment that with a buoyant and dissipated heart the young Greek had first met the pale and beauteous Armenian, it had been his fate to know many sad and sleepless nights ; and whether on the banks of the Bosphorus, to the murmuring of its stream and winds, or in Pera, to the harsh sounds of the iron-shod staff of the Turkish watchmen, ⁽¹⁰⁾ who in their rounds strike the pavement of the streets (as our defunct Charlies used to call the hour), or in the forest of Belgrade to the notes of the amorous turtle-doves, the wakeful nightingale, or the mysterious moaning of the woods, they had been irksome hours to his enamoured and impatient heart. But those restless nights, were

the pangs of all of them condensed into one, could not be compared to the night he passed at Arnaüt-keui.

After walking up and down the desolate creaking room, till the sun with splendour and joyfulness rose from behind the Asiatic hills, he threw himself exhausted—faint—on his miserable pallet. Sleep or stupor fell upon him for a few hours, and when it left him he found himself unable to rise, he ached in every limb and joint, his sight was dim—he was burning with fever.

The violent agitation of his mind, which had produced the malady, increased, if it were susceptible of increase, when he felt that at this moment, which called for all his exertions, he could neither move hand nor foot. The fever was provoked, and in a few days it was doubtful whether the young Greek would not end his

life where his love had begun—by the side of that stream, its appropriate emblem.

The Pontic sea,
Whose headlong current and compulsive course
Ne'er feels retiring ebb, but keeps due on
To the Propontic and the Hellespont ! (11)

SHAKESPEARE.

In this hopeless condition he was seen by several of his friends, who consoled him with the assurances that Veronica still remained at Kandilly, concealing an important fact, that she was suffering from a dangerous illness similar to his own.

Youth is a stout antagonist ; it wrestled with disease, and overcame it ; for at the crisis of the disorder, when he had looked, as he supposed, for the last time on the hills and trees, and the house at Kandilly, he closed his eyes, not in death, but in a heavy slumber, the precur-

sor of convalescent life. He grew better daily, and as soon as he could quit his couch, faint and feeble as he was in body, he commenced his efforts to regain his wife, whom he now for the first time learned had been suffering—though at present restored to health—like himself.

But those efforts, alas, were all fruitless ! The Armenians' influence at the Porte defeated them all. From his friends among the Turkish effendis—dubious friends purchased by bribery—after being flattered awhile by hopes, in exchange for his money, he received from one after the other, the mortifying protestation that they durst do nothing in his business, which was a hopeless one.

So deep was the interest that Constantine's long adventures and recent sufferings excited in the breast of a portion of his friends, that some young Franks formed a project of be-

setting the Armenian house at Kandilly, and carrying off Veronica by night ; but a dread of the Turks, and the uncertain issue of the adventure, dissipated the chivalrous project, and the Prince was left to help himself to his wife in his own way.

No way but one seemed now to remain to him, and this he determined to take. On the morning of each Friday, ⁽¹²⁾ the Sultan, whether he be at the seraglio or his summer kiosks on the channel, repairs to one of the imperial mosques at Stamboul, to show himself in splendour to his subjects, and—what is perhaps an object of minor consideration—to offer up his Namaz ⁽¹³⁾ to Allah and Mahomet. To show his clemency and attention to the interests of those over whom he rules, every subject, whether Osmanli or Rayah, may approach and present a petition, not into the

hands of Majesty indeed, but into those of one of the Sultan's suite.

The iron-hearted Mahmood started from the Palace of Beshik-tash the morning that Constantine, resolved on this last measure, of exposing the circumstances to his sovereign, was awaiting his approach at the mouth of the Golden Horn. As the *kachambas* ⁽¹⁴⁾ of the Sultan, gorgeous with gold and carving, and preceded and followed by a number of barges scarcely less splendid, drew near, Constantine held up his written petition in his right hand over his head. ⁽¹⁵⁾ He did not seem to attract the dreaming eye of Mahmood, but one of the attendant barges laid upon its oars, an officer of the imperial household made a sign to the Greek to approach, and to his ungentle care Constantine consigned the his-

tory of his love—his application for his wife—his last hope of regaining Veronica.

The aquatic procession, than which few things can be more picturesque and beautiful, shot up the Port towards the marble mosque that covers the bones of the Arab saint,⁽¹⁶⁾ and the Prince retired to await with anxiety, and the alternation of hope and fear, the answer to his application to the Sultan.

That very evening his own petition was presented to him, torn in half. That was his answer—and a fatal one it was, for, by old established usage, it is in this wordless, contumelious manner that the Sultan intimates to his subject, or his slave, that his prayer for grace is spurned.

The Prince had not much time allowed him to indulge in grief—at least not in Constan-

tinople. Two days after, a sentence of banishment from the capital was passed against him by the Porte, and he was ordered to depart forthwith for Bucharest, whence his father might send an agent or hostage, less apt than he to disturb the tranquillity of the Sultan's faithful Armenian subjects, by amorous adventure.

At almost the same hour that Constantine took his departure from one side of the Bosphorus, Veronica took hers from the other. To hide her shame, to recall her to the right path, her family had come to the resolution of burying her in a Catholic convent, far in the solitary interior of Asia Minor; and while the young and hapless husband, to still his bursting heart, was galloping towards Bucharest, the more youthful and yet more hapless wife,

under a strong escort, was creeping along in a tach-tarevan, or litter, towards Angora.⁽¹⁷⁾

Our tale is told.—To those, however, who may complain of a want of catastrophe, and to a melancholy story are satisfied only with the final one of death, we may add what was reported to us at Constantinople about a year after the separation of the lovers; that Constantine perished of the plague which broke out in the Wallachian principality shortly after its occupation by the Russians in ——. Several months before that, the whole body of the Catholic Armenians were, by a capricious and mysterious act of tyranny on the part of the Sultan, despoiled and banished.⁽¹⁸⁾ The seraffs, the great, the rich Tinghir-Oglus, hum-

bled to the dust, and beggared, took the desolate road on which they had sent the fairest daughter of their house and race but a few months before.

With spirits softened by calamity, at Angora they might embrace love's exile ; but in what state they found Veronica, we could never ascertain, nor do we know at this moment whether she bears the weight of a weary life in the convent of Angora, or whether a flat marble slab,⁽¹⁹⁾ in the shadow of the grove of the dead, covers all that remains of so much youth and beauty and passion.

CHAPTER VIII.

Quippe natio hæc antiquissima non solùm consiliis utilibus ac prudentibus eximia fuit et fœcunda, verùm etiam ob multas res præclarè gestas gloriâ et laude digna.

WHISTON. MOSES CHORENENSIS, lib. I. cap. 1.^{re}

IN the course of the preceding Tale, and the Notes attached to it, I have endeavoured to convey as much information as possible concerning a very singular people who have not hitherto attracted much public attention.

A slight sketch of their history, to follow the details of their manners and customs, seems required to complete "The Armenians;" and this I have attempted in the succeeding pages.

Of the names of kings in general, and of the succession of barbarous dynasties, I have taken little note ; and the reader may be grateful for my sparing him the unpronounceable combinations of consonants that abound in the royal nomenclature of the Haï, and will care little whether an event happened under the Arsacides or the Pagratides, the Ortokides or the Ayou-bites.

My principal guides are two Armenian historians—Moses of Khoren, and Michael Chamich of the society of *San Lazaro*, at Venice—and the learned orientalist, M. Saint-Martin, whose words I several times translate.

TWENTY-TWO centuries before the Christian era, Haï or Haïg, the son of Thaglath, quitted Babylon, his native place, and fixed himself and his in the mountains of Southern Armenia, to fly the tyranny of Belus, king of Assyria.

Belus followed Haï, but was defeated and killed near the lake of Van, according to the Armenians.

Haï left his states to his son Armenag.

Aram, the fifth lineal descendant and successor of Armenag, vastly extended his father's dominions, and thenceforth the country occupied by the Haïganian nation, was called Armenia, or the country of Armenag.

Aram, moreover, conquered the king of Media, and took possession of a portion of northern Assyria, and carrying his arms into Asia Minor, he founded the city of Majack, or Mazacka, since called Cesarea of Cappadocia, where he established an Armenian colony. According to the national historians, he was so redoubtable, that the Assyrian monarch made an alliance with him and accorded him the glory of being the first of kings, after himself.

Aram left his states to his son Ara, surnamed "the Beautiful." Semiramis fell in love, and would have married him, but, irritated by his coldness or contempt, her eastern love became burning hate. She made war against him—he died in battle, and his kingdom fell to Semiramis, who erected a splendid city by the lake of the Peznounians or of Van, the ruins of which are still to be traced near the existing city of Van.

Semiramis gave the kingdom, however, to Gartos, the son of the cold and handsome Ara; but the impetuous and conquering queen was as fatal to the son as to the father; for, on his attempting to recover the independence of his country, he also fell fighting against her.

From this time, until Baroir, the thirty-sixth descendant from Haï, the Armenian princes

were little more than governors or lord-lieutenants of the Assyrian kings. But this Baroir, joining himself with Arbaces, the governor of Media, and the Babylonian Belesis, and other chiefs, revolted against the voluptuous Sardanapalus and overthrew the Assyrian empire.

Baroir, like his companions in the enterprise, then assumed the title of an independent king, which he had the fortune to transmit with his dominions to his successors.

Tigranes or Dikran first, the eighth successor after Baroir, was, perhaps, the greatest sovereign Armenia ever saw, he extended the limits of his states, and made foreign nations tremble at the Armenian name. His own has been preserved in the immortal pages of Greek history; for, forming an alliance against Astyages, king of the Medes, with

Cyrus, the god of Xenophon's idolatry, Tigranes is frequently made mention of in the *Cyropedia*.

Vakahn, the son of Tigranes, was renowned for his strength and valour—he was the Hercules of the Armenians, and was sung by their bards. ⁽¹⁾ His successors continued to govern the Armenians under the *Suzerainté* of Persia, and with varying subjection and independence until Vahé, who, at the period of the Macedonian invasion, died fighting against one of the generals of Alexander. “With this prince finished the dynasty of the Hai, who, at times with the plenitude of royal power, at times as vassals of the kings of Assyria and Persia, had governed Armenia for the long period of eighteen hundred years.”

On the division of spoils after Alexander's premature death, Armenia fell to a Persian

named Mithrines; he was soon displaced by Phrataphernes, nor was Phrataphernes destined to keep it long, being killed in a battle with Eumenes, who had seized on Cappadocia. The sanguinary and unnatural contest between the Macedonians gave the Armenians an opportunity which was not lost; for a certain Ardoates raised the banner of independence, and, though he was afterwards obliged to affect submission to the Seleucides, he governed with absolute power until his death. After that death Armenia was grasped once more by the kings of Syria, who, however, could not retain it, for, when Antiochus the Great was beaten by the Romans, Artaxias, an Armenian, rendered himself independent sovereign of that country.

Artaxias had the glory of receiving and protecting for a while Rome's untiring enemy,

Annibal, when the Carthaginian was constrained to relinquish the hospitality of Antiochus. A remarkable fact, the first of two cases in which Armenia was the refuge of the greatest enemies Rome had ever known. The first time she escaped—the legions had not yet looked to the ends of the world as the limits of their interference or conquest, but the *second* time Armenia was annihilated!

But few of the descendants of Artaxias succeeded him, and a new dynasty, the Parthian Arsacides, having conquered Armenia, ascended its throne, and kept their seat until the year two hundred and twenty-nine of our era, when they were hurled from it by Artaxerxes, king of Persia.

Nor was their long reign inglorious. To this epoch the Armenian historians mainly refer the glories of their country. They tell us of one

of the Arsacides, thus addressing his successor —“ All that thy genius and thy courage can acquire is thine ! The brave know no other limits than the point of their sword, and they possess all it can reach.” And if we are to believe their self-flattering recitals, the children of Haï, carrying their arms as far as they now convey their peaceful bales of merchandize,⁽²⁾ subjected the turbulent nations of the Caucasus, overran the greater part of Asia Minor, and visited as conquerors the western shores of the Ægean—aye, Greece itself !

Even leaving fable for fact, we shall find that Tigranes II. the fourth of his dynasty, was a prince of importance, and that under his reign, “ Armenia seemed destined to occupy an important rank among the powers of Asia.” He had some talent, great courage, and ambition enough to covet the empire of all Asia. He

was successful in his wars, and the title of "King of Kings," ceded to him by the monarch of Persia, attested the extent of his success.

It was under these circumstances that Armenia again became the asylum of one for whose blood Rome thirsted ; this was the *second* and the fatal time.

The refugee was Mithridates, and in sustaining him, Tigranes drew upon himself the whole violence of the republic ; his talent and his courage were insufficient—he was conquered and degraded, and, renouncing his splendid acquisitions, and his pompous title of King of Kings, he was confined, as a vassal prince, to the restricted Armenia.

"From that moment, Armenia could never raise her head. The different successors of Tigranes, the sport of the Romans, or of their relatives, the Parthian princes, saw their em-

pire ravaged alternately by these two powers, and felt but too happy, when they could keep, under the protection of one of the two, a degraded throne. And in fact, by the position of these Armenian princes, between the Parthians and the Romans, by the nature of the interior government of their kingdom, and its physical constitution, it was almost impossible for them to acquire any respectable degree of power."

Lofty mountains and deep valleys, of which the country was mainly composed, offered places of strength to the vassals of the crown, who one by one threw off their dependence and loyalty, and erected themselves into sovereigns on their own account.

In the fourth century of the Christian era, there are said to have been seventy sovereign families of this sort, and Armenia represented

on a grand scale the feuds and disorders of our Highlands.

The horror of that state of things was moreover heightened by the animosity and fanaticism of conflicting faiths; and all those who, obstinate in their attachment to the ancient rites, thrust forth the apostles or propagators of the Christian faith, presumed moreover a divine sanction for the lawlessness of their lives, and the robberies and the murders they committed on their brethren, who had fallen away from the customs of their fathers.

St. Gregory was the apostle of the Armenians. Anag, the father of this Gregory, had treacherously assassinated Khosrov, the Armenian sovereign; but the son, by converting Tiridates, the son and successor of Khosrov, to the Christian faith, made the balance of benefits incline to his family. The ancient re-

ligion and the introduction of the new one, is thus concisely described by M. Saint Martin.⁽³⁾

“Under the predecessors of Tiridates, Armenia followed a religion like that of the Parthians, *i. e.* a mixture of the opinions of Zoroaster with the worship of the divinities of the Greeks, and other superstitions imported from Scythia by their ancestors. Their temples abounded with statues of gods, to whom they sacrificed animals ; differing in this from the religion of Zoroaster, which, strictly speaking, admitted the existence of no other divinity than, “time without limit or end.” The gods considered most powerful by the Armenians were, Aramazt, the Ormouzd of the Persians, the Jupiter of the Greeks ; the goddess Anahid or Venus, and Mihir or Mithra ; but besides these they worshipped

Sbantarad, Vahakn, Parscham, Nané, and many others little known. Tiridates, converted by St. Gregory, the son of Anag, the assassin of his father, embraced Christianity, which he had cruelly persecuted before Constantine had become master of the Roman empire. The royal example was followed by the major part of the Armenian princes and people, and Tiridates invited an immense number of Greeks and Syrian priests, who founded bishopricks, monasteries, and churches, and disseminated the Christian religion throughout the provinces of the empire."

The creed of peace and mercy was not however introduced without blood.

Dreadful battles were fought ere it could be established, particularly in the districts of Daron, held as a sort of "holy land" by the

Armenians, on account of the innumerable temples it contained.

The idolatrous priests defended themselves with extreme obstinacy, and it was only with the sword in hand that Tiridates could expel them, and convert their heathen temples into Christian churches.

To the merits of constancy and firmness, allied as they will be, to obstinacy and fanaticism, the Armenians seem always to have had claim, and the spirit that made ten thousand of them submit to spoliation and exile for the sake of the Roman Catholic religion in 1828,⁽⁴⁾ was the same that animated them against the Christian creed in the third century, and led them to die for their temples and uncouth idols.

Armenia was ravaged by religious wars, even

for many years after the death of Tiridates, and if a community of faith insured the protection of the *now* Christian Romans, that circumstance provoked the hostilities of the heathen Persians, who were moreover frequently invited into their country by the pagan or non-conforming Armenians, in whose eyes their legitimate sovereigns were vile apostates.

For a certain period the kings of Armenia, if they could still merit that name, vacillated between the Romans and Persians, and frequently paid simultaneous tribute to both.

Their history is fertile in uninteresting horrors and treachery, which may be passed over, but two incidents may claim attention.

At one time an Armenian renegado, called Meroudjan, entered his native country at the head of a Persian army, and was so successful,

that he was enabled to commit the most horrible devastations. "The churches were destroyed, the priests and bishops were given up to the fury of the infidel soldiers; their books were burned; and entirely to detach the Armenian nation from the Christian religion, and from their alliance with the Romans, the use of the Greek alphabetic characters was proscribed, and that of the Persians substituted."

Moved by the calamities of a Christian people, the Emperor Valens sent an army to their succour. The Christian princes rallied round the Roman general, and hastened against the common enemy. "It was not long ere they met in the plains of Dsirav, in the centre of Armenia, and they attacked each other with all the fury that national and religious hatred

can give." After a tremendous carnage on both sides, the Persians and the infidels were defeated and driven out of the country.

The Romans pretended to keep for themselves what they had rescued, and the Persians soon returned.

Under the Emperor Theodosius, Armenia was divided by treaty between the two great powers, with as little ceremony as we have since seen practised in regard to Poland. Religion inclined towards the Roman half, but on seeing the Christian emigrations, the Persian, with philosophic toleration, or interested indifference, placed a Christian prince of the dynasty of the Arsacides, to reign over *his* portion of the spoil, which thenceforward seems to have been by far the best governed of the two. It was indeed in the Persian half of Armenia, and by a Christian prince who ruled

under the shadow and protection of a heathen king, that the most important benefits of religion and civilization were conferred. "Urham Schabouh keeping his promise of obedience to the Persian monarch, reigned tranquilly for twenty-one years. It was under his reign, and by order of the patriarch Sahag, that the learned Mesrob invented the Armenian alphabet, and caused a complete translation of the Bible to be made in the Armenian, from the Septuagint version."

Up to that period the Armenians had possessed only Greek and Syrian Bibles, which were unintelligible to the Christians of the country.

Mesrob moreover founded a school, and the writers it produced soon gave it celebrity throughout Armenia: and not resting here, to procure that knowledge which was not to be

found in their own country, he sent a considerable number of young men, distinguished by birth and talent, to Edessa, Alexandria, Antioch, Constantinople, Athens, and even to Rome, to study the language, the philosophy, and the literature of the Greeks. The most distinguished among these were Moses, of Khoren, David the philosopher, Gorioun, and Verzanogh, who all enriched the nascent Armenian literature on their return to their homes.

The invaluable donation, ⁽⁵⁾ the invention of letters, was given by Mesrob to the Armenians early in the fifth century; and some give precision to the date, and fix it at 406 A.D.

Immediately afterwards they seem to have entered the career of literature with considerable ardour. A great number of the Greek and Syrian authors were translated into Ar-

menian, and the introduction of a comparatively perfect literature among a people just emerging from barbarism, had unfortunately, but, perhaps, naturally the effect of discouraging any attempts of their own. Some original authors are, indeed, found, but it is said, that few among them evince much talent, or can now repay the trouble of perusal.

Their translations, if collected and examined, might turn out of more value, as in them we might find passages or entire works of the classics, whose loss we hitherto deplore, and a valuable addition to our variorum, that might sometimes tend to correct corrupted or disputed portions of ancient lore.

The great literary ardour of the Armenians lasted about two hundred years ; and it may be amusing to reflect on what was the state of polite letters in what are now the most civilized

nations of Europe, during that period—or in the fifth and sixth centuries. ⁽⁶⁾

The light that dawned on the regions of the Caucasus and Mount Ararat, was destined never to reach meridian splendour; but those ill-rewarded benefactors of their race, who sought in foreign lands the neglected deposits of letters, and returned, not only with the treasures of acquired knowledge, but loaded with ancient manuscripts, must have left the latter fruits of their labour behind them; and, perhaps many of those valuable manuscripts lie still concealed in the obscurity and remoteness of the religious houses which are scattered over those barbarized countries.

The toleration of the Persians was by no means constant; they frequently attempted to make the Armenians turn to the faith of Zoroaster, and at each attempt the Christians rose

and fought intrepidly. The degraded emperors of Constantinople, who themselves began to tremble at the Persian name, would also frequently incite the Armenians to throw off the infidel yoke; but the princes that took up arms, rarely received the succour promised by the lying Greeks; and though several of them displayed military talent, and all great valour, they invariably perished unhappily, only drawing fresh blood and misery on their country by their gallant efforts. Had the whole Armenian people been united in one cause and one religion, they might have foiled their powerful neighbour, but a vast portion of them adhering to the ancient worship, were always ready to assist their co-religionists, the Persians, against their own countrymen.

In the year 442, a king of Persia, (Yezded-

jerd II.) of extraordinary intolerance, resolved that not only the Armenians, but all the Christians who inhabited the Caucasus, should be compelled to embrace the Magian worship. Not daring at once to resort to force, he had the Armenian, Iberian, and Albanian Christian princes withdrawn from their respective countries, and sent to fight against the Huns, who were threatening his territories. "For more than two years the princes of Armenia warred with the Huns beyond the Dervent, and rendered great services to the Persian king, but nothing could induce them to renounce the Christian religion." Several of these princes were seized and put to death, and the Persian generals published at the head of their armies the will of the king; that all the Armenians should renounce their errors, whilst, in way of gentle argument, a long exposition of the

religious doctrine of the "only true religion" was addressed to all the Christian princes and prelates. ⁽⁷⁾

In the year 450, in the city of Ardaschael, and under the revered presidency of their Patriarch Joseph I., the principal Armenians met to deliberate on what answer they should return to the lieutenants of his Persian majesty. The answer was an heroic one, and they protested with one voice, that they would not abandon the Christian faith—that they were ready to suffer martyrdom for it!

The splendour and the glory of the martyr's crown was however eclipsed, to the eyes of some of the princes, by the production of implements of horrid torture. They went through the formula supposed efficient to change a faith, and were sent back to Armenia with fanatic troops and a host of Magi to

destroy the temples of Christ, and to re-allume the pure and sacred fire of Zoroaster.

As these propagators of idolatry advanced, the Christian Armenians every where ran to their arms, their patriarch and their bishops placed themselves at their head, and they soon found a fitter commander, in the person of a warrior, in Vartan, one of their princes, who had submitted for a moment to the forcible conversion. At the head of a hundred thousand men, Vartan marched against the heathens, whom he completely defeated.

The temples of Zoroaster were in their turn levelled with the dust, the "holy element" was extinguished on their altars, and those who had worshipped there, were slaughtered, or put to death by slow and exquisite tortures by the Armenians, whom persecution had not taught mercy.

Their neighbours, the Albanian or Aghovan, and Iberian Christians, formed common cause with them, and had the Emperor at Constantinople listened to their prayer for aid, Vartan might have bidden defiance to the Persians, and again formed Armenia into a Christian kingdom. But the imbecile Marcian and his Greeks were too much occupied by sectarian quarrels, to attend to religion and humanity, and the Armenians were left to the unequal struggle.

The valour and resolution they displayed on this occasion, must serve to redeem their character, and Vartan offers himself as a hero to our admiration.

He beat the Persian general opposed to him, he occupied the whole of Albania, he opened the defile of the Dervent, and dared call the Huns to his assistance !

But forced to return by the treachery and

apostacy of an Armenian prince, he was overcome by superior numbers, and died the death of the brave on the banks of the river Deghmod, in the province of Ardaz. A brother of Vartan gallantly, but unavailingly attempted to renew the struggle, and when he had fallen in battle, Armenia again submitted to the Persians.

At this period (451) many bold and timid spirits—the one class preferring exile to slavery, the other dreading the conqueror's revenge—fled from their country to the territories of the Greek empire, to the mountains of the Kurds, to the deep gorges of the Caucasus, and to Chaldea ; and the spread and dissemination of the Armenians, which now equal, if they do not surpass, those of the Jews, were begun.

The patriarch, the bishop, and priests innumerable, received the martyr's palm ; yet it

does not appear that the Persians could establish their religion in Armenia. After a lapse of thirty years, the Christians again rose, but after brief success they were overpowered, and many of them constrained to take refuge in the inaccessible mountains of Daïk'h, on the frontiers of Colchis.

The barbarians, the Huns, were of more service to the cause of the Armenians than the Christian Greeks; they pressed the Persian monarchy; and in 485, A. D. we find the free exercise of their religion accorded to the persecuted children of Haï, who at once began to reconstruct their churches. The same year, however, saw the introduction of an evil which, in orthodox eyes, surpassed that of Pagan domination. The evil was the heresy of Eutyches, which spread rapidly through Armenia, was embraced by the mass of the priests, and soon

became among them what it now is, the established religion.

In the course of the sixth century Armenia was the theatre of war between Persia and the Greek empire. Its consequent sufferings were great, and several attempts at regaining independence increased them.

The kingdom was governed by Marzbans, named by the Persian court, but there always were portions of it favoured by physical causes, and defended by brave Armenian princes, where the Persian arms could not penetrate.

In 632 the crescent of Mahomet *paled* the fires of Zoroaster, and the empire of Asia passed from the Persian dynasty of the proud Sassanides, to the successors of the Arabian camel-driver, merchant, and prophet.

Armenia then submitted almost entirely to the emperors of Constantinople, but she gained

little by the change—instead of the wars between Persians and Greeks, she had to witness the contests between Greeks and Arabs, and the generals of the caliphs were quite as sanguinary as those of the king of kings had been.

In 637 the conquerors of the Persians, the fanatic Arabs, made their first invasion of Armenia, marking their steps with fire and blood. Two years after the Mahometans passed the Araxes, renewed their horrors, and carried away with them as slaves a considerable portion of the Armenian people.

The choice of governors for Armenia, made by the Greek emperors, was not happy, and increased the disorders of the wretched country. Constant, in 647, as intolerant of heresy as the Persians had been of Christianity, resolved to make the Armenians abandon the doctrine of

Eutyches, and unite themselves to the Greek church. The Armenians preferred the domination of the infidels ; they voluntarily enrolled themselves as subjects of the caliphs, and more than one of their princes followed the Mahometan crescent into Syria, and died fighting under it.

The Arabs contented themselves with an annual tribute, and left to the Armenians the choice of a prince of their own nation to govern them ; but, about 656, whether the avarice of the suzerains had become oppressive, or the Christians ashamed of their submission to infidels, Armenia rose against the lieutenants of the Caliph, and again acknowledged the authority of the Emperor of Constantinople. As however the degenerate legions could no longer defend those regions against a bold and active enemy, the Armenians were soon obliged to

submit again to the Arabs, and still being governed by a prince of their own race and religion, and paying only a tribute to the Musulmans, they seem to have enjoyed as much tranquillity, as their own internal feuds would permit, for about a quarter of a century.

But at the expiration of that period, or in 686, Justinian II., enraged at the Armenians for continuing their subjection to, or alliance with the Musulmans, sent a powerful army against them. Their fate was indeed capricious and cruel! For no sooner had the Emperor's troops crossed the frontiers and begun their work of destruction, than the army of the Caliph's lieutenant, in the belief that the Armenians had secretly invited the Greeks to their succour, threw itself into the southern provinces of that unhappy country, where it committed horrors equal to what the Christians were per-

petrating in other parts of the kingdom. The Arabs proved the strongest, and remained masters of a great part of Armenia ; but four years after Justinian II. with a tremendous army expelled them again, and retained Armenia and Georgia for himself. He named two native princes to administer the government, and left 30,000 men for their defence against the Mussulmans.

An army that had lost its virtue, and a people that had lost their patriotism, and were divided among themselves, could not long resist forces like those of the Arabs, with a unity and intensity of motive and feeling.

The impetuous Abdallah invaded Armenia on every side, and soon left not a province undevastated. The ruling Prince and the Patriarch were carried prisoners into Mesopotamia, and many of the more distinguished Christians

received martyrdom at the hands of the Arabs.

Sempad, the captive prince, escaped from his prison in 694, and, raising the standard of revolt in his native mountains, and inviting the Emperor to his assistance, Abdallah was completely defeated, the Arabs again expelled, and Armenia, once more recognizing allegiance to the Greeks, was governed by its own prince.

Ten years passed : the pertinacious Musulmans then returned to the charge, and again rendered themselves masters of the country, having signalized their honour and humanity by burning a great number of the Armenian princes in a church after they had capitulated.

During the civil wars of the Ommiades and Abbassides, the Armenians, taking advantage of circumstances, partially recovered their independence, but the great Haroun-Alraschid

subjected them entirely, and governed them mildly, leaving them several of their native princes with royal, if not independent authority.

In 830 the Greek Emperor again invaded Armenia, but his invasion was but a parade—an idle, useless march through countries he could not maintain.

Fifteen years after, an attempt of more importance was made by the Armenians themselves, against the Mahometans.

Many of the Armenian princes, particularly some who occupied the northern mountains, towards the lake of Van and the frontiers of Mesopotamia, merely recognized the domination of the caliphs, in form. In reality they were independent, and conceiving that circumstances favoured, they nourished the glorious hope of making all Armenia free, and of ex-

PELLING the infidels for ever. These patriots after a short but noble struggle, were obliged to cede, and the Arabs then resorted to persecutions, (similar to those before employed by the Persians for Zoroaster,) to make the Armenians embrace the faith of Mahomet.

In a multitude the weaknesses of our nature must be felt by some, but it appears that the Armenians again showed that sturdiness of character we have had occasion to describe, and that Mahomet gained no more by fire and the stake, and the engines of torture, than Zoroaster had done before.

The caliphs seem to have been persuaded of the impracticability of governing the Armenians by any but their own Christian princes; for we find in 859, that Aschod, the son of Sempad, of the illustrious race of the Pagra-tides, was elevated to the rank of " Prince of

Princes," and soon afterwards put in possession of full royal authority, having no obligation towards the Arabs, save that of paying an annual tribute. Nor did his advancement stop here : for, in 885, the Caliph Motammed gave him the title of King, and sent him a crown of gold, which was placed on the Armenian's head, in the presence of the princes of the nation ; an advantage and honour more real, perhaps, than what he received a short time after from Basil, the Emperor of Constantinople, who wrote him a letter of felicitation, and accorded him the same royal title.

"And thus," says the historian of Armenia, "was our throne re-established after five hundred and fifty-seven years of misery and degradation, which had elapsed since the destruction of the dynasty of the Arsacides !"

For twenty-six years (when before had the country seen such a period?) Aschod maintained profound peace in Armenia. Yet a warrior's glory was not denied the fortunate man, for he marched against the barbarians that inhabited the deep valleys of North Armenia, the countries of Koukar and Odi, and the gorges of the Caucasus, and beat and obliged them to cease their depredations. In 889 he died, full of years and honour.

King Aschod was succeeded by his son Sempad, who was confirmed sovereign of Armenia in a splendid manner by the Caliph, and we may be amused by the friendly collision of Mahometanism and Christian rites. Afschin, the envoy of the successor of the Arabian prophet, placed with his own hands the golden crown on the head of Sempad, in

the presence of all the bishops and princes ; and assisted whilst the Patriarch of Armenia anointed the King with holy oil !

Sempad, as energetic and as successful as his father, considerably extended his frontiers, and under him the Armenian kingdom approached the shores of the Caspian sea. His brilliant career excited the fears of the Arabs and the jealousies of the Armenian and Georgian princes ; he suffered from treachery also, and his kingdom was again ravaged by foreign and civil wars.

He bore up manfully against the numerous evils that assailed him, but at last the stupid spite, the impolitic divisions of the princes who could despise patriotism and religion, and ally themselves with the Musulmans against their native sovereign, had the dubious triumph to see him defeated and taken, and nearly the

whole of Armenia, after a repetition of the usual horrors of fire and sword, again occupied by the Arabs.

The family virtue of the Pagratides survived however in Aschod, the son of Sempad, who, after some years of heroic but partisan warfare, was enabled, in 921, by the co-operation of the King of Georgia, and the succour of a Greek army, sent by Constantine-Porphirogenitus, to drive the Arabs again from Armenia, a country they had so often won and lost.

The capital of a Christian kingdom was now established at Ani, and many successive sovereigns of the Pagratides peaceably held their thrones in that city, which was enlarged and adorned by a splendid palace, and numerous churches and monasteries.⁽⁸⁾

At this period of its history, or about the

middle of the tenth century, Armenia was really in possession of a high degree of power and splendour; feared or respected by her neighbours, and tranquil within herself, the elegances of life were cultivated, the literary efforts of the fifth century were renewed and, compared with the condition of the rest of the world, the light of civilization might be said to rest upon that distant kingdom.

This happy state of things was however occasionally interrupted by a disputed succession, by the insubordination of distant princes, and other calamities, too long to particularize.

It was about the year 1021 that the Seljuk Turks appeared for the first time in Armenia; their stay was short, but they recrossed the Araxes loaded with the plunder of its pro-

vinces, and enriched with the slaves they had made among its Christian population.

The terror they inspired was so great that one of the Christian princes, styling himself king of Vasbouragan, (a part of Armenia,) voluntarily ceded his states to the Greek emperor Basil, who was tempted to seize on the whole of Armenia.

Basil and his successor, partly by force and partly by alliances with the princes of the house of Pagratides, may be said to have been masters, or suzerains, of Armenia, for about twenty years, when civil wars among the Greeks left to the native princes the faculty of rising and uniting, after sanguinary disputes among themselves, and at last, of electing Kakig, of the house of the Pagratides, as King of Armenia.

This young sovereign was scarcely seated on

his throne when another invasion of the Seljuk Turks called him to the field—a bloody field, but a glorious one ! for the Armenians fought valiantly, and drove the savages out of their country.

The crisis was hastening on ; it was soon to be decided whether these vast, and in part fair regions, should remain to the Christian cross, or fall under the Mahometan crescent ; and we must trace, with melancholy feeling, the mode in which the dilemma was resolved.

Had the Armenians been left to themselves, in the presence of danger, they might have reconciled their internal quarrels, and, resuming their ancient valour and patriotism, the Turks would have found their mountains impassable, and their plains untenable.

The Christian empire of the east was the natural ally, one would have deemed, of those

who opposed the ferocious infidels : but it was this Christian empire that threw Armenia into the blood-reeking hands of the Turks.

Constantine Monomachus, an exile, with no wider range than the island of Lesbos, ascended the throne of Constantinople, by marrying the aged Zoé, and found the Greek empire too narrow for him. His troops invaded Armenia; treachery had prepared the way for arms, and the whole country was subdued.

“ Scarcely, however, were the Greeks masters of Armenia, when they saw themselves called upon to defend it against the invasions of the Seljuk Turks, who were masters of a great part of the east, and preparing to dispute their possession of the country the Greeks had usurped. In the year 1047, the Sultan Toghril-Beg assembled a prodigious army to subdue Armenia, and to penetrate into the Greek empire.

“His generals advanced with rapidity, ravaged Armenia from the frontiers of Persia to the mountains of Trebizond, burned and destroyed all the open towns they found in their passage, and carried away an immense number of prisoners.”

The army which Constantine Monomachus sent to secure Armenia, to which he had no more right than Toghril-Beg, was commanded by Isaac Comnenus, who afterwards became emperor.

Comnenus was joined by many of the Christian princes of the country, and the valour of Libarid, of the Orpelians, mainly contributed to the decisive victory he obtained over the Turks, who were again driven out of all Armenia.

But, deprived of their national independence, taught to look to foreign arms for their de-

fence, persecuted by the Greeks for religious differences and occasional insubordination, the Armenian spirit was degraded, and, by the old process, the hatred against their fellow Christians not unfrequently led them to tamper with the Musulmans.

The degenerate Greeks could not long defend what Constantine had seized, and in 1064, the Sultan Alp-Arslan took Ani, its capital, and a great portion of the Armenian kingdom.

Seven years after these reverses, the Greeks made their last impotent attempt on Armenia, which had no other effect than that of strengthening the Turks.

In 1088, the Seljuk-Sultan conquered Georgia, and drove its Christian princes to the gorges of the Caucasus ; after which the Turks crossed the Euphrates, subdued Asia-Minor,

and followed the fugitive Greeks to the walls of Constantinople.

These grander enterprises of the conquering Mahometans, naturally withdrew the Seljuk princes from Armenia, which (entirely subdued except a small number of cantons, and fortresses in inaccessible mountains) they left to be governed by Turkish or Kurd Emirs.

In process of time several of these feudatory chiefs aimed at a superior degree of independence. Armenia, physically considered, seems always to have retained the character of a kingdom in itself, or rather the facility of being formed into one, and about the year 1100, we find one of the Emirs, named Sokman-Kotby, originally a Turkish slave, erecting it again into a circumscribed but separate state. The capital of Sokman-Kotby was Khelath, and the family of the enfranchised bondsman

retained the kingdom he had formed, and were honoured with the title of Shah-Armen, or Kings of Armenia, for upwards of eighty years.

The hardy Georgians mingled with many Armenians, who braved the power of the Moslems in the strongholds of the Caucasus, and took advantage of the intestine divisions which soon tore the empire of the Seljuk princes—Georgia was entirely recovered, and, had not the same jealousies and divisions occurred among the Christian princes, as had before weakened the Mahometan, the crescent might have been again driven beyond the Araxes. But the fatal causes of disseverance were potent as on former occasions, and if Georgia regained the character of an independent Christian kingdom, and ran for a certain period a career of glory and conquest, extending her dominions over all the countries between the

Black Sea and the Caspian, Armenia remained in subjection to the Moslems, or split into miserable fractions.

The great invasions and revolutions that desolated the world at this period, may lose their importance in our imagination, by their frequency.

In the year 1220, Armenia and parts of Georgia were over-run by a new enemy—by the Moguls under Soubada-bayadour, the general of the great Zingis-Khan, who in a twenty years course of conquest, had the satisfaction, or the curse, to carry his arms from China to Poland, from Peking to Cracow. The brave Georgians, with some Armenian troops, met the Moguls in battle on the wide plains of Khounan; the Christians were defeated, but their valour and the physical difficulties of the country discouraged the general of Zingis-Khan

from attempting a permanent conquest, and hastily repassing the defiles of the Caucasus, he marched round the Caspian Sea to rejoin the standard of his royal master.

Already, and so often ravaged by fire and sword, what these countries underwent may be conceived, and the brief words of Gibbon may impress a dreadful picture of Mogul devastation on our minds. "They ruined a tract of many hundred miles, which was adorned with the habitations and labours of mankind, and five centuries have not been sufficient to repair the ravages of four years."

Scarcely, however, had the Moguls turned their backs, when Gelaleddin or Djilal-eddin the Sultan of Carizme, and the enemy of Zingis-Khan, invaded what his troops under Soubadabayadour had not been able to maintain, and ran *his* career of desolation through parts of

Georgia and Armenia, until he fell before a retributive lance on the mountains of the pastoral Kurds, which he had imprudently invaded.

A portion of Armenia governed by native princes, who held their territories by a species of feudal tenure, continued to be united to Georgia, the throne of which was occupied by a woman, the bold and fair Rouzoudan.

But about sixteen years after their first invasion, and in the reign of Octai, the son of Zingis-Khan, the Moguls returned and seized, though not without some hard fighting, a great part of Armenia and some provinces of Georgia.

Terrified by the horrid cruelties of these barbarians, many of the tributary Armenian princes at length submitted to their power; their example was followed by the Georgian chiefs, and at length none was left with spirit to resist—save a beautiful woman.

In the scarcity of romantic material offered in these rude annals, we might dwell with pleasure on this heroine's history!

Rouzoudan, the Queen of Georgia, disdaining to submit, and unable to defend her kingdom, retired to a melancholy corner of it, and in the all but impregnable fortress of Usaneth, and in the mountains of Imireth, "she braved for a long time the arms of the Moguls—the conquerors of Asia!"

Batchou, who commanded in Armenia and Georgia for the descendant of Zingis-Khan, felt an eager desire to subdue this last opponent; he might have been sensible of shame in thus being braved by a female, and his barbarous breast was susceptible of the charms of the sex, if what is related be true, that he fell in love with the Georgian Queen only from reports of her beauty. Rouzoudan turned a deaf ear to his

proposals, and to his invitations to leave her miserable fortress and to repair to his camp, where all honour should await her; nor did she pay more regard to Batou, the nephew of the Mogul Emperor, who, it is affirmed, similarly captivated by the description of her charms, invited her to his court.

Batchou the General, being nearer at hand, or more in love than Batou the Prince, determined to gain possession of the person of the scornful beauty. He was assisted even by a portion of the Armenians and Georgians, on his assurances that he would recognize as king of Georgia, David, the nephew of Rouzoudan, (whose throne indeed his aunt might be said to have usurped).

This David was anointed and proclaimed at Metckhitha, the ancient patriarchal city of the kingdom; and after the ceremony, the

Georgians and Armenians, in amiable and consonant league with the Mogul troops, marched against their queen in the fortress of Usaneth.

Rouzoudan was reduced to the last extremity, but preferring death to submission to the conqueror—though that Mogul conqueror offered himself as her lover, and a husband—she took poison, and, when dying, recommended a son she had, to Batou, the Mogul prince, whose protection she had equally rejected.

On the death of the beautiful Georgian Queen, David, her nephew, received from the Mogul Emperor the title of King of Georgia proper ; but the fortress of Usaneth, and the western part of the kingdom, were given to her son. Both princes were naturally under the control of the Moguls ; and the Armenian and Georgian chiefs frequently sought honour and

emolument in the ranks of the Mogul armies, with which they marched into Mesopotamia, Syria, Asia Minor, and elsewhere.

The religion of the Moguls, or of Zingis-Khan and his successors, has been praised for its perfect toleration; but when the conquerors, at the beginning of the fourteenth century, embraced the faith of Mahomet, the intolerant spirit of Islamism would not brook a union with Christians.

The Armenians and Georgians could not wield the sabre, and deny the mission of the Arabian prophet; they were expelled from military service; the posts they held were occupied by fanatic Unitarians; they lost all favour, and sank in obscurity and weakness.

Until that period the Moguls had defended the kings of Georgia and Armenia against all other enemies, but they were now abandoned

to the invasion of the Mamelukes, the Tartars, the Turcomans, and to their own civil wars, which soon reduced the country to a deplorable condition.

Under this accumulation of wretchedness, the Armenian clergy and people applied for assistance to the Pope; but the Armenians had incurred the guilt of schism, the spirit of crusading, even for the Holy Land, had considerably cooled, and the Christian nations who, in little more than another century, were to see the Turks overthrow the Greek Empire in *Europe*, without a coalition to oppose them, could not now be expected to do much for Armenia and *Asia*. To their applications successive Popes sent—what the Armenians cared not for—good advice!

Dynasty has succeeded to dynasty in the East, and the Persians and the Turks have,

in different times, and in various degrees, occupied or portioned out the dominions of ancient Armenia between them ; but no change or variety has benefited the Christian inhabitants, nor have they been able to recover for an instant a shadow of national independence.

A few barren spots there are, even to this day, in the inaccessible mountains of Siounie and Artsackh, where a petty Armenian lord arrogates to himself the title of Melik, or King : but such of these men as are not tributary to the Persians, cannot pretend to characters in reality more respectable than those of mountain-robbers.

The Armenians who are mentioned by Fulcherius Carnoensis, as taking part in the first crusade, and the siege of the Holy City, had for their last kings the descendants of European crusaders.

Four princes of the house of Lusignan, chosen by the Armenian nobles, wore the semblance of a kingly crown: two of these, the brothers, John and Guy, were murdered by their turbulent subjects; and Leo, the last of the four, was taken away from his conquered dominions by the Mamelukes, a prisoner, to Jerusalem. From Jerusalem he was transported to Cairo. In 1381, John the First, of Castile, obtained his liberty from the infidels; in 1391 he died at Paris, and in him, unless we are inclined to retain, and to smile at the pretensions of the little highland chieftains, the kingdom of Armenia was extinct.

“From this period,” to use the words of their modern historian, Chamich, “the Armenians have been a wandering race, their glory sunk, their existence as a nation annihilated, and the fame of their ancient renown only

known to a few who have access to their records."

In slightly tracing the history of these people after they ceased to be a nation, we may pass over in silence the horrors committed in their country by Tamerlane, and the uninteresting history of the Patriarchs of their church that intervenes, and pause at the period when Armenia was again occupied by a great conqueror.

This conqueror was the Persian monarch Shah-Abbas, and though partially invited and assisted by the Armenians, he shewed them little justice or generosity when he had expelled the Turks.

He despoiled their priesthood and increased their taxes, and a *coup d'état*, or a grand measure, that has secured the applause of an intelligent traveller,⁽⁹⁾ was not effected without

tremendous suffering on one side, and barbarous coercion on the other. To prevent the encampment of the Turkish armies on the borders of his dominions, Shah-Abbas laid waste that portion of Armenia, and transported the Armenian population within the limits of Persia.

Political economists may impassionately calculate the advantages of translocation, but a people are not to be torn up by the roots without a pang—a people will not quit their native soil—no ! not even if it be subject to incursions as destructive as those of the Turks—they will not abandon the mountains and the plains, the rivers and the lakes, among which their lives have past—they will not leave for ever their ancient temples and the tombs of their fathers without bitter regret. Yet this they were obliged to do, and the obstinacy of their attach-

ment compelled in the Persian monarch the most barbarous means. The Armenians were hunted down, and then driven like herds of cattle to a vast plain in the province of Ararat, whence they might behold the spectacle of their cities, towns, and villages in flames, and see the Persians laying waste their corn-fields, olive groves, and vineyards. The fugitives from these "herds" were mutilated, and the mass was driven on, by spear and sword, whilst on their way the Mahometan soldiers enjoyed the charms of the fairest of the wives and daughters of the Armenians. At the passage of the Araxes, hundreds were so fortunate as to find a watery grave; but the rest, without attention to the rigour of climate, were goaded on their way, over rude mountains and barren plains, and among their numbers were children, sick and maimed, pregnant women, and others

with infants sucking at their breasts—the aged and the helpless !

This exodus of the Armenians is said to have comprised twelve thousand families, and those who survived their journey and their griefs, were *then* humanely treated by the great transplanting. Two districts of Ispahan were allotted to them, and the inhabitants of the city of Julpha (in Armenia) were encouraged and assisted in building a new city in Persia, which they denominated New Julpha. The industry and commercial spirit of this colony improved the condition of the Persian empire, and they enjoyed, perhaps, themselves, a degree of prosperity superior to what they had known in their own country ; but ten thousand of their countrymen, captured and carried into Persia after them, were less fortunate, for, being relegated in unhealthy countries, in course of time they

all perished or emigrated anew. But, alas ! the New Julpha—the Christian colony—that was to give “ a new spirit and employment to a transplanted nation, and increase the wealth of an empire,” is now fast approaching in desolation to the old or Armenian Zulpha, whence they were transferred, and no stable benefit exists to excuse a measure effected with so much barbarity, and at the cost of so much human woe.⁽¹⁰⁾

Attached to national records, and having no kings (those convenient stepping-stones in chronology) the Armenians of Persia have continued a history of their Patriarchs,⁽¹¹⁾ but the events registered are too ecclesiastical—we can care little about their obscure synods and their quarrels among themselves⁽¹²⁾ and with their catholic brethren, and this part of the compilation of Father Michael Chamich, contains nothing more amusing or instructive.

But as Englishmen—as foremost in the career of civilization, the only earthly subject worthy of our continued attention—we must feel a sympathy in the concluding pages of the Armenian historian, and deeply regret that innumerable causes, among which the debasement of his race in Persia, and in Turkey, and their religious divisions, are prominent, must oppose that spread of mind, at which he aspires.

“ From the loss of her independence, Armenia sank into a lamentable state of degradation, the natural consequence of the cessation of useful learning, and the inactivity of the mental faculties. This deplorable condition of the Armenian nation being duly considered by a noble-minded descendant of Haï, he contemplated the establishment of a literary institution for the improvement of the Armenian

youth, and the amelioration of the Haïcan race, both in a religious and political view.

“ At this period (1812) Johannes Eleazar, an Armenian of distinction and popularity, a privy-counsellor to the Russian state, and Grand Knight of the order of Jerusalem, proposed to found an Armenian college out of his own exclusive means, under the protection of the Russian government ;⁽¹³⁾ but owing to the many employments in which he was occupied, he deferred it for some time. At length, when summoned to the upper world, he directed by his will, his brother Joakim Eleazar to execute the wish of his heart in a suitable manner.

“ Fired with patriotic zeal, and the desire of effecting his brother’s object, Joakim, who was then (in 1814) residing in St. Petersburg, took his departure for Moscow. Here, by the sanction of the Russian government, Joakim laid

the foundation of an extensive and magnificent college,⁽¹⁴⁾ and after laying out more than two hundred thousand rubles from his own estate, exclusive of the sum and its accumulated interest, left by his brother, it was completed in the year 1816. In the beginning of this year, Joakim collected Armenian youths from all the surrounding provinces, and commenced with very learned teachers to instruct them. The Eleazarian college has continued to improve. It has now a fund of two hundred thousand rubles in the royal treasury; the annual interest whereof is ten thousand rubles, to which amount Joakim has added a further sum, to enable the college to educate and maintain thirty orphan and indigent youth of the Armenian nation. * * * *

“The institution receives students from foreign nations, as well as Armenian youths, all

of whom are taught the Armenian, Russian, Latin, French, and German languages.

“ Besides grammar and rhetoric, they are instructed in geography, history, mathematics, logic, drawing, and other liberal arts and sciences. All the students, with the exception of clerical students, may, after fulfilling the course of education, devote themselves to the profession of a soldier, lawyer, physician, writer, teacher, merchant, &c. according to the wish of their parents or their own inclinations.

* * * * *

“ And here I cannot but congratulate my countrymen on the happy existence of this most interesting institution. Though deprived of our political glory, though subjected to the yoke of vile barbarians, and for centuries helpless wanderers over the face of the globe, yet we must cheer our hearts with the rays of comfort, so

brightly beaming from the patriotism of the noble family of the Eleazars. Let us rejoice in the recollection, that the gradual march of education, aided by unanimity and patriotism, will gradually tend to promote the independence and glory of Armenia.⁽¹⁵⁾ Let us confide in the Omnipotent, that a better destiny awaits our unhappy country, and that her former days of honour will return upon the benighted times of gloom and tempest ! Let us ardently hope, that the students trained in this college, in the principles of piety, patriotism, and liberty, will become ornaments to their country, and instruments for the regeneration of their countrymen."

To all this I add a fervent and sincere Amen ! and wish, though I cannot hope it, that even in my day, and in the persons of the gross and unintellectual Armenians of Constantinople, the

effects of this education may be such, that on reference to the pictures I have drawn, they may be deemed, not what they are—but caricatures.⁽¹⁶⁾

N O T E S.

[illegible]

Page 10 of 10

that of a bed, and there was no bed, no
the same. There it is estimated, to be the same.
"Mother Cary's Children," I had not expected to
I had heard that there were three out of which.

11/20/2009

ALL INFORMATION CONTAINED
HEREIN IS UNCLASSIFIED

factor) was kind of the "bystander" and kept his cover up. Anonymous (an inappropriate name for so important a character) was kind of the "bystander" and kept his cover up.

N O T E S.

CHAPTER I.

Note 1, Page 2.

IN the centre of the valley. The plane trees in the neighbourhood of Constantinople are very fine, but that at Buyukderè is perhaps the finest—certainly the most curious of all. For a description of it, see D'Olivier's Travels.

Note 2, Page 7.

Les ames damnées.

I had heard that these birds were what our sailors call "Mother Cary's Chickens," but they did not appear to me the same. Their flight is astonishingly rapid and silent, like that of a bat, and they are never seen to rest.

Note 3, Page 14.

La Montagne du Geant.

Amycus (an inappropriate name for so turbulent a character) was king of the Bithynians, and kept his court on

the Bosphorus. He was a man of gigantic stature, and not only a great wrestler, but an expert boxer—qualities deemed heroic in early ages. But the vaunted number of this hero's victories, and his strength and size, which were such as appertained to the giants "that the earth brought forth to oppose the power of Jupiter," did not daunt the bold Argonauts whom he challenged on their passage. The Greek who "turned out" was Pollux, the semi-divine brother of Castor. According to Apollonius, the "set-to" was of a character that might have startled our Cribbs and our Jacksons; the result was the death of the giant, who had before killed so many—strangers when they could be found, and his own subjects when they could not, just to keep his hand in! Popular tradition had preserved the event, or the dream of the poet, among the Greeks, and when the Turks conquered the country, they merely adapted it to their own superstitions, as they have done in many other instances. Of the gigantic Greek hero, they made a gigantic Turkish dervish; but they must have increased his size, for they tell you, that he was wont to sit on the top of the mountain, and wash his feet in the Bosphorus, which would be something like (supposing the building more than twice as high) a man's resting on the pinnacle of St. Paul's, and cooling his toes in the Thames.

Note 4, Page 19.

Palamedes and Lufari.

The Greek names of two fine species of fish, caught in great abundance in the Bosphorus.

Note 5, Page 22.

Kibaub-shop.

An eating-house. At Smyrna frequently, and sometimes at Constantinople, in the course of my walks, I refreshed myself in these oriental *restaurateurs*—they would furnish some good pictures, but this is not the place for them.

Note 6, Page 24.

Of Sultan Selim.

This pretty Kiosk was built by an Armenian, a relation of my friends, the S——; part of it is now converted into a paper-mill—part is occupied by a silk manufactory.

CHAPTER II.

Note 1, Page 33.

To chew mastic.

This practice is common among all classes of Levant ladies, from the Turkish *Kadeun* to the Frank *Madame*, and I cannot say (to the eye) it is an elegant one. I used to be surprised at first, on entering a room, to see half a dozen fair ones chewing and twisting the tasteless gum as some of our sailors do their quids of tobacco; and when I saw, as I often did, a lady take the mastic from her mouth to pop it into that of a friend who was unprovided, I thought the practice positively a nasty one.

Note 2, Page 43.

Voluptuous expression.

It is impossible to look at Eastern eyes after this process, without being struck with what I have attempted to describe. The practice of blackening and gumming the eyelashes and eyebrows prevailed at Rome at least as far back as the days of Juvenal, who says:—

“Illa supercilium madida fuligine tactum,
Obliqua producit acu, pingitque trementes
Attollens oculos.”—*Sat.* II. v. 93, &c.

I have changed a gender in the quotation, and the classical reader will know why.

This making up and painting of faces seems to have been in practice throughout the East, and in all times. The Italian traveller, Pietro della Valle, inserts among the passionate praises of his Assyrian wife, her having risen superior to the universal mode.

“Della bellezza potrei aggiungere, che in te, non era artificiosa, o apparente, non finta o fucata; ma solida, e vera; che in tutto 'l breve corso di tua vita; che nella più fresca etade, pur troppo per tempo ahimè finì, benchè in anni così fioriti, quando il piacere altrui vien che alle donne sia più caro, non sapesti però giamai, che cosa fusse imbellettarti, nè trasfigurarti il viso, come fan quasi tutte le altre donne, con artificiosi ornamenti, che a giusa d'incanti le altrui viste ingannano: non sapesti mai, dico, che cosa ciò fusse, fuor che quei primi tre o quattro giorni, che sposa ti condussero alla mia casa; che allora, come delle spose è costume, le tue parenti, ma contra tua voglia, e ricusandolo tu

fin con sdegno e con lagrime, a forza t' imbellettarono alquanto. Ma dopo che meco nella mia casa, a tua voglia vivesti, i tuoi lisci, i tuoi belletti non furono altro giamai, che acqua chiara e pura, del fonte, o rivo più vicino alla nostra tenda, s' eramo in campagna."

I would recommend the perusal of the rest of this neglected Italian production, an "Orazione funebre," as curious a mixture of feeling and affectation, of eloquence and bad taste, as the *concettoso* seventeenth century can furnish. The story of the heroine it celebrates is soon told.—Sitti Maani Gioerida was born in Mesopotamia, of a Christian family. When very young she became the wife of the wandering Italian; she accompanied him on his journeys, and even in the battles he fought as an officer of the Persian king. A premature death separated her from the husband of her choice, as he was preparing to carry her to India—her body he *did* carry, he had it secured in a coffin: for four years it was the inseparable companion of his long and perilous travels; and, at the end of that period, he deposited it with great pomp, in the tomb of his noble ancestors at Rome, pronouncing himself the funeral oration I have quoted from.

Note 3, Page 44.

Kuz.

Turkish for maiden or girl.

Note 4, Page 44.

As bright as a new English watch.

A common comparison among the Turks. Chelibi-Effendi makes use of it, in his treatise on the Nizam-djedid.

Note 5, Page 46.

Pezavenk.

Though continually in the mouths of the Turks, is a very naughty word—*ruffiano* would be good Italian for it.

Note 6, Page 46.

Bits of paper.

If a Turk see any scattered about, he will carefully pick them up: in the next world they will intervene between the soles of his feet, and certain hot ground he has to slide over ere he reach the houris.

Note 7, Page 47.

Kiat-hana,

Or the Valley of the Sweet-waters, contains, or did contain a Turkish paper manufactory.

Note 8, Page 48.

Sufferer.

These fevers I have mentioned in my book of travels, as being frequent—that they are severe, I have testified in my own person.

Note 9, Page 49.

Round her pulse.

This is a favourite remedy in some parts of Turkey for an intermittent fever.

Note 10, Page 51.

Boyadji.

A vender of cosmetics.—*Kalemkiardji*, a vender or maker of painted handkerchiefs.

Note 11, Page 52.

Turkish mendicants.

These are generally women, and they will call even a Frank a son of a Sultan in the heat of their gratitude.

Note 12, Page 53.

Tinkling sound.

The paras are the smallest, thinnest coins imaginable, I have often detected myself in moments of ill humour or absent-mindedness, tearing them in half with my nails. The reader should remember this, to understand correctly how the paras streamed from the belt of the unlucky Jew, in "Anastasius."

Note 13, Page 54.

Without exaggeration.

I had this story, with one or two others still worse, from an eye-witness.

Note 14, Page 56.

Backal.

What one might call in English, a chandler-shop-keeper.

Note 15, Page 58.

Prophetic spirit.

"I no longer doubted that the fumes of the brazier over which we sat, must have all the oracular virtues which issued from the cave of Delphi."—*Anastasius*, vol. i. chap. i.

For the description of a tandour, see mine or any other man's travels in Turkey.

Note 16, Page 62.

Nous autres Français.

It was always particularly annoying to a young Frenchman at Pera and myself to hear this expression, and that of *nous autres Anglais*, used by people who had never seen either England or France, who had not a drop of French or English blood in their veins, nor a French or English idea in their heads. They were drogomans, or "*drugger-men*" as our old travellers used to call them, or descended from, or connected with those worthies who enjoy the protection of the nation they serve or betray.

CHAPTER III.

Note 1, Page 71.

Beskik-tash Serai.

The palace of the Marble Cradle.

Though its graphic skill and beauty may be fatal, when brought in contact, to my feeble sketches, I cannot avoid inserting the following description of Constantinople—the production of a gentleman, of whose friendship I am proud.

"The view of this city, which appeared intersected by groves of cypress, (for such is the effect of its great burial grounds planted with these trees,) its gilded domes and minarets reflecting the first rays of the sun; the deep blue sea in which it glassed itself, and *that* sea covered with beautiful boats and barges darting in every direction in

perfect silence, amid sea-fowl that sat at rest upon the waters, altogether conveyed such an impression as I had never received, and probably never shall again receive from the view of any other place. * * * *

TO CONSTANTINOPLE.

A glorious form thy shining city wore,
'Mid cypress thickets of perennial green,
With minaret and golden dome between,
While thy sea softly kiss'd its grassy shore :

Darting across whose blue expanse was seen,
Of sculptured barques and galleys many a score ;
Whence noise was none, save that of plashing oar,
Nor word was spoke, to break the calm serene.

Unheard is whiskered boatman's hail or joke,
Who, mute as Sinbad's man of copper, rows,
And only intermits the sturdy stroke,

When fearless gull too nigh his pinnacle goes.
I, hardly conscious if I dreamed or woke,
Mark'd that strange piece of action and repose.

“ While such is the external appearance of Constantinople, I ought to remark that strangers, disappointed by its magnificent promise, have been led to make a very unfair estimate of its interior. This is by no means void of beauties or of interest; but what, I confess, made the greatest impression upon me was the splendour and variety of the costume of its inhabitants; the *bostangîs*, the *galcongîs*,

the *janissaries*, the *spahis*, &c., all attired in different, and all in beautiful dresses. The Turk has no eye for figure, (which he is prevented by religious scruples from studying,) but he has an exquisite taste for what may be called picturesque design, as in arabesques, and as great a felicity in the arrangement of colours; in which latter point he is aided by his climate, the warm tints of which soften contrast, and justify the boldest combinations of red and blue, yellow and purple, &c."

Thoughts and Recollections, by one of the last century.

Note 2, Page 71.

The Shade of the Divinity and the Light of the Universe.

Two of the innumerable titles of the Sultans. The most appropriate of all their titles is that of "Unmuzzled lions," *Yoularsiz-Arslan*.

Note 3, Page 74.

The cypresses.

Dark tree, still sad when others' grief is fled,
The only constant mourner o'er the dead!

Lord Byron.

Note 4, Page 75.

Lady Montague.

"To Mr. POPE.

"Belgrade Village, June 17, o. s. 1717.

"I hope before this time you have received two or three of my letters. I had yours but yesterday, though

dated the third of February, in which you suppose me to be dead and buried. I have already let you know that I am still alive; but, to say truth, I look upon my present circumstances to be exactly the same with those of departed spirits.

“The heats of Constantinople have driven me to this place, which perfectly answers the description of the Elysian fields. I am in the middle of a wood, consisting chiefly of fruit-trees, watered by a vast number of fountains famous for the excellency of their waters, and divided into many shady walks, upon short grass that seems to me artificial, but I am assured is the pure work of nature; and within view of the Black Sea, from whence we perpetually enjoy the refreshment of cool breezes that make us insensible of the heat of the summer. The village is only inhabited by the richest among the Christians, who meet every night at a fountain forty paces from my house, to sing and dance. The beauty and dress of the women exactly resemble the ideas of the ancient nymphs, as they are given us by the representations of poets and painters.”

Note 5, Page 80.

Belgrade's bendts.

These reservoirs, which supply Constantinople with water, are made by building strong dams at the mouth of a narrow valley, or deep hollow—the rain and the water from the mountains are thus retained. In some the masonry is composed of marble which shews purely white, but more generally age and moisture, and the fast growing aquatic

plants have discoloured and garlanded the wall, making the whole look like the work of nature. After the bendt by the village of Belgrade, that of Backchekeiu is the finest. It is situated very high. On my visiting it the water was full, and rippling over the beautiful white marble, as the gusts of the passing breeze ruffled its surface; the gay green of the forest, the brilliant white of the marble wall, and the sparkling clear water—all seen with the advantages of a lovely season—had the most felicitous effect! This beautiful marble masonry closing up one side of a valley, cannot be much less than eighty or ninety feet in height, and of thickness proportionate. For a detailed description of the bendts, the aqueducts, and curious hydraulics of Constantinople, I refer the reader, with pleasure, to an admirable work by Count Andreossy.

Note 6, Page 84.

The Turks call a shabbily dressed fellow *tight-breeches!*

Note 7, Page 84.

Colours.

See passage from “Thoughts and Recollections,” quoted in Note 1 of this Chapter.

Note 8, Page 85.

Long dress.

The flowing oriental costume is so called.

Note 9, Page 86.

Windy weather.

This accident really befell a gentleman, for whom I have a great respect. The surprise of the Turkish boatman, when he saw hat and wig floating on the waves, and the Frank's head as bare as his own, when without his turban, was extreme and ludicrous.

Note 10, Page 87.

Yaourt and Caimac.

Preparations of milk already described.

Note 11, Page 90.

Their rhymes.

The reader may remember the "*pastori Arcadi*" of Rome: they are said to have written as much bad poetry as would paper the Coliseum, inside and out. I was once offered a crook myself, and a friend of mine did not escape the honour without difficulty. When the better days of Greece had gone by, Strabo (I think it is) informs us that Arcadia was famous for its asses!

Note 12, Page 90.

Yerooks.

Wandering tribes, that live in tents.

Note 13, Page 101.

Saïr-ola.

May it be well with you! A Turkish salutation when travellers meet on the road.

Note 14, Page 104.

An inferior style.

This is true, and the Turks are offended if a Christian employ the style of courtesy, they (the Musulmans) use with each other.

Note 15, Page 105.

Colombojo.

Composed of beads—the same as the Catholic chaplet or rosary. A Turkish gentleman is hardly ever found without one in his hand.

Note 16, Page 107.

Shaitan-culy.

Literally, valet of the devil!

CHAPTER IV.

Note 1, Page 115.

At his feet.

A rose may cover a love-letter, as here; but I could never learn any thing of the pretty practice of making love with flowers, that Lady Montague talks of.

Note 2, Page 125.

Timar-hané.

The mad-houses of Constantinople—dreadful places! I never saw so awful a specimen of madness, as there, in a jet-black Nubian. He was secured to the massy iron grating of his cell by a strong iron chain, attached to an iron collar round his neck.

Note 3, Page 133.

Our after years.

Mr. Moore has beautifully illustrated this poetry of early life, in his notices of Lord Byron. There is one exquisite passage in his work, which I must quote, as it relates both to the formation of the poetical character, and to "The Land of the East."

"In visiting these countries, he was but realizing the dreams of his childhood; and this return of his thoughts to that innocent time gave a freshness and purity to their current, which they had long wanted. Under the spell of such recollections, the attraction of novelty was among the least that the scenes, through which he wandered, presented. Fond images of the past—and few have ever retained them so vividly—mingled themselves with the impressions of the objects before him; and as among the Highlands, he had often traversed, in fancy, the land of the Moslem, so memory, from the wild hills of Albania, now carried him back to Morven."—Vol. i. page 255.

CHAPTER V.

Note 1, Page 137.

To the place of execution.

Those who have resided in Catholic countries, will remember this custom. There is another accompanying it: a number of men looking like sheeted ghosts, and wrapped in the same white robes that are worn at funerals, precede the

criminal, clamourously begging for money to pay for masses for the repose of the soul of the sinner who is hurrying to death, but who is not yet dead!

Note 2, Page 139.

Sultan Shahriar.

See introduction to the Arabian Nights.

Note 3, Page 143.

Jourbalik.

A rising or revolt of the Janissaries.

Note 4, Page 145.

In the vein.

A common Turkish saying.

Note 5, Page 145.

Pilaff kettles.

The reader must be aware of the importance of these culinary utensils among the Janissaries—the signal of their discontent and rising was the turning of these kettles upside down.

Note 6, Page 151.

Unmuzzled lions.

One of the titles of the Sultans.

Note 7, Page 153.

The fate of an empire.

I have described this day's work at some length in "Constantinople in 1828."

Note 8, Page 154.

Cavazes, or messengers.

The Turks appointed to protect the different embassies, are now so called. The word Janissary must not be uttered in Stamboul!

Note 9, Page 161.

Turkish blade.

The yataghan cuts like a razor.

Note 10, Page 161.

Into Paradise.

A vulgar Turkish superstition.

Note 11, Page 169.

Issrafil.

The arch-angel who is to summon the dead to the judgment seat. The idea of a man's crimes assuming a corporeal form, vast and deformed in proportion to his guilt, always struck me as being one of the most sublime things in the Koran.

Note 12, Page 171.

Evil fortunes.

These amulets are generally worn as described in the text. I have one in my possession that I picked up in Asia Minor, at a place where some Turks had been bathing.

Note 13, Page 171.

Shagreen case.

The Turks always secure their watches within a case of this sort, or a leather bag.

CHAPTER VI.

Note 1, Page 175.

Dying.

There is no exaggeration in this passage—the events frequently occurred.

Note 2, Page 176.

The paradise of Pera.

In a witty little song I have often heard sung on the spot, Pera is so denominated. It was the composition of a young French diplomat. I think I can remember a few lines:—

“ Je crois qu'ici bas
Il n'existe pas
Un plus charmant pays—
C'est un paradis!

De loin et de près
On y vient exprès
Pour se former sans bruit
Le cœur, et l'esprit.

Ici tout vous rit,
Le peuple est instruit
Par des moines savans
Polis, elegans.

Les gens opulens
Ont tous des talens,
Et ne prêtent jamais
Qu'à gros intérêts.” &c. &c.

Note 3, Page 181.

His bond.

“ If she is blind, if she is halt, or hump-backed, thou acceptest her.”

Note 4, Page 188.

At Prinkipo.

I have described that island and its mad-house elsewhere.

Note 5, Page 188.

Cut off my beard.

This is the condign punishment of a papas who has misbehaved!

Note 6, Page 197.

The beau's table.

“ In the centre a space, where the venison was not !”—
Goldsmith's Haunch of Venison.

Note 7, Page 198.

The four corners.

The quadrivium of Pera.

Note 8, Page 200.

Suburbs.

The unowned dogs are very numerous here, and very troublesome, and no doubt at times very hungry ; yet I can hardly credit a story they tell of them—that they ate up a drunken ship-captain, who had fallen among them late at night, and of whom nothing was found the next morning, save his thick pigtail, which they had left as indigestible !

Note 9, Page 201.

Their mothers.

They frequently extend these unsavoury compliments to one's grandmother, and to all the females of one's family. Caratà is Turkish for *cocu*.

CHAPTER VII.

Note 1, Page 206.

Gay roses.

In Greek marriages, both bride and bridegroom wear a wreath of roses; but the whole ceremony retains a classical character.

Note 2, Page 206.

At early morn.

I have often seen with admiration the effect I have attempted to paint, when descending the Bosphorus, at an early hour, from Therapia to Pera.

Note 3, Page 208.

Up the channel.

The terror the Bostandji-bashi's presence inspires there, is happily hit off in "Anastasius," vol. i. chap. iv.

Note 4, Page 212.

To all men.

The hall is indeed open to the rayah as to the Osmanli—but it is a satire to call it "of justice."

Note 5, Page 216.

Their interest.

The corruptibility of the Turkish courts is too notorious to need exemplification.

Note 6, Page 220.

Bosh-lacredi.

Nonsense!

Note 7, Page 221.

Kuz.

Turkish for a girl.

Note 8, Page 221.

Eight thousand piastres.

“ Pendant la peste de 1812 à 1814, le Reiss-Effendi perdit une de ses femmes, à laquelle il paraissait fort attaché ; je lui en fis faire mon compliment de condoléance. *Oui*, répondit-il à mon drogoman, *je la regrette beaucoup, elle m'avait coûté cinq milles piastres !*”—*Le Comte d'Andreossy sur le Bosphore, Discours préliminaire.*

Note 9, Page 226.

The bagnio.

The horrible prison in the Arsenal.

Note 10, Page 228.

Watchmen.

During a long and dangerous illness at Pera I became familiar with these harsh sounds.

Note 11, Page 230.

The Pontic sea.

In these few words Shakespeare conveys a sublime picture of the Bosphorus.

Note 12, Page 232.

Each Friday.

The reader will thank me for another sonnet: it was written on seeing the Sultan going to the mosque, by the tasteful author of "Thoughts and Recollections."

" One Friday morn, the Moslem's sabbath, I
Where Bosphorus with wider stream expands,
Stood, like an eastern slave, with folded hands
While to his mosque the Turkish lord swept by ;

(So he, the ancient ruler of these lands,
Erst visited his church,) half hid from eye,
By crested helms and lances lifted high ;
Not girt with scimitared and turbaned bands.

Like him, in weal or woe, must he maintain
This ancient use, lest moved by priest or peers,
The moody rabble should disturb his reign.

And much it pleased me, looking on those spears,
To think how little is the tyrant's gain,
Who, in usurping power, heirs all its fears."

Note 13, Page 232.

Namaz.

Prayer—Sultan Mahmood's is always very short.

Note 14, Page 233.

Kachambas.

An imperial barge.

Note 15, Page 233.

Over his head.

This is the general way of presenting petitions.

Note 16, Page 234.

The Arab Saint.

Eyoob, one of the companions of the prophet himself. He was killed at the first Saracenic siege of Constantinople: his bones were discovered at the capture of the city by Mahomet II. A splendid mosque was erected near his grave, and the beautiful suburb has since been called by his name. I have described Eyoob in "Constantinople in 1828."

Note 17, Page 236.

Angora

Is still a very considerable city, and famous for cats, goats, sheep, and greyhounds.

Note 18, Page 236.

Banished.

The French government has lately been humanely employed in obtaining from the Sultan the re-call of these unfortunate Catholic Armenians.

Note 19, Page 237.

Marble slab.

I have described Armenian tombs in a preceding note.

CHAPTER VIII.

Note 1, Page 243.

Sung by their bards.

The Armenians had national poets at a very early period, and detached passages of their inspirations have been preserved by Armenian historians. The learned Orientalist Monsieur de Saint Martin traces a striking resemblance between their style and that of the Hebrews.

Note 2, Page 246.

Bales of merchandize.

In Vol. I. Chap. IV. I have endeavoured to convey an idea of the commercial range and enterprise of the Armenian people.

Note 3, Page 250.

M. de Saint Martin.

This gentleman's information is good, but some very

valuable notes on the Magian worship, the ancient religion of Armenia, will be found in Sir William Ouseley's Travels. I would particularly point out one passage in vol. i. p. 123.

Note 4, Page 252.

In 1828.

I described these events with unaffected sorrow, a short time after they occurred, in "Constantinople in 1828."

Note 5, Page 257.

The invaluable donation, the invention of letters.

"Blest be his shade, in endless realms of light,
Who bade the Alphabet dispel our night;
Those wondrous symbols that can still retain
The phantom forms that pass along the brain;
O'er unsubstantial thought hold strong control,
And fix the essence of the immortal soul.
Man, unreluctant, meets the general doom,
His mind, embalmed, defies th' o'erwhelming tomb;
Lives in fresh vigour thro' succeeding years,
Nor yields its powers whilst nature guides the spheres."

The Press.

Note 6, Page 259.

Fifth and sixth centuries.

The following passage in point, is from Dr. Robertson's "View of the State of Europe."

"In less than a century after the barbarous nations settled in their new conquests, almost all the effects of know-

ledge and civility, which the Romans had spread through Europe, disappeared. Not only the arts of elegance, which minister to luxury, and are supported by it, but many of the useful arts, without which life can scarcely be considered as comfortable, were neglected or lost. Literature, science, and taste were words little in use during the ages which we are contemplating; or, if they occur at any time, eminence in them is ascribed to persons and productions so contemptible, that it appears their true import was little understood. Persons of the highest rank, and in the most eminent stations, could not read or write. Many of the clergy did not understand the breviary which they were obliged daily to recite; some of them could scarcely read it. The memory of past transactions was, in a great degree, lost, or preserved in annals filled with trifling events or legendary tales."

Note 7, Page 262.

To all the Christian princes and prelates.

A translation of this extraordinary *ordonnance* will be found at the end of the second volume of M. de Saint Martin's "Mémoires sur l'Arménie." It was preserved by an Armenian historian, and is supposed to be one of the most ancient and most authentic accounts we possess, of the religion of Zoroaster.

Note 8, Page 278.

Churches and monasteries.

Ani was visited and is well described by Sir Robert Ker Porter. See his *Eastern Travels*, vol. i. p. 172, &c. The pic-

ture is a melancholy one! Utter desolation reigned in the capital of the Armenian kingdom. "No living creature appeared, even as a looker-on;" but the amiable traveller found the immense walls and towers of the city "of the finest masonry," crosses, (the Christian cross!) and exquisite fretwork—broken capitals, columns, and highly ornamented friezes—the ruins of many churches, and of a palace of the Armenian kings, in itself a city! The rest of his description more than bears me out in my proposition, that at the period this city was built, Armenia was highly civilized.

Note 9, Page 297.

An intelligent traveller.

Mr. Hobhouse. See his Travels, letter xlv.

Note 10, Page 301.

Human woe.

"This town, (the new or Persian Julpha,) has suffered in the general decrease of Persian population; it was supposed to contain, as Kämpfer declares, about the year 1685, no fewer than thirty thousand souls; and, according to the accounts that I received from a native, it comprised, in the time of Shah-Abbas, two thousand houses or families, of which the number is now reduced to three hundred and fifty, or at most four hundred."—*Sir W. Ouseley's Eastern Travels*, vol. iii. p. 46.

But the same excellent authority informs us that the old Julpha in Armenia is in a still more desolate condition.

"Forty-five Armenian families, apparently of the lowest

class, constituted the entire population. But of its former inhabitants, the multiplicity was sufficiently evinced by the ample and crowded cemetery. * * * * "Our countryman, John Cartwright, above two centuries ago, estimated the population of Chiulfa (Julpha) at two thousand. He found the buildings very faire, all of hard quarry stone; and the inhabitants very courteous and affable, great drinkers of wine, but no brawlers in that drunken humour; and when they are most in drinke, they poure out their prayers, especially to the Virgin Mary, as the absolute commander of her sonne, Jesus Christ." (*The Preacher's Travels*, p. 35.—*London*, 1611.)—This quaint character might be applied at the present day to some of my friends, the Armenians in Turkey.

Note 11, Page 301.

A History of their Patriarchs.

From Saint Gregory the First, or the Illuminator in 275, down to the year 1784, the Armenians can count two hundred and seventeen Patriarchs, and the order and date of their succession seems generally rather well established.

Note 12, Page 301.

Quarrels among themselves.

These dissensions were frequent and violent—perhaps the most violent of all was about the concoction of the "Myron," or holy oil.

Note 13, Page 303.

The *Russian Government* is entitled to every praise for the humane and tolerant manner in which it treats its

conquered subjects, or the population of the countries it includes in its widely spreading empire. The treatment of its own subjects may be more objectionable, and in this Russia differs essentially from Austria, in whose hereditary dominions the government is respected and loved, whilst impatience, disgust, and hatred answer to its misrule in Italy, and other countries occupied by Austrian arms. The rule holds throughout. The Tyrol, the cradle of the imperial family of Hapsburgh, was part of those hereditary states, and, being treated as such, was contented and happy, and shewed its devotion to the sovereign in a manner truly heroic; yet, when recovered by Austria at the late peace, Tyrol was treated as an exotic portion of the empire, and now the bold and faithful Tyrolese detest its sway, and would be glad to return to that very position they before gallantly endeavoured to avoid when prescribed by Buona-parte.

Note 14, Page 304.

A magnificent college.

The frontispiece to the second volume of Father Charnich's history, is an engraving (neatly executed) by an English artist at Calcutta. If it is a fair representation, it may really merit, for the college at Moscow, the epithet of *magnificent*!

Note 15, Page 306.

Tend to promote the independence of Armenia.

I reflect with pleasure, that these noble aspirations are the fruit of the Armenians' communication with my own

countrymen. In our dominions in India, members of this scattered nation have felt the benefits resulting from civilization and good government; and their spirit, recovering from its debasement, is susceptible of the glorious and rational sentiment of patriotism. But, alas! the Armenians in Turkey are as yet far from following their march of mind! An intelligent Armenian, with whom I was acquainted, a certain Hatchedur, who had resided long in India, and spoke our language very well, once ventured on the subject with some of his brethren at Smyrna. "The Greeks," said he, "though comparatively so inferior in number, will become a Christian nation; but scattered through Europe and Asia, there are ten millions of Armenians!—why should we not aspire at our recomposition into a nation, and at the possession of the fine country that was once our fathers', independent of Persian or Turk?" Such of the Armenians there as understood him, thought him mad. They were happy enough with the Turks, and only wanted better times or better trade!

Note 16, Page 307.

Another nucleus of civilization, of which we may be proud, exists in our Indian possessions. A philanthropic institution and school instruct the Armenian youth in geometry, geography, arithmetic and grammar in the English and Armenian languages. Their examination in the month of January, 1828, was very satisfactory, and English clergymen, in amiable union with Armeniau priests, presided and distributed the prizes.

Mrs. Heber, the talented relict of a most talented and

amiable man, a lady, in whose good sense and judgment I feel disposed to place implicit reliance, speaks in the most favourable terms of the Armenians resident in India; and the comprehensive mind of the Bishop had contemplated with delight the possibility of reconciling the Eutychean church to something like the doctrine and discipline of our own. An improvement indeed! and to be desired even by those who, destitute of warmth in favour of any peculiar mode of faith, merely view the matter with a philosophic eye. The following extracts from Bishop Heber's journal are replete with interest.

“ The Armenians in Madras are numerous, and some of them wealthy. Mr. Sam, the principal of them, is a very sensible and well-informed man; a great traveller, like most of his nation, and who, more than most of his nation, has mixed, and still mixes in good European society. He told me some curious particulars concerning his country, partly on his own authority, partly as interpreter to Mar Simeon, a dignified ecclesiastic, from a convent near Erivan, whom I met with at Bombay, and who now again called on me. At Bombay they had called him bishop, but I now found that he was only Episcopal Commissary, from the Archbishop of Shirauz. I thought him now, as I had previously done at Bombay, a plain, modest man, very grateful for attention, but far less well-informed and interesting than Mar Abraham of Jerusalem. He told me, what I was glad to learn, that the Russians governed their new conquests on the side of Georgia, very well and justly; and that the poor oppressed Christians of Armenia earnestly prayed that they

also might become the subjects of the Emperor, instead of Persia and Turkey. He too, as well as Mar Abraham and the Archbishop Athanasius, expressed a desire to attend the English church service, and accordingly came the day on which I administered confirmation. On the whole, I cannot but hope that many good effects may arise from this approximation in courtesy, &c. of the Eastern Churches to our own; when they find that we desire no dominion over them, they may gradually be led to imitate us. But it is painful to see, how slight causes, as in the case of Athanasius, may endanger this alliance."—Vol. iii. p. 208.

"There are still a few Armenians resident in the town, some of them wealthy, with a church, and two Priests. Their Archbishop, who makes once in four or five years a journey from Nakitchvan to India, is now in the place, on the same errand with me. There are also a few Portuguese, very poor and degraded. Of Greeks, the number is considerable, and they are described as an industrious and intelligent people, mixing more with the English than the rest, and filling many of the subaltern situations under government. The clerk at the English Church, (it happens singularly enough,) is a Greek, and the Greek Priest has sent to request permission to call on me. Of English, there are none, except a few indigo planters in the neighbourhood, and those in the civil or military service."—Vol. i. p. 185.

"I had two visits during the week from the Armenian Archbishop of Ecmiazin, (near what they call Mount Ararat) who, attended by one of the suffragans of the Patriarch of Jerusalem, is making a visitation of all the different churches of their communion in Persia and India. The

Archbishop has every appearance of a mild, respectable, intelligent man : he of Jerusalem seems shrewd. I was anxious to be civil to them both, but they only spoke Turkish and their own tongue. Fortunately one of their Dacca congregation could officiate as interpreter, and then we got on well by the help of my Russian acquaintance and recollections. They were both well acquainted with Georgia ; and Abraham of Jerusalem had been at Mosdok, Nakitchavan, Kalomna, and Moscow. I was able to do them some trifling services, and we parted with mutual good wishes." —Vol. i. p. 202.

Page 376.

Letter to the Propagation Society.

"It is well known to the incorporated Society that there is a considerable and rather wealthy population of Armenian Christians scattered throughout all the mercantile cities of the east, and, in general, very advantageously distinguished by their industry, sobriety, punctual dealing, and attachment, even in Mohamedan and heathen countries, to the religion of their forefathers. To supply the spiritual wants of these scattered communities, and to collect from them the alms by which the mother churches in their own country and at Jerusalem, are in a great degree supported, the patriarchs of Jerusalem and Ecmiazin send round, from time to time, some of their suffragan bishops, and even archbishops, with commissions and characters not very unlike the 'nuntii' of the court of Rome. It may be observed, indeed, that these prelates have seldom more than a titular connexion with any particular flocks, but

constitute a sort of 'Sacred College' in attendance on their respective patriarchs, or employed as their agents in other scenes of action: the machinery, indeed, and titles of each patriarchate, offer a striking resemblance in miniature to the court of Rome, though these eastern patriarchates are guiltless of that exorbitant and anti-Christian assumption of power which the rudeness of the western church encouraged the bishops of Rome to venture on.

"Of these itinerant bishops I met with three while I was myself an itinerant, in different parts of India, and have always been glad to render them any hospitality or trifling services in my power. Those whom I met had the appearance and reputation of holy and humble men, extremely well disposed, as is the case with the majority of their clergy and laity, to think favourably of the doctrine and ritual of the English church. With one of them, Mar Abraham, a suffragan of the patriarch of Jerusalem whom I had known at Dacca, and now met again on my return to Calcutta, I have had several opportunities of friendly intercourse. He frequently visited at my house and at Bishop's College; he attended service in the cathedral, and assisted, with myself and my clergy, in an ordination of priests, on which occasion I gave him a seat at my right hand, and treated him, as I had previously done the Syrian metropolitan whom I met at Bombay, with the respect due to his apostolic character. My object has been in this, as in every other instance of intercourse with the eastern Christians, to acquire that sort of influence with them which may tend to their good, convincing them that the church of England neither

claims nor desires any pre-eminence or jurisdiction over them, and that we are only anxious to be the means of reviving learning and scriptural knowledge among their clergy, and increasing in a spirit of brotherly good will, their usefulness and respectability.

“Mar Abraham, I have reason to hope, was fully convinced of my sincerity. He appeared much pleased and impressed with our ordination service, and other parts of our liturgy, which one of his flock translated for him. He complained on more than one occasion of the injury which their own forms had sustained by the interpolation of the church of Rome, through which almost all the theological literature which his nation preserves has unfortunately long been filtered. He wrote, of his own accord, a strong letter to the new Syrian metropolitan of the Malayalim, exhorting him to shun the snares of the Romish church, and to place confidence in our offered goodwill; he readily became the bearer of a proposal from me to his patriarch, for printing Armenian ecclesiastical works at Bishop's College, instead of at Venice; and he gave a still stronger proof of his confidence, in requesting me, on his departure for Jerusalem, to take charge of a fine young man, a relation of his own, and a deacon in attendance on him, in order that he might receive some education at Bishop's College in the English language, and more generally in western literature.

“He stated, as a motive for this request, that his church had long been anxious to obtain a more enlarged education for her clergy, and had long felt the inconvenience of de-

iving it through Rome and Venice; that Mesrop David, being a young man of good abilities, and with good friends, was likely to rise to considerable rank in the Church of Jerusalem; and that, to that church, the knowledge which he might obtain among us, would probably be an essential advantage. He offered at the same time to pay for his board, but, well knowing his poverty, I assured him that was needless.

"On communicating what had passed to the Principal and the College Council, I had the satisfaction to find that they fully agreed with me in the importance of the advantages which might follow to the general cause of Christianity in the East, from such an opening, and the propriety of doing every thing in our power to encourage the favourable dispositions of those who were thus willing to draw near to us and to learn from us."

This last quotation, with Mrs. Heber's kind permission, I have taken from the sheets of the forthcoming life of the Bishop—a work that must insure attention, as relating to a man, who offered one of those approaches to human perfection, so rarely met on earth, and whose stay among us generally tends to prove the truth of Petrarca's lament, that—

"Cosa bella mortal, passa e non dura!"

The Greeks have as much to do as the Armenians with my book—a great deal more with my affection or sympathy. I am speaking too—feebly, but warmly—on the diffusion of knowledge and civilization, and, were the matter entirely foreign to my present subject, I think I could scarcely avoid, in an opportunity of claiming public at-

tention, the directing that attention to a project my heart and head alike advocate—I mean the plan for the education of the Greeks.

Since I last adverted in a public manner to this subject, some progress has been made, and names, honourable and influential in this country, have been enregistered, as ready to contribute to furnish the means of moral elementary education to an impoverished, a long demoralized, but most improvable people. The difference of religious or political feeling, which does not prevent co-operation, will not influence the application of the funds that may be raised. They will be used exclusively, as explained in more than one paper in circulation, to assist the Greeks to establish in Greece schools on the system of mutual instruction, and for furnishing the Greeks with a few simple and essential books with which they are almost entirely unprovided, and *without* which, the work of their improvement must be retarded. The prudent or the cautious may learn with pleasure, that it is not contemplated to pursue any measures independent of, or opposed to the government about to be established in Greece; but on the contrary, to act in unison or submission to that government, and the resident authorities in Septinsular Greece. Many gentlemen, among whom I may count some personal friends, have wisely made this a condition of their coming forward in the business.

We have released Greece from her degrading bondage; let us now assist the Greeks in their endeavours to become

worthy of freedom, and capable of enjoying its blessings! "An alliance for such purposes," (says *The Times Newspaper* of April 24,) "may justly be termed 'holy,' and the members of it will acquire a claim on the gratitude of Greece, almost equal to that which has been created by her liberation from political tyranny."

For further information on the subject, and for a valuable advocacy, I refer the reader to "*Dr. Kennedy's conversations with Lord Byron*," a most interesting book, which, in a few days, will be before the public.

I remember, several years ago, and in a foreign land, the impression made upon my mind, when I read in a number of the *Quarterly Review*, the eloquent, the concluding paragraph of Sir John Malcolm's admirable work on Central India; and I would adapt it here, extending the view from India to the World at large, from our conquests, or armed occupation, to our moral as well as our political influence and example.

"Let us, therefore, calmly proceed in a course of gradual improvement; and when our rule ceases—for cease it must, (though probably at a remote period,) as the natural consequence of our success in the diffusion of knowledge, we shall, as a nation, have the proud boast that we have preferred the civilization to the continued subjection of India. When our power is gone, our name will be revered; for we shall leave a moral monument more noble and imperishable than the hand of man ever constructed." It is, indeed, by pursuing a glorious course like this, that we may contribute to the realization of a Poet's prophecy.

"Thy mighty destiny methinks I see,
All to outlive the lesser nations round,
Mother of empires, knit by the broad sea,
Long shall thy manners grow, thy language sound.

Destruction cannot reach thee; thy large life,
Fountained by many hearts, defies her wiles;
And should'st thou fall at home by age or strife,
Thou livest on, in continents and isles.—

Creation, by William Ball, London, 1830.

ADDITIONAL NOTE.

I was aware that the Armenians possessed a translation in their language, of the Father of Epic Poetry, and I had seen a copy of Homer printed at Constantinople, but it is in England I have learned that they have a version of our own Milton, and in Lord Holland's library that I have seen an impression of the curious book made at Venice. The translation is the work of Father Paschal Auger, of the society of San Lazaro, who dedicates it to an Englishman, to Lord William Russel, "with the deepest feelings of gratitude for the generosity manifested by his lordship in forwarding its publication." It was printed (very elegantly) in 1824. I have now in my hands an English and Armenian grammar, also printed at Venice, and written by the same Father Paschal, with the assistance of Lord Byron, whom he instructed in the Eastern idiom—a singular *collaboration*, and a proof (one among many) of the goodnature of the noble and unfortunate poet.

Among the treasures in the library of H. R. H. the Duke of Sussex, there is a copy of the first printed edition of the Armenian translation of the Bible, (Amsterdam, 1666). Another edition, in the same collection, was printed at Venice in 1733—only a few years after the establishment of the Armenian colony at San-Lazaro.

THE END.